

THE
WORKS
OF THE

FAMOUS AND WORTHY
Knight, Sir DAVID LINDSEY
of the Mount, *alias*, Lyon,
King of Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the for-
mer errors wherewith they were corrup-
ted: And augmented with
sundry works, &c.

JON v 11.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.

Viver etiam post funera virtus.



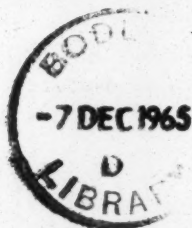
• GLASGOW,

By ROBERT SANDERS, Printer to
the City, and University, and are to be
sold in his Shop, 1673.



THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

IT hath pleased God in all ages, to raise up faithful & worthy men, of singular gifts and graces (especially in the time of greatest defection) to bear witness to his truth, & to rebuke the world of sin: As Noah, for the space of 120. years, before the deluge came upon the old world, to preach repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose soul they vexed with their sinful deeds. Moses, the Ruler of his people, sent of God to threaten Pharaoh for their oppression, resolved to suffer with Gods people, rather than to commit sin. And all his Prophets, from time to time, to reprove and correct the enormities not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentile for their sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable men of all Nations, have given their bodies to be cruelly tormented for the cause of Christ? And in our own Nation, among many other learned men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the time of palpable darkness, to stir up this Author Sir David Lindsay, albeit a Courtier, and exercised about matters of estate: yet a man of such sincerity and faithfulness, that he spared not, as well in his satirical fables and plays, as in all other works, to inveigh most sharply, both against the enormities of the Court, and the great corruption of the Clergy, that it is wonder how he escaped their bloody hands, they having such power at that time, as they practised in shedding the blood of Gods servants, Master Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forester, gentleman, George Wiseheart, and Walter Miln, with diverse others, who gave their lives for the testimony of Gods truth: and yet this Author ended his dayes in peace, for all their cruel menacing. This lets us see the wonderful power and providence of the Almighty, that albeit he suffer the wicked to execute their cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their enemies have no power to touch one hair of their heads, but as it pleaseth his Majesty to permit them. For further commendation of the Author, his own work shall testify his probity. I will not detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the perusing of the same.



A P R O L O G U E

Of the miserable estate of the World, between
Experience and the Courteour.

Musing and marvelling on the misery,
From day to day in earth which doth en-
And of each state the instability, (crease:
Proceeding of the restless business,
Whereon the most part do their mind adress
Inordinately on hungry Covetise,
Uain gloze, deceit, and other sensual vice.

But tumbling in my bed I might not ly,
Wherefore I went forth in a Day morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholy,
Some-what before fresh Phebus up rising,
Where I might hear the birds sweetly sing:
Into a park I past for my pleasure,
Decozed well by craft of Dame Nature.

Now I received comfort natural,
For to describe at length, it were too lang,
Smelling the wholesome herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy dew down hang,
Like Orient pearles upon the twigs hang:
O how that the aromatick odours,
Proceeded from the tender fragrant flows.

O how Phebus, that King Ethereal,
Sweetly sprang up into the Orient,
Ascending in his throne Imperial;
Whose bright and Bozeal beames resplendent,
Illuminat all unto the Decident,
Comforting every corporal creature,
Which formed were on earth by Dame Nature.

Whose donk impurpur'd vestment nocturnal,
With his imbrowdzed mantle matutine,
He left into his Region Aurozal,
Which on him waited when he did decline
Toward his Decident Palace Hesperine:
And rose in habite gay and glorious,

Brighter then gold or stones precious.

But Cynthia the horned nights Queen,
She lost her light, and led a lower fall,
When once her soveraign Lord that she had seen
And in his presence wared black and pale,
And over her visage cast a mistie veil.
So did Venus the Goddess amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the old intorticate Saturn
Perceiving Phobus powr his beams by sight
Above the earth, then made he no sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which he did never show but in the night.
So Pole Arctick, Ursa, and Starrs all,
Which situate are in the Septentrional.

(To erring ships that are without all guide,
Convoying them upon the stormie night)
Within their frostie circle did them hide.
Howbeit that Starrs have none other light,
But the reflex of Phobus beams by sight.
That day durst none into the heavens appear,
Till he had circuit all our Hemisphere.

We thought it was a sight celestial
To see Phobus so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery chariot triumphal,
Whose beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All care of worldly things did from me wend,
When fresh Flora spread forth her tapestrie,
Wrought by Dame Nature quaint & curiouse.

Painted with many hundred heavenly hews,
Glad of the rising of that royal Roy,
With blooms breaking on the tender hews,
Which did provoke mine heart to natural joy:
Neptune that day and Colus held them coy,
That men of far might hear the birds sound,
Whose noise did to the starry heavens redound.

The pleasant Down punzeing his fetters fair,
The mirthful Babels made great melodie:
The lusty Lark ascended in the air,
Pumpeing her natural notes crasely.
The gay Gold-spink, the merl right merrily.

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The noise of the noble Sightingales,
Redounded through the mountains, meads & vales.

Contemplating this mirthful harmonie,
How every bird drest them for to advance,
To salute Nature with their melodie,
That I stood gazing almost in a trance,
To hear them make their natural observance
So royally, that all the rocks rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred sang.

I lose my time, a lace, for to rehearse
Such unfruitful and vain description :
Or write into my rural ragged verse,
Watter without edification :
Considering how that mine intention,
Been to deplore the mortal miseries,
With continual careful calamities.

Consisting in this wretched vale of sorrow :
But sad sentence should have a sad indyte :
So terms bright I like not for to boycote :
Of mourning matter men have no delyte,
with sorrowful sighs ascending from the spleen,
And bitter tears distilling from mine eye.

without any vain invocation,
To Minerva, or to Melpomene :
Nor yet will I make supplication,
For help to Clio, or to Calliope.
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supply.
Proserpine I refuse and Apollo,
And right so Euterpe, Jupiter, and Juno.

which been to pleasant Poets comforting :
wherefore because I am not one of the :
I do desire of them no supporting :
For I did never sleep in Darnasso,
As did the Poets of long time ago :
And specially the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I never with Hesiodus.

Of Greece the perfect Poet sovereign,
Of Helicon the source of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh fountain :
wherefore to them I ought no reverence :

I purpose not to make obedience
To mischant Muses, or Bahometrie,
Before time used into Poetrie.

Roping Rhamnusia, Goddess of despite,
Might be to me a Muse right convenable :
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning matter, mad and miserable :
I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
And such vain superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great God to be my Muse.

By his wisdom al manner of things were wrought
The high Heavens with all their ornaments,
And without matter made all things of nought :
Well in mid center of the Elements,
That heavenly Muse to seek my whole intent's
The which gave sapience to King Solomon,
To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of poor Peter made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Deitie,

~~Of cruel Paul~~
I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his heavenly Spirit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Iesu,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin true :
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat,
That Prince of pice, most humble & most sweet,
Which under Pilat suffered passion
Upon the cros for our salvation.

And by that cruel death intollerable,
Loos'd we were from the bonds of Belial :
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this hour came never man nor hal
In the triumphant joy Imperial
Of life, though they were never so good,
But by the vertue of his precious blood.

Therefore in stead of the mount Parnasso,
Swiftly I shal go seek my Soveraign :
To Mount Calvarte the straight way shal I go,

To get a taste of that most fresh Fountain :
 That source to seek, mine heart may not refrain
 Of Helicon, which was both deep and wide,
 That Longinus did grave into his side.

From this fresh fountain sprang a famous flood,
 Which redolent river through the world runs,
 As crystal clear, and mixed is with blood;
 Whose sound above the highest heavens dings,
 All faithful people purging from their sins :
 Therefore I shal beseech his Excellence,
 To grant me grace, wisdom and eloquence.

And bath me with the dulce and balmy strands
 Which on the Cross did speedily out-spring
 From his most tender feet, and heavenly hands ;
 And grant me grace to write or dite nothing,
 But to his high honor and laud loving.
 Without his help there may no good be wrought
 To his pleasure, good works, word, or thought.

Therefore, O Lord, I pray thy Majestie,
 As thou didst show thine high power divine,
 First plainly into Cane of Galilee,
 Where thou convertedst water into wine,
 Convey my matter to a fructuous vine,
 And save my sayings both from shame and sin.
 Take heed, for now my purpose I begin.

A D I A L O G U E

Of the miserable estate of the World, between
 Experience and the Courteour.

I nto that Park I saw appear
 An aged man that drew me near,
 Whose beard was well three quarters lang :
 His hair did over his shoulders hang,
 The which as any snow was white,
 Whom to behold I thought delite :
 His habite Angel-like of hew,
 Of color like the saphyr blew.
 Under an holm he reposed,
 Of whose presence I was rejoyced.
 I did him salute reverently,
 So did he me right courteously.

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To sit down he requested me
 Under the shadow of the tree,
 To save me from the Suns heat,
 Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,
 For I was weary with walking,
 Then he began to fall in talking :
 I asked his name with reverence.

E. I am, said he, Experience.

C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
 To give a desolate man counsel :
 You do appear a man of fame,
 And such Experience is your name:
 I pray you, Father venerable,
 Give me some counsel comfortable.

E. What been, said he, thy vocation,
 Making such supplication.

C. I have, said I, been to this hour,
 Since I could rite, a Courtour :
 But now, Father, I think it best,
 With your counsel to live in rest :
 And from henceforth to take mine ease,
 And quietly my God to please,
 And renounce curiositie,
 Leaving the Court, and learn to die.
 Of late I sailed over the straits,
 And travelled through divers lands,
 Both south and north, east and west,
 Yet can I never find where rest
 Doth make his habitation,
 Without your supposition.
 When I believe to be best eas'd,
 Most suddenly I am displeas'd :
 From trouble when I fastest sit,
 Then find I most adversitie.
 Show me, I pray you heartfully
 How I may live most pleasantly,
 To serve my God of Kings King,
 Since I am ty'd of travelling,
 And learn for to be content,
 Of quiet life and sober rent :
 That I may thank the King of gloze,
 As if I had a million more :
 Still every Court been variant,

Full of envy, and inconstant;
Wight I without grief live in rest,
Now in old age, I think it best.

C. Thou art a great fool, son, said he,
That to desire which may not be,
Longing to have prerogative
Above all creatures that live:
Sith father Adam create been
Into the great camp Damascene,
Wight no man say unto this hour,
That ever he found perfect pleasure:
Nor never shal, till that he see
God in his divine Majestie:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith mans life been but battel.
All men begins for to die,
The day of their nattivitie:
And journally they do proceed,
Till Atropus cut off their fatal threed.
And in the short time that they have
Between their birth and the grave,
Thou seest what mutabilitie,
What miserable calamities,
What trouble, travel, and debate,
Seest thou in every mortal state:
Begin at poor low creatures,
Ascending then to Senatours,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou shalt not find in no Estates,
Since the beginning general,
Nor in our time now special,
But tedious restless business,
Withouppen any sickness.

C. Prudent father, said I, alace,
You tell to me a careful case:
You say, that no man to this hour,
Hath found on earth no perfect pleasure,
Withouppen infortunate variance,
Since we been thral to such mischance:
Why do we set our whole intents
On riches, dignitie, and rents,
Sith in the earth been no man sure,
One day without trouble endure.

And worst of all when we least ween,
 The cruel death we must susteen ?
 If I your Father-hood durst demand,
 The cause I would faine understand.
 And eke, Father, I you implore,
 Show me some trouble gone before,
 That hearing others indigence,
 I may the more have patience.
 Fellows in tribulation,
 Been wretches consolation.

C. Said he : After my final cunnings,
 To thee I shal make answering :
 But orderly for to begin,
 This misery proceeds of sin :
 But it were long to be defined,
 How all men are to sin inclined.
 When sin abundantly doth reign,
 Justly God maketh punishing :
 Wherefore great God into his hands,
 To daunt the world with diverse wands,
 After our evil condition,
 He makes on us punition :
 With hunger, dearth and indigence,
 Sometimes great plagues and pestilence :
 And sometimes with his bloody wand,
 Through civil wars by sea and land.
 Concluding : all our misery
 Proceeds of sin allanerly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
 The cause of this fragillite,
 That we be all to sin inclin'd,
 In work and word, and in our mind :
 I would the verity were shown,
 Who hath this seed amongst us sown ?
 And why we were condemn'd to dead ?
 And how that we may get remed ?

C. Said he, the Scripture hath concluded,
 Men from felicity are denuded,
 By Adam our progenitor,
 Sometime of Paradise possessor :
 By whose most wilful arrogance,
 Alas mankind brought to this mischance,
 When he was disobedient,

In breaking Gods commandment,
 By sollicitation of his wife,
 He lost that heavenly pleasant life,
 Eating of the forbidden tree :
 There began all our miserie;
 So Adam was cause radical,
 That we are fragile sinners all.
 Adam brought in this Nation,
 Sin, death, and eke damnation.
 Who will say, that he is no sinner,
 Christ sayeth, he is a great lyer,
 Mankind sprang from Adams loins,
 And took of him flesh, blood and bones :
 And so after his quality,
 Are all inclin'd sinners to be.
 But yet, my son, despair thou nought,
 For God that all the world hath wrought,
 Hath made a soveraign remead,
 To save us both from sin and dead,
 And from eternal damnation,
 Therefore take consolaton :
 For God, as Scripture doth record,
 Having on man misercord,
 Sent down his only Son Iesus;
 Which lighted on a Virgin true,
 And clad his high Divinity,
 With our poore vile humanity :
 Then from our sins, to conclude,
 He washt us with his precious blood,
 Howbeit through Adam we must die,
 Through that Lord we shal raised be,
 And every man he shal relieve,
 Which in his blood both firm believe,
 And bying us all into his gloze,
 The which throghe Adam been forloze,
 without that we through lack of faith,
 Of his God-head incur the wrath :
 But who in Christ firmly believes,
 Shal be reliev'd from all mischieves.

C. What faith is it that you call firm ?
 Sir, make me understand that term.

C. Faith without hope and charity,
 Availeth not, my son, said he.

C. What:

C. What charity is, that would I know.

E. Said he, my son, that shal I show :

First, love thy God above all thing,
And thy neighbor without faunting.

Do none injure nor villanie,

But as thou wouldst were done to thee.

Quick faith without charitable works

Can never be, as write best Clarke,

More then the fire until his might

Can lack the heat, or Sun lack light.

If Charity into thee failes,

thy faith nor hope nothing availes.

the Devil hath faith, and trembles for dread,

But he lacks hope and love indeed.

Do all the good that may be wrought,

Without charity, availes nought :

Wherefore pray to the Trinity,

For to support thy Charity.

Now have I shewn thee, as I can,

How father Adam the first man,

Brought in the world sin and dead,

And how Christ Jesus made remead :

which in the great day of judgement,

Shal us deliver from torment,

And bring us to his lasting glore,

Which shal endure for evermore.

But in this world thou getst no rest.

I make it to thee manifest :

therefore, my son, be diligent,

And learn for to be patient,

And into God set all thy trust,

All things shal then come for the best.

C. Father, I thank you heartily,

Of your comfort and company,

And heavenly consolacion,

Making you supplication,

If I durst put you to such pine,

that ye would please for to define,

And make me clearly understand,

How Adam brake the Lords command:

And how through his transgression,

Was punisht his succession.

E. My son, said he, wouldst thou take cure,

To look upon Divine Scripture,
 Into the book of Genesis,
 that history thou shalt not miss:
 And also sundry cunning Clarks
 have done rehearse into their works,
 of Adams fall full ornately,
 A thousand times better then I
 Can write of that unhappy man:
 But I shal do the best I can,
 Shortly to shew that careful case,
 with the support of Gods grace.

An Exclamation to the Reader, touching the
 writing in vulgar and maternal language.

Gentle Reader, have at me no despite,
 thinking that I presumptuously pretend
 In vulgar tongue to be matter to write,
 But where I miss, I pray thee to amend.
 to the unlearn'd I would the cause were kend,
 of our most miserable travel and comment,
 And how in earth no place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverse & dote cunning Clarks,
 In latine tongue have written sundry books,
 our unlearn'd knows little of their works,
 Where then they do the ravings of the rooks:
 wherefore to calliats, carters, and to cooks,
 to Jack and Thom my time shal be directed,
 with cunning men howbeit that it be lack.

Though every common man be not a Clark,
 Nor hath no leed, except their tongue maternal,
 why should of God the marvellous heavenly work
 Be hid from them? I think it not featural.
 The Father of heaven, which was and is eternal,
 To Moses gave the Law on Mount Sinai,
 Not into Greek nor Latine, as they say.

We wrote the Law in tables hard of stone,
 In their own vulgar language of Hebrew,
 that the children of Israel every one
 Might know the law, and to the same ensue:
 Had he done write in Latine, or in Grewe,
 It had to them been a favourless geste:
 Pe may well know, God wrought all for the best.
 Art.

Aristotle nor Plato, I heard sane,
 Wrote not their Philosophie natural
 In Dutch, nor Dence, nor tongue Itallane,
 But in their most proper tongue maternal,
 Whose same and name doth reign perpetual.
 Famous Virgil, the Prince of Poetrie,
 Nor Cicero, the flower of Oratorie,

Wrote not in Chaldie language, nor in Grewe,
 Nor yet into the language Saracene,
 Nor yet in the natural language of Hebrew,
 But in the Romane tongue, as may be seen,
 Which was their proper language, as I ween.
 When Romanes reigned Dominatozs indeed,
 The ornate Latine was their proper Leed.

In the mean time when þ. these bold Romanes,
 Over all the world had the dominion,
 Made Latine schools, their gloze for to advance,
 That their language might be over all common:
 To that intent, by mine opinion,
 Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
 But of fortune always they were not sure.

Of languages the first diuersitie,
 Was made by Gods malediction,
 When Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
 Those builders got none other affliction,
 Before the time of that punition,
 Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself,
 Where now of tongues there be threescore & twelue

Notwithstanding, I thinke it great pleasure,
 Where cunning men have languages anew;
 That in their youth by diligent labour,
 Have learned Latine, Greeke and Hebrew:
 That I am not of that sort soze I reue:
 Wherefoze I would all Books necessar
 For our faith, were into our tongues vulgar.

Christ after his glorious Ascension,
 To his Disciples sent his holy Spirit
 In tongues of fire, to that intention,
 That being of all languages repleat,
 Through all the world, with words fair & sweet,
 To every man the faith they would forth shaw,
 In

In their own Leed, delivering them their law.

Therefore I thinke a great derision,
To hear the Puns and sisters night and day
Singing and saying Psalms and Psalm,
Not understanding what they sing or say:
But like a Stirling, or a Papingay,
Which learned are to speak by long usage,
Them I compare to birds in a cage.

Right so children and Ladies of honors,
Pray in Latine, to them an uncouth Leed:
Humbling their matins, even songs, & their hours,
Their Pater noster, Ave, and their Creed.
It were as pleasant to their spite indeed,
God have mercy on me, for to say thus,
As for to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Jerome in his proper tongue Romane,
The Law of God truly he did translate
Out of Hebrew, Greek, and Latine in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time, God wait,
Until this time. But after my conceit
Had Saint Jerome been born into Argyle,
In Irish tongue his Books had done compile.

Prudent Saint Paul doth make narration,
Touching the diverse Leeds of every Land,
Saying, there have been more edification
In five words that folk do understand
Then to pronounce of words ten thousand
In strange language, & knows not what it means
I think such prattling is not worth two pians.

Unlearned people on the holy day,
Solemnely they hear the Evangel sung,
Not knowing what the Priest doth sing or say,
But as a bell when that they hear it rung:
Yet would the Priests in their mother tongue,
Pass to the pulpit, and that doctrine declare
To Laick people, it were more necessarie.

I would that Prelats and Doctors of the Law
With Laick people were not discontent,
Though we into our vulgar tongue did know
Of Christ Iesus the law and testament,
And how that we should keep commandment:

But

But in our language let us pray and read
Our *Pater noster*, Ave, and our Creed.

I would some Prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language plainly could translate,
The needful laws of this Region,
Then would there not be half so great debate
Amongst us people of the low estate.
If every man the verity did know,
We needed not to treat these men of Law.

To do our neighbor wrong we would beware,
If we did fear the Law's punishment:
There would not be such hawking at the Bar:
Nor men of Law climb to such royal rent.
To keep the Law, if all men were content,
And each man do, as he would be done to,
The Judges would get little thing ado.

The Prophet David King of Israel,
Compell'd the pleasant psalms of the Psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I hear tell:
And Solomon which was his son and heir,
Did make his book into his tongue vulgare.
Why should not their sayings be to us shown
In our language? I would the cause were known.

Let Doctors write their curious questions,
And arguments sown full of sophistrie:
their Logick, and their high opinions,
their dark judgements of Astronomie,
their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
Let Poets show their glorious engine,
As ever they please, in Greek, or in Latine.

But let us have the books necessarie
to Common-wealth, and our salvation,
Justly translated in our tongue vulgare:
And eke I make you supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none indignation,
thinking to meddle with so high matter.
How to my purpose forward wil I fare,

The Creation of Adam and Eve.

When God had made the heavens bright
the Sun and Moon for to give light:

The starry heavens and crystalline,
 And by his sapience divine,
 the Planets in their circles round,
 Whirling about with merry sound :
 Of whom Phebus was principal,
 Just in his Line Ecclyptical :
 And gave by divine sapience,
 to every star their influence,
 with motion continual,
 which doth endure perpetual :
 And farthest from the heavens empire,
 the earth, the water, air and fire.
 He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
 All kind of fishes in the seas :
 All kind of beasts he did prepare,
 with fowls flying in the air.
 thus by his word all things were wrought
 without a material, made of nought :
 So by his wisdom infinite,
 All was made pleasant and perfite.
 when heaven and earth, and their contents
 were ended, with those ornaments :
 then last of all the Lord began,
 of most vile earth to make the man :
 Not of the Lilly, nor of the rose,
 Nor cyper tree, as I suppose :
 Neither of gold, nor precious stones,
 Of earth he made flesh, blood and bones :
 To that intent, God made him thus,
 that man should not be glorious,
 Nor in himself should nothing see
 But matter of humility.
 when man was made, as I have told,
 God in his face did him behold,
 Breathing in him a lively spirit.
 when all these words were compleat,
 he made man to his similitude,
 Excelling into pulchritude :
 Dotted with gifts of Nature,
 Above all earthly creature :
 Then pleasantly did him convey
 To a Region compleat with joy,
 Of all pleasure which bare the price,

And

And called earthly Paradise :
 And brought by diuine providence,
 All beasts and birds to his presence,
 Adam did craftily impone
 A special name to every one :
 And to all things material,
 A name he gave in special :
 How he them named, it hath been kend,
 And shal be to the worlds end,
 Into that garden of pleasure,
 Two trees grew most to aduance,
 Above all other which bare the price,
 In midst of that Paradise :
 The one was called, the tree of Life,
 The other tree began our strife :
 The tree to know both good and evil,
 Which by perswasion of the devil,
 Began our misery and wo :
 But let us to our purpose go,
 How God gave Adam strait command,
 That tree not to touch with his hand :
 All other fruites of Paradise,
 We haue him eat at his device,
 Saying : If thou eat of this tree,
 With double death then shalt thou die :
 Wherefore I thee command beware,
 And from the tree thou stand afar.
 Yet Father Adam was alone,
 Without company of any one.
 Then thought the Lord it necessar,
 To creat to him an helper.
 God put in Adam such sopour,
 That for to sleep he took pleasure,
 And layd him down upon the ground :
 Then when Adam was sleeping sound,
 We took a rib forth off his side,
 Then filled it with flesh and hide,
 And made a woman of that bone,
 Fairer of form was neuer none :
 Then to Adam incontinent,
 That fair Lady he did present,
 Which shortly said, for to conclude,
 Thou art my flesh, my bone & blood,

[And

And Mirago, he call'd her name,
 which is interpret, Made of man
 which Eva after ward was named,
 when for her fault she was defamed.
 Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
 Saying increase and multiplie:
 By this men should leave all their kin,
 And with their wives make dwelling,
 And for their sake leave father and mother,
 And love them best above all other:
 For God hath ordained them truly,
 To be two souls in one body.
 My wit is weak for to indite,
 Their heavenly pleasure infinite.
 Was never earthly creature,
 Since that time had perfect pleasure.
 They had puissance Imperial
 Above all things material,
 As cunning Clarks do conclude.
 Adam precell'd in pulchritude,
 That ever was since the world began,
 Except Christ Iesus Gods own son,
 To whom was no comparison:
 And Eve the fairest creature
 that ever was formed by Nature.
 though they were naked as they were made,
 No shame either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man have more,
 then have his Lady him before,
 So lusty, pleasant, and perfit,
 Ready to serve his appetit?
 they had none other care, I wils,
 But pass their time with joy and blis.
 wild beasts did to them repair,
 So did the fowls of the air,
 with noise most angelical,
 Making to them mirth musical.
 the fishes swimming in the Arands,
 were wholly all at their commands.
 All creatures with one accord,
 obey'd him as their soveraign Lord.
 they suffered neither heat nor cold,

with

with every pleasure that they would :
 And to the death they were not thral,
 And so should we have been all :
 For he and his successors
 should have possessed these pleasures;
 then from that joy material,
 Gone to the gloze imperial.
 they had, if I can right describe,
 Great joy in all their wits five,
 In hearing, seeing, tasting, feeling,
 Anduring that delightfome dwelling :
 hearing birds harmonies :
 tasting the fruits of diverse trees :
 smelling the balme dulce odours,
 which did proceed from fragrant flowers,
 seeing so many heavenly beewes
 of blooms breaking on the leaves,
 of touching eke they had better,
 of other bodies soft and white :
 Doubtles enduring that pleasure,
 they loved each other passionately :
 Considering this their great beauty,
 And God gave them command express
 to multiply and to increase,
 that their seed and succession,
 Might plenishe every Nation.
 I list not tarry for to declare
 All properties of that place declare,
 How herbs and trees grew ever green,
 And of the temperat air screen :
 How fruits indelicient,
 were alike ripe and redolent :
 Nor of the fountains, nor of the floods,
 Nor of the flowers pulchritudes :
 that matter Clerks do declare,
 wherefore of them I speak no more.
 the scripture makes no mention
 How long they reign'd in that Region.
 But I beleve the time was short,
 As diverse doctors do report.

The miserable transgression of Adam.

FATHER, how hapned that mischance,
Said I, how me that circumstance,
Declare to me that careful case,
How Adam lost that pleasant place,
From him and his succession,
How did proceed transgression?

C. said he: After my rude engine,
I shal rehearse thee that ruine,
When God the Creator of all,
Into the heaven Imperial,
Did creat all the Angels bright,
He made an Angel most of might,
to whom he gave preeminence
Above them all in sapience,
Because all others he did prefer,
Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was so pleasant and so fair,
He thought himself without compare,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his seat
Into the North, and make debate
Contrare the Majesty divine,
Which was the cause of his ruine,
For he incurred Gods ire,
And banisht from the heavens empire,
With Angels many Legion,
which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest hell:
Some in the sea did make repaire:
Some in the earth, some in the aire.
That most unhappy company,
At Father Adam had envy,
Perceiving Adam and his lead,
Into their places to succeed:
The serpent was the subtillest
Above all beasts, and craftiest:
Then satan with a false intent,
Did enter into the serpent,
Imagining some crafty wile,

How

Now he might Adam best beguile,
 And caus'd him break commandment :
 But to the woman first he went,
 Trusting the better to prevail,
 Full subtilly did her assail :
 With facund words false and fair,
 He grew with her familiar,
 That he his purpose might advance,
 Believing in her inconstance,
 What been the cause, Adam, said he,
 That ye forbear yon pleasant tree,
 Which been peerless and precious,
 Whose fruit been most delicious ?
 I will, said she, thereto accord,
 We are forbidden of the Lord,
 The which hath given us liberty
 To eat of every fruit and tree,
 Which grows into this Paradise;
 Break we command, we are not wise.
 He gave to us a strait command,
 That tree not to touch with our hand :
 Eat we of it, without remead,
 She said, doubtless we shal be dead.
 Believe not that, said the serpent,
 Eat you of it, incontinent
 Repleat you shal be with science,
 And have perfect intelligence,
 Like God himself, of evil and good.
 Then hastily, for to conclude,
 Hearing of this prerogative,
 She pulled down the fruit belibe,
 Through counsel of this false serpent :
 And ate of this incontinent,
 And put her husband in believe,
 That pleasant fruit if he would ptebe
 That he should be as sapient,
 As the great God Omnipotent.
 Think you not that a pleasant thing,
 That we like God should ever reign ?
 He hearing this narration,
 And by her solistation,
 Moved by priedeful ambition,
 He ate on that condition.

The principal points of this offence,
 was pride and inobedience:
 Desiring for to be equal
 To God the Creator of all.
 Alace, Adam, why didst thou so?
 why causedst thou this mortal wo?
 Hadst thou been constant, firm & stable
 Thy gloze had been incomparable.
 where was thy consideration,
 who hadst the domination
 Of every living creature,
 That God hath formed by nature,
 To use them at thine own devise?
 wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
 was never man since thou on live,
 That God gave such prerogative.
 He gave thee strength above Samson,
 And sapience more then Solomon.
 Young Absolon in his time most fair,
 To thy beauty was no compare.
 Aristotle thou didst precel,
 Into Philosophie natural.
 Virgil into his Poetrie,
 For Cicero in his oratory,
 were never half so eloquent.
 why brake thou Gods commandement?
 where was thy wit that wouldst not flee
 far from the presence of that tree?
 Gave not thy Waster thee free-will,
 to take the good, and leave the ill?
 how might thy fault be excused,
 that Gods commandement refused,
 Through thy wifes persuasion,
 which hath been the occasion?
 since that time many Noble-men,
 By the evil counsel of women,
 have altogether destroyed been,
 As in the history may be seen,
 which now we need not to declare;
 But to our purpose let us fare.
 When they had eaten of the fruit,
 Of joy then were they destitute:
 then gan they both for to think shame,

And

And to be naked through defame,
 And made them breake of leaues green,
 that their secrets should not be seen :
 But in the estate of innocence,
 they had no such experience :
 But when to sin they were subjected,
 to shame and sin they were coerced.
 And in a bush they did them close,
 Ashamed of the Lord his voice :
 which called Adam by his name.
 Said he: By Lord, I thinke great shame
 Naked to come in thy presence.
 thou hadst no such experience,
 said God, when thou wast innocent :
 why brake thou my commandment :
 Alace, said Adam to the Lord,
 the verity I shal record :
 this woman that thou gave to me,
 Caused me eat of yon pleasant tree.
 Right so the woman her excused,
 And said : the serpent me abused.
 then to the serpent, God said thus :
 O thou deceiver venemous
 Because the woman thou beguiled,
 From henceforth shalt thou be exiled :
 Cursed and wearied shalt thou be,
 so shal thy seed be after thee.
 Cold earth shal be thy food also,
 And creeping on thy breast shalt go :
 And I shal put enmity
 Between the woman ever and thee :
 Between thy seed and woman seed,
 shal be continual mortal feed :
 Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischieves,
 It shal not be as thou believes :
 such seed shal be in woman sown,
 that thy power shal be down throned,
 treading thine head that thou mayest feel,
 And thou shalt tread him on the heel.
 this was his promise and meaning,
 that the immaculat Virgin
 should bear the Prince omnipotent,
 which should tread down the false serpent,

Satan

Satan and all his company,
And them confound all utterly.

C. Said I: If Satan prince of hell,
Spake in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beasts can no way sin at all,
Why was the serpent made so thial?
I hear men say, before that hour,
The serpent had a fair figure,
And went up straight upon his feet,
And had his members all compleat,
As other beasts upon the bent.

C. Said he, for he was instrument
To satan in his miserie,
Punisht he was, as you may see,
As by experience thou mayst know,
Express into the common Law:
A man consist of buggerie,
The beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the beast be innocent;
And so befol of this serpent,
It was the fiend full of despite,
Of Adams fall which had the wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our purpose let us go.
Then to the woman for her offence,
God did pronounce this sore sentence:
All pleasure that thou hadst besorrow,
Shal changed be in lasting sorrow.
Where thou shouldst be with mirth and joy,
Have bozn thy birth without annoy;
Now all thy children thou shalt bear
With dolour and continual care.
And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever subject unto the man.
By this sentence God did concluds,
Woman from liberty denude:
When by experience you may see
How Queens of most high degree,
Are under most subjection,
And suffers most correction.
For they like birds into a cage,
Are kepted ay under thirlage.
So all women in their degree,
Should to their men subjected be.

Howbeit some will strive for state,
 And for the Mastery make debate,
 Which if they lack both even and morrow,
 Their men shall suffer meekle sorrow,
 Of Eve they take that quality,
 To desire soveraignty.
 And then to Adam said the Lord:
 Because that thou hast done accord
 Thy will, and hearkened to thy wife,
 now shalt thou lose this pleasant life:
 Thou wast to her obedient,
 But thou brake my commandement:
 Cursed and barren the earth shall be,
 where ever thou goest, til that thou die:
 But thistle, nettle, byter and thorn,
 Without labour shall bear no corn:
 For food thou gettest none other bield,
 But eat the herbs upon the field:
 Soze laboring till thy brows sweat:
 From henceforth shalt thou win thy meat.
 I made thee of the earth certain,
 And thou to earth shalt turn again.
 Then made he them abullement
 Of skins and ragged rayment,
 Them to preserve from heat and cold:
 Then grew their dolor manifold.
 now Adam, ye are like to us,
 With your gay garment glorious.
 To them these words said the Lord.
 Then cryed they both: Misericord,
 when from that earth with hearts soze,
 Banisht they were for evermore,
 Into this wretched vale of sorrow,
 With dayly labor even and morrow.
 After whose dolorous departing,
 The Lord gave Paradise in keeping,
 Unto the Angel Cherubin,
 That none should have entry therein:
 At the which entry he did stand,
 With flaming fiery sword in hand,
 To keep that Adam and his wife
 Should not taste of the tree of Life:
 For if they of the tree had preeved,
 Perpetually they might have lived.

So Adam, and his succession,
Of Paradise lost possession,
And by his sin original,
Were men of misery made thral.
My son, now mayst thou clearly see,
This world began with misery:
Which misery it doth proceed,
Whose end shal dolor be and dread.

C. Father, said I, what kind of life
Led Adam with his lusty wife,
After his banishment?

C. Said he: Continual lamenting,
Mine heart bath yet compassion,
How they went wandring up & down,
Sleeping with many loud, & place,
That they had lost that pleasant place,
In wilderness to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but beasts wild,
Menacing them for to devour,
Which all obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what Countrey
Did Adam live, after that he
Was banished from that delite?

C. The Clerke, said he, have put in write
How Adam dwelt with meekle bail,
In Hamre, in that lassy bail,
Which after was the Jewish land,
Where yet his sepulchre doth stand.

I list not tarry to describe
The wo of Adam and his wife.
nor how that they had sons two,
Kain and Abel, and no mo:
nor how curst Kain for envy,
Did slay his brothee cruelly:
nor of their mourning, nor of their moan,
When they soules were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the ground:
Curst Kain fleem'd a vagabond:
nor how God of his special grace,
Sent them the third son fair of face,
Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
Seth was his name, gracious & good,
And how blind Lamech racklesly,
Did slay Kain unhappily.

Adam, as Clerks do describe,
 Begat with Eve his woful wife,
 Of men children, thirty and two,
 And of daughters alike also :
 By this thou mayst well understand,
 That Adam saw many a thousand,
 That of his body did descend,
 Ere he out of the world did wend.
 Adam lived in earth but wear,
 Compleat nine hundred & thirty year :
 And all his dayes were but sorrow,
 Rememb'ring both even and morrow,
 Of paradise the prosperity,
 And then of his great misery :
 His heart might never be rejoic'd,
 Rememb'ring how the heavens was clos'd
 From him and his succession,
 And that by his transgression.

* After his death, as I heard tell,
 His soul descended to the hell,
 And there remained prisoner
 In that dungeon three thousand year
 And more. So did both evil & good,
 Till Christ for them had shed his blood :
 Then by that most precious ransom,
 They were deliver'd out of prison.
 I have declared now as I can,
 The misery of the first Man.

* This was an
 erroneous opi-
 nion holden at
 that time,

How GOD destroyed all living creatures in
 earth for sin, and drowned them by a
 terrible flood, in the time of Noe.

PRUDENT Father, Experience,
 Declare to me ere you go hence,
 What was the cause God did destroy
 All creatures in the time of Noe ?
 E. Said he, I tremble for to tell
 That infortune how it befell :
 The cause been so abominable,
 And the matter so miserable.
 But for to shew the circumstance
 Manifestly of that mischance :
 First, I must make thee understand,

Now Adam gave expresse command
 To these who were of Seths blood
 Because they were gracious and good,
 Should not contract with Kains kin,
 Which were inclined all to sin.
 To observe that commandement,
 Kain past to the Orient,
 With his wife called Calmana,
 Which was his own sister als wa :
 Where his off-spring did long remain,
 Hard by the mountain of Carbane.
 And Seth did long time lead his life
 With Delboia his prudent wife,
 Which was his sister good and fair,
 In Damascen made their repair.
 In that Countrey of Seths clan,
 Descended many holy man.
 So long as Adam was livand,
 The people did observe command :
 When he was dead, and laid in ground,
 The people greatly did abound :
 And Kain slain, as I have shewn,
 And Seths dayes all over-blown.
 The sons then of Seths blood,
 Seeing the pleasant pulchritude
 Of the Ladies of Kains kin,
 Howbeit they knew well it was sin,
 Opprest with sensual lusts rage,
 Did take them into marriage :
 And so corrupted was that blood :
 The good with evil, & evil with good,
 Then as the people did increase,
 They did abound in wickedness,
 As holy Scripture doth rehearse,
 Which I abhor to put in verse,
 The sooth been to avowinast,
 How men and women shamefully
 Abus'd themselves unnaturallly :
 whose foul abomination,
 And filthy fornication,
 I think great shame to put in write,
 Even as Paul Drose doth indite.
 And if I would at length declare;

It were enough to fille the air.
 Great Clerks of antiquities,
 Have writtē many true Stories,
 Which are worthy to be commended,
 Howbeit they be not comprehended
 At length in the Divine Scripture :
 But I shal do my bulle cure,
 To take the best, as I suppose,
 That most pertains to my purpose :
 And with support of Christ our King.
 I purpose to confirm nothing
 Of the old Historiānce,
 Contrarious to his Excellence :
 Howbeit that mens traditions
 Be contrarye Chriſts institutions.
 Of them though something I declare,
 now let us proceed farther mate :
 And with a language lamentable,
 Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, the causes would I know,
 Why they of nature brake the Law ?

C. I trust, said he, that wickedness
 Entred through sloathful idleness.
 The devil with all the craft he can,
 when he perceives an idle man,
 Or woman, given to idleness,
 He getteth easily entress :
 And so by this occasion,
 And the fiends perswasion,
 The whole world unthversally.
 Corrupted was all utterly.

C. what was the cause they idle were,
 That cause, said I, to me delare :

C. Said he, By mine imagination,
 For lack of veritious occupation :
 For of crafts they had smal usage,
 The earth was then so plenteous
 Of fruit and spice delicious :
 The herbs were so comfortable,
 Delightsome and medecynable :
 The fountains fresh and redolent,
 To laboring they took little tent.
 All māner of beasts of their pleasures

Did multiply without labour.
 The time between Adam and Noe,
 To see the earth it was great joy,
 Planted with precious trees of price:
 Four famous floods of Paradise,
 Ran through the earth in sundry parts,
 Spreading their branches in all airts.
 The water was so strong and fine,
 They would not labor to find wine.
 The fruit and herbs were so good,
 They made no care for other food:
 And so the people took no care,
 But past the time at their pleasure,
 By finding new inventions,
 To fulfil their intentions:
 And so the Lord Omnipotent,
 That he made man did him repent:
 And shew unto his servant Noe,
 That he would all the world destroy,
 Except himself, and his familie.
 Alace, said Noe, when shal that be?
 Then said the Lord: Sith that thou spearest,
 I shal prolong thy score of years,
 Carrying upon their repentance,
 Ere I fulfil my just sentence:
 In the mean time fall thou to work
 Incontinent, and build an Ark:
 Which Noe began obediently,
 And wrought on it continually,
 And to the people dayly preached,
 To cry for grace he to them taught:
 And to them plainly did declare,
 That God his rod no more would spare,
 But on them he would work vengeance.
 To Noe yet gave they no credence,
 And so they were incounsellable,
 Using their lust abominable:
 And took his preaching in despite,
 By following their foul delite,
 More and more to that doleful day,
 Which all the world put in affray.

C. Father, you made me understand,
 When Adam brake the Lords command,
 To augment his affliction,

God gave his malediction
 Unto the earth which was so fair,
 That it should barren be and bare,
 And without labour bear no corn,
 Nor fruit, but thistle, brier and thorn.
 Now say you in the time of Noe,
 To see the earth it was great joy,
 Planted with fruits good and fair,
 The looth of this to me declare.
 These sayings two make me consider,
 How you make them agree together?
 E. God made his promise sickerly,
 Howbeit it came not instantly,
 Said he, as Clerks do conclude:
 But after when the furious flood
 Destroy'd the earth all utterly,
 Then came that promise sickerly,
 Even as God did give command,
 Adam should not touch with his hand,
 Nor eat of the forbidden tree:
 If he did so, that he should die,
 Howbeit he died not but weere
 After that day nine hundred year.
 Right so the Prophet Isaiah,
 Speaking of Christ the great Messiah.
 Saying: the child is to be born,
 To save mankind that is forlorn:
 If he had been born instantly,
 Yet was he not born verily,
 After that saying many a year,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst hear.
 A thousand year, who reckons right,
 Is as an hour into Gods sight.
 Examples many I might tell,
 Were it not tedious for to dwell.
 To our purpose let us proceed,
 Showing the hight, the length & breed,
 And quantity of Noes Ark,
 Which was a right excellent work,
 Of pyne-tree made, bound well about,
 Laid over with pick within and out,
 Joyned full close with nailes strong,
 And was three hundred cubits long:
 Fifty in breadth, thirty in hight:

Three chambers joynd well and wight,
 And every loft above another,
 Without an anker, oar, or ruther.
 A right cubit, as I hear tell,
 Of measure now might be an ell,
 In the mid-side a doore there was,
 For beasts a full easie entress.
 This ark which was both long & large,
 Made in the bottom like a barge,
 Covered with boards well above,
 Most like an house set on a roove,
 whose rigging was one cubit bread,
 wherein there was a window made:
 Some sayes, well closed with crystal clear,
 where-through the day-light might appear.
 This work the more was to be praised,
 Because by God it was devised.
 The making of this Ark but wear,
 Indured well an hundred year.
 when Noe had ended this wark,
 God did him close within the Ark,
 with his wife and sons three,
 with their wives, and no more men.
 Of all fowls of the air,
 of every kind entred a pair:
 Right so two beasts of every kind:
 For why? It was the Lords mind,
 That generation should not fail:
 wherefore of female and of male,
 of every kind were keeped two.
 But to rehearse mine heart is wo,
 The dolent lamentation,
 That time of every Nation,
 Saying, Alace, a thousand yle,
 when wind and rain began to rise.
 The rocks with ried began to rise,
 The ugly clouds did over-dye,
 And darkned so the heavens bright,
 That sun & moon might show no light:
 The terrible trembling of earth & quake,
 Made buildings-dow, and Cities shake.
 The thunder rent the clouds stable,
 with fearful noise inevitable.
 The fire-blaights flew over through the filds,

Then was there not but shouts and yells,
 When they perceived without remead,
 All creatures for to suffer dead.
 All fountains from the earth up sprang,
 And from the heaven the rain down dang,
 Forty dayes and forty nights :
 Then ran the people to the hights :
 Some climbs on hills, some climbs on trees,
 Some to the highest mountains flees,
 With more terror then I can tell;
 But all for nought, the floods down fell,
 And wind did rout with such a reard,
 That every wight wearied his weard,
 Crying : Alace, that they were born,
 Into the flood to be forloyn.
 Men might not make moan to their wives,
 nor yet support the childzens lives.
 The floods raise up with such great might,
 That they over-covered all the hights :
 They might no more their lives length,
 But swim'd so long as they had strength;
 And so with cryes lamentable.
 Ended their lives miserable.
 Above mountains that were most hie,
 Fifty cubits did rise the sea :
 Men may imagine in their mind,
 All creatures in their kind,
 Both beasts and fowls of the air,
 In their manner made meikle care :
 The fishes thought themselves beguil'd,
 When they swimn'd through the woods wild.
 The whales tumbling amongst the trees,
 Wild beasts swimming in the seas ;
 Birds with many a piteous pew,
 Afraidly in the air they flew,
 So long as they had strength to flee,
 Then swattered down into the sea.
 Nothing on earth was left on life,
 Beasts, nor fowls, man, nor wife :
 For wholly God did them destroy,
 Except them in the Ark with Noe :
 The which lay fleeing in the flood,
 Waltring amongst the streams wood,
 With many terrible affrayes,

Remained

Remained an hundred and fifty dayes,
 In great languor and heaviness,
 Ere wind or rain began to cease.
 Sometimes effectuously praying,
 Sometimes the beasts wylking:
 For by the Lords commandement,
 He made provision sufficient.
 For Noe dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
 A year compleat ere he came out,
 Now at more length in holy wite,
 This doleful history been indite.
 And how that Noe gan to reioice,
 When conduits of the heavens did close,
 So that the rain no more descended,
 nor yet the floods no more ascended:
 When he perceived the heavens clear,
 He sent a raven forth messenger,
 Into the air for to espy,
 If he saw any mountains dry:
 Some sayes the raven did forth remain,
 And came not to the Ark again.
 Forth flew the dove at Noes command:
 And when she did perceive dry land,
 Of an olive she brake a branch,
 That Noe might know the flood did stanch:
 And there no more she did so journ,
 But with the branch she did return,
 That Noe might clearly understand,
 That fellon flood was decreasand.
 And so it did, till at the last,
 The Ark upon the ground staid fast,
 On the top of a mountain hie,
 Into the land of Armenie.
 And when Noe had done espy,
 How that the earth began to dry,
 Then threw he down the doores all,
 And loosed them the which were thral.
 The fowls flew forth into the air,
 And all the beasts by pair and pair,
 Past forth to seek their pasturages.
 Ther were none but eight personages,
 Noe, his three sons, and their wives,
 On earth that was left with their lives,
 Whom God did bless and sanctifie,

Saying: Increase, and multiply.
 God wot if Noe was blyth and glad,
 When of that prison he was freed.

When Noe had made his sacrifice,
 thanking God of his benefice,
 He standing on Mount Armente,
 All there he the Countrey might espy:
 He may believe his heart was sore,
 seeing the earth which was before
 the flood, so pleasant and perfite,
 which to behold was great delite,
 that now was barren made and bare,
 Before which fructuous was & fair:
 the pleasant trees bearing fruits,
 were lying pull'd up by the roots,
 the wholesome herbs, and fragrant flowers,
 Had lost both vertue and colours.
 the fields green, and flowrist meads,
 were spoiled of their pleasant weeds.
 the earth which first was so fair formed,
 was by the furious flood deformed.
 where sometime were the pleasant plains,
 were steepy coves and high mountains:
 From sounding rocks great and gay,
 the earth washen clean away.

But Noe had greatest displeasures,
 Beholding the dead creatures,
 which was a sight lamentable:
 Men, women, beasts innumerable,
 seeing them lying upon the lands,
 And some were floting upon the strands:
 whales and monsters of the seas,
 sticke and stabd amongst the trees:
 And where the flood was decreasand,
 they were left waltering on the land.

Before the flood during that space,
 the sea was all into one place:
 Right so the earth, as been decided,
 In sundry parts was not divided,
 As been Europa and Asia,
 Divided ay from Africa.
 You see now diverse famous Isles,
 standing from land right many miles,
 All these great Isles I understand,

were

were then equal with the firm land.
 there was no sea Mediterran,
 But only the great Ocean,
 which did not spread such hurling strands,
 As it doth now over through the lands,
 then by the raging of that flood,
 the earth from vertue was denud,
 the which before was to be praised,
 whose beauty then was disaiguised:
 then was the malediction known,
 which was by God to Adam shown.
 I hear now Clerks do conclud,
 Induring that most furious Flood,
 with which the earth was sore oppress,
 the wind blew forth of the south-west,
 As may be seen by experience,
 Now through the waters violence,
 the high mountains on every airt,
 Are bare soeuent the south-west part.
 As the mountains of Stroners,
 the Alpes, and rocks in the seas:
 Right so the rocks great and gay
 which standeth into Norway:
 the highest hills in every airt,
 And in scotland, for the most part,
 through watering of that furious Flood,
 the hills of earth were made denud,
 travelling men may consider best,
 the mountains bare next the south-west.

C. Declare, said I, ere you conclud,
 How long lived Noe after the Flood?

C. Said he: In Genesis thou mayest hear
 How that Noe was six hundred year,
 the time of this great punishment,
 And ay to God obedient:
 And was the best of Seths blood:
 And moze he lived after the Flood,
 three hundred and fifty years,
 As holy scripture witness bears:
 And was ere he rendred his spirt,
 Nine hundred and fifty years compleat.
 to How this Noie miserable,
 At length, my wits are not able.
 And moze, my son, as I suppose,

It belongs not to our purpose,
 To show how Noe's sons three
 Can to encrease and multiplie.
 Noe how Noe planted the vine,
 And drank till he was drunken fine,
 And sleept with his members bare,
 And how Cham made for him no care,
 But laught to see his father so,
 Howbeit his brethren were right wo.
 Noe how Noe but reſtriction,
 Gave Cham his malediction,
 And put him under ſervitude,
 To Shem and Japhet that were good.
 Noe how God made a covenant
 With Noe, to make no puniſhment,
 Noe by the floods no people drown:
 In ſign of that condition,
 His rain-bow ſet into the aere,
 Of diuerſe heavenly colours faire,
 For to be a perpetual ſign,
 By Flood to ſend no puniſhing,
 This hiſtory if thou liſt to know,
 At length the Bible ſhal thee ſhow.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of Babylon by Nimrod :
 and how King Ninus began the firſt Monarchy
 of their idolatry : and how Semiramis governed
 the Empire after her husband King Ninus.

Father, I pray you to me tell,
 The firſt infortune that beſell,
 Immediately after the Flood :
 And who did firſt ſhed guiltleſſ blood,
 And how Idolatry began ?

E. Said he : I ſhal do as I can :
 After the Flood, I find no ſtory
 Worthy to be put in memory,
 Till Nimrod did begin to reign,
 Above the people as a king;
 Which was the principal man of one,
 That builder was of Babylon,

E. That

C. That Noz, Basher, would I know,
That thou to me the sooth wouldst show,
Why, and for what occasion
They builded such a strong dungeon?

E. Then said to me Experience,
I shal declare with diligence,
These questions at thy command:
But first, son, thou must understand
Of Nimrod the genealogy,
His strength, courage, and quantity;
Howbeit Moses in his first book,
That Noz lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong hunter.

But other Clerks curious,
As Drose, and doth Iosephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature, and his strength.

This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by line descending down;
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Ebus,
And Ebus, Nimrod, the sooth been thus.

This Nimrod a man of might,
That time on earth was none so wight:

He was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wild beasts he down throng.

The people of that region,
Came under his dominion.

no man there was in all that land,
His stalwardness that durst gainstand:
no marvel was though he was wight,

Ten cubits large he was of hight,

Proportionate of length and bread.

Conform unto his hight, we read.

He grew so great and glorious,

So prideful and presumptuous

That he came inobedient,

To the great God Omnipotent.

This Nimrod was the principal man

That first Idolatry began,

Then caus'd he all the people call

To his presence both great and small,

And in that great convention,

Did propone his intention:

My friends, said he, I make it known,
 the great vengeance that God hath shewn
 In time of our fore-father Noe,
 when he did all the world destroy,
 And drowned them in furious Flood:
 wherefore I think we should conclude,
 How we should make a strong defence
 Against the waters violence,
 For to resist his furious ire,
 Contrary both to flood and fire:
 Let us go spy some pleasant field,
 where a strong building we may bield:
 A City with a strong Dungeon,
 that none engine may beat it down:
 So high, so thick, so large, so long,
 that God to us shal do no wrong.
 It shal surmount the Planets seven,
 that we from God may win the heaven,
 these people with a firm intent,
 All to his counsel did consent,
 And did espy a pleasant place,
 hard on the flood of Euphrates.
 The people then did there repare,
 Into the plain field Shinar,
 Which now of Chaldie bears the name,
 which did so long time flow with same.
 that great fortress then did they found,
 And searcht it till they found sure ground,
 And fell to work, both man and child.
 Some found out clay, some burnt the tyld.
 Nimrod that curious Champion,
 Devilser was of that dungeon:
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busie bees upon the flowers,
 Or emmets travelling into June.
 Some under wrought, and some above,
 with strong ingenious masonry,
 Upward that work did fortifie.
 with burnt tyl-stones, large & wight,
 that tower they raised to such hight,
 Above the aires region,
 And joyned of strong fashion,
 with ciment made of pick and tar,
 They used none other mortar.

Though fire and water assailed,
Contrare that Dungeon nought availed,
The land about was fat and plain,
And it rose like an high mountain.
These foolish people did intend,
That to the heavens it should ascend.
So great a strength was never seen
Into the world with mens sen:
And the walls of that work they made
Two and fifty fathom bread:
One of them, as some men sayes,
Might be two fathoms in our dayes.
One man was then of more stature,
Then two are now, of that be sure.

Josephus holds opinion
Saying, the hight of that Dungeon,
Of large paces of measure been,
Five thousand eightscore and fourteen,
By this reckoning it is full right,
Five miles and an half of hight.
A thousand pace take for a mtle,
And thou shalt find it near that stile.
This tower in compass round about,
Were miles ten withoutten doubt.
About the city of Stadtes
Four hundredeth and fourscore I wis,
And by this number of compass,
About threescore of miles it was.
And as Diodorus reports,
There was fivescore of brasen ports.
The translator of Diodorus,
Into his Chronicle wittes thus,
That when the sun is at the hight,
At noon when it doth shine most bright,
The shadow of that hideous strength,
Six miles and more it was of length.
Thus may you judge into your thought,
If Babylon be high or nought.

How God made the diversity of Languages, and
made impediment to the building
of Babylon.

Then the great God Omnipotent,
To whom all things been present,

that

That was, and is, and ever shal be,
 Are present to his Majestie.
 The very secrets of mans heart,
 From his presence may not depart:
 He seeing the ambition,
 And the pidesul presumption,
 How these proud people did pretend,
 Up through the heavens to ascend,
 Which was great folly to devise
 Such a presumptuous enterprise:
 For when they were most diligent,
 God made them such impediment,
 They were constrained with heart sore,
 From thence to go, and build no more.
 Such languages on them he laid,
 That none knew what another said.
 Where was but one language before,
 God sent them languages threescore.
 At that time all did speak Hebrew,
 Then some began for to speak Grewe:
 Some did speak Dutch, some Sarasin,
 And some began to speak Latin:
 The master-men were almost wylde,
 Crying for trees, they brought them tyld.
 Some said, Bring moxter here at once,
 then brought they to them stocks and stones.
 Then Nimrod their great Champion,
 Ran raging like a wild Lyon,
 Menasing them with words most rude,
 But never a word they understood.
 Before they found him good and kind,
 But then they thought him by his mind,
 When he so furiously did flyte,
 Then turn'd his pride into despire.
 Full dark eclipsed was his gloze,
 when they would work for him no more.
 Behold how God was gracious
 To them that was outrageous:
 He neither brake their legs nor arms,
 nor did to them no other harms,
 Except of tongues division:
 And for a final conclusion,
 Constrained they were for to depart,
 Each company in sundry art.

Some past into the Orient,
 And some into the Occident.
 Some south, some north, as they thought best,
 And so their policy left waste.
 But how that city was repaired,
 Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie : How Nimrod
 compelled the people to adore the fire
 in Chaldea.

NOW, Sir, said I, show me the man,
 which first Idolatry began.

C. That shall I do with all mine heart;

My son, said he, ere we depart.

When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,

And his great labor nought availed,

In manner of contemption,

Departed forth of that region :

And as Darius both rehearse,

He past into the land of Persie,

And many a year did there remain,

And then to Babylon came again.

And found huge people of Chaldie

Remaining in that great city,

That was glad of his returning,

And did obey him as their King.

Nimrod his name for to advance,

Among them made new ordinance,

Saying : I think you are not wise,

That to no God make sacrifice.

Then to fulfil his false desire,

He caus'd be made a flaming fire,

And made it of such breadth and hight,

He caus'd it burn both day and night :

Then all the people of that land,

Prostrate on knees and on faces,

Beseeching their new God of graces,

to give them more occasion,

He made them great perswasion :

This God, said he, is most of might,

Showing his beams on the night :

When sun and moon are both obscure,

his

his heavenly brightness doth endure.
 When mens members suffer cold,
 Fire warmeth them even as they would.
 Then cry'd the people at his desire,
 There is no God, except the fire.

Ere there was any Imagery,
 Began this first Idolatry:
 At that time there was no usage
 To carve, or for to paint Image:
 Then made he proclamation,
 who made not adoration
 To that new God, without remedy,
 Into that fire should suffer dead.
 I find no man into that land,
 His tyranny that durst gainstand,
 But Abram and Aram his brother
 that disobey'd, I find none other,
 which dwelling was in that countrie,
 with their father, called Tharie.
 These brethren Nimrod did reprieue,
 Saying to him: Lord, by your leave,
 This fire is but an Element,
 Pray you to God Omnipotent,
 which made the heaven by his might,
 Sun, Moon & stars for to give light:
 He made the fishes in the seas,
 The earth with beasts, herbs & trees:
 And last of all, for to conclude,
 He made man to his similitude.
 To that great God give praise & gloze,
 whose reign endures for evermore.

When Nimrod in his furious ire,
 these brethren both cast in the fire:
 Abram by God he was preserved,
 But Aram in the fire was served.
 When Thare heard his son was dead,
 He did depart out of that dead,
 with Abram, Nachor, and their wives,
 As the scripture at length describes,
 And left the land of Chaldea,
 And past to Mesopotamia,
 And dwelt in Charan all his dayes,
 And died there, as the story sayes.
 The life of Abram, as I suppose,

Nothing

Nothing belongs to our purpose.
Into the Bible thou mayst read
His vertuous life, word and deed.
Now have I shoven thee the man
that first Idolatry began.

Of the great misery and skaith that cometh of
war, and how King Ninus began the first
Wars, and strake the first Battel.

FATHER, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,
who first began these mortal wars,
which every faithfull heart so shars,
And every policy down thraws,
Expiels against the Lords laws,
Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
Lest peace into his testament :
How doth proceed this cruelty,
Against justice and equity ?
In land where ever war hath been,
Great misery there may be seen.
All things on earth that God hath wrought,
wars do destroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many strong dungeon
Are burnt, and to the earth thrown down.
Virgins and matrons are deflored,
Temples that richly were decoyed
Are burnt, and all their priests spoyled :
Poor orphans under feet soyled :
Many old man made childzenless,
And many childzen fatherless.
Of famous schools the doctrine,
Both natural science and divine,
And every vertue troden down,
No reverence done to Religion :
Strengths destroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced shamefully :
Young widows spoyled of their spouses,
Poor laborers driven from their houses.
there dare no merchand take in hand
to travel either by sea or land.
For butchers that do them confound,

Some murdered been, and some are drown'd :
 And crafts-men of good engine,
 Are altogether brought to ruine :
 The bestial rest, the commons slain,
 the land without laboring doth remain.
 Of policy the perfect warke,
 Buildings, gardens, pleasant parks,
 Have altogether destroyed been.
 Great granges burnt there may be seen :
 Riches is turn'd to poverty,
 And plenty into penury.
 Death, hunger, dearth, it is well kend,
 Of war this is the fatal end.
 Justice turned into tyranny,
 All pleasure in adversity.
 The wars all utterly down thraus,
 Both the civil and common laws.
 War genders murder and mischief,
 Soze lamenting without relief.
 Wars do destroy Realms and Kings :
 Great Princes war to prison brings.
 War doth shed meekle guiltless blood.
 Since I can say of wars no good,
 Declare to me, sir, if ye can,
 who first this misery began.

A short description of the four Monarchies: And
 how King Ninus began his Monarchy.

OF war, said he, the great outrage,
 Began into the second age,
 By cruel, pidesul, covetous Kings :
 Reavers but right of others reigns :
 Howbeit Cain befoze the Flood,
 was first shedder of guiltless blood.
 Ninus was first and principal man,
 which sinistrous conquest began :
 And was the man withouten fail,
 In earth which strake the first battel,
 And first invented Imagery,
 wherethrough came great Idolatry.
 We must know ere we further wend
 Of whom King Ninus did descend.
 Ninus, if I can right define,

He was from Noe the sixth by line.
 Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
 And Chus Nimrod, and Nimrod Belus,
 And Belus Ninus but lesling,
 Of Assyria the second King,
 And builder of that great city,
 the which is called Ninivy :
 And was the first and principal man,
 which the first Monarchie began.

C. Father, said he, declare to me,
 what signifies a Monarchie ?

C. The sooth, said he, son, if thou knew,
 Monarchie is a term of Grew,
 As when a province principal,
 had whole power imperial,
 During their dominations,
 Above all Kings and nations.
 A Monarchie that men do call,
 Of whom I find four principal,
 which hath reign'd since the world began.

C. Then said I, Father, if you can,
 Which four are they ? Show me, I pray you.

C. My son, said he, that shal I show you.
 First, reigned the King of Assyrians :
 Secondly, reigned the King of Persians :
 The Greeks thirdly, with sword and fire,
 Perforce obtain'd the third Empire :
 The fourth Monarchie, as I hear,
 The Romans keep'd many a year.

Let us speak of Ninus King,
 how he began his conquering.
 The old Greek historian
 Diodorus, he writes plain,
 At right great length of Ninus King,
 Of his Empire and conquering.
 And of Semiramis his wife.
 That time the lustiest on life.
 It were too long to put in write,
 which Diodore doth indite :
 But I shal show, as I suppose,
 which most belongs to our purpose.
 When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
 Out of this wretched world was gone,
 And his son Belus dead allwa,

The first King of Assyria :
 this Ninus which was second King,
 triumphantly began to reign,
 And was not pleased nor content
 Of his own region nor rent :
 thinking his glorie for to advance,
 By his great people and puissance,
 through pride, covetise and vain glorie,
 Did him prepare to conquest more,
 And gathered forth a great army,
 Contrare Babylon and Chaldey,
 wherefore he had ardent desire
 to joyn that land to his Empire,
 howbeit he had thereto no right,
 But by his tyranny and might.
 withoutten fear of God or man,
 his conquesting he thus began.

His people being in array,
 to Caldea took his ready way,
 when that the Babylonians,
 together with the Caldeans,
 heard tell King Ninus was comeand,
 Made proclamation through the land,
 that each man after his degree,
 Should come & save his own country :
 though that they had no use of war,
 Without all fear they past forward,
 And put themselves in good order
 to meet King Ninus on the border.
 In that time ye may understand
 there was no harness in the land,
 For to defend, or yet invade,
 whereby more slaughter there was made :
 they fought through strength of bodies,
 With goads of iron, with stones and trees,
 With sound of hoyn, and hideous cry,
 they rushed together right rudely,
 With hardy heart and strength of hands,
 till thousands lay dead on the lands.
 Where men in battel naked been,
 Great slaughter soon there may be seen.
 they fought so long and cruelly,
 And with uncertain victorie :

No man might judge that stood on far,

Who got the better of the war.
 But when it did approach the night,
 The Chaldeans they took the flight :
 Then the King and his company
 Were right glad of the victorie;
 Because he wan the first battel
 That stricken was on earth but fail,
 And peaceable of that region,
 Did take the whole dominion :
 Then was he king of Chaldea,
 As well as of Assyria.
 As for the king of Arabie,
 In his conquest made him supply :
 Of this yet was he not content,
 But to the Realm of Mede he went,
 Where Fernus king of that Country,
 Did meet him with a great Army,
 But king Ninus the battel wan,
 where slain was many a noble-man :
 And to the king would give no grace,
 But plainly in a publick place,
 with his seven sons and his Ladie,
 Cruelly did them crucifie.
 Of that triumph he did rejoyce,
 Then forward to the field he goes :
 Then conquest he Armenia,
 Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia :
 Cappadoce, Lyde, and Bauristane,
 Calpis, Phrygia, and Lycane :
 All Africa, and Asia,
 Except great Inde and Bactria,
 which he did conquish after ward,
 As you shal hear ere we depart.
 now would I, ere we farther wend,
 That his Idolatry were kend :
 Then after that without sojourn,
 To our purpose we shal return.

How King Ninus invented the first Idolattrie,
 or worshipping of Images.

Ninus an Image he caused make,
 For king Belus his fathers sake,
 Best like his father of figure,

Of quantity and portraiture :
 Of fine gold was that figure made,
 A crafty Crown upon his head,
 With precious stones, in tokening
 His father Belus was a king.
 In Babylon he a Temple made
 Of crafty work, both hie and broad,
 Wherein that Image gloriously
 was throned up triumphantly.
 Then Ninus gave a strait command,
 To all the people of that land,
 As well into Assyria,
 As in Shinar and Chaldea,
 Under his domination,
 They should make adozation,
 Upon their knees to that figure,
 Under the pain of forfeiture.
 There was no Lord in all that land,
 His summoning that durst gainstand :
 Then young and old, both great and smal,
 To that Image they prayed all :
 And changed his name, as I heard tell,
 From Belus to the great God Bell.
 In that temple he did devise,
 that Priests should make their sacrifice :
 By that consent then came a Law,
 None other God that they would know :
 Also he gave to that Image,
 Of sanctuary the priviledge :
 For whatsoever transgressor,
 An homicide, or oppressor,
 Seeing that Image in the face,
 Of their guilt got the kings grace.

C. Declare to me, sweet sir, said I,
 was there no more Idolatry,
 After that this false Idol Bell
 was throned up, as you me tell.

C. My son, said he, incontinent
 These nobels through the world went,
 How King Ninus, as I have said,
 A curious Image he had made,
 To the which all his Nation
 Made devout adozation :
 Then every Countrey took conceit,

They would king Ninus counterfeit :
when any famous man was dead,
set up an Image in his stead.

which they did honor from the spleen;
As it immortal God had been :

Images some made for the nones,
Of fine gold, of Rocks and Stones,

Of silver some, and ivory bone,
with diverse names to every one :

For some they called Saturnus,
some Jupiter, some Neptuneus,
And some they called Cupido,
Their God of love, and some Pluto :
they called some Mercurius,
And some the windy Colus.

some Mars made like a man of war,
Enarmed well with sword and spear :
some Bacchus, and some Apollo,
Of names they had an hundred mo.

When any Lady of great fame
was dead, for to exalt her name,
An Image for a portraiture,
was set up for an Orature :
The which they called their goddess,
As Venus, Juno and Pallas :
some Ceres, Vesta and Diana,
some Ello, some Proserpina :
And some the great goddess Minerve,
with curious colors they would carve.
Among the Poets you may see,
Of false gods the genealogie.

So that these abominations
did spread throughout all Nations :
Except good Abram, as we read,
who honored God in word and deed :
For Abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King,
Ninus began with tyranny :
And Abram with humility.
Ninus began the first Empire,
Abram of war had no desire.
Ninus began Idolatry,
Abram in spirit and verity,
He prayed to the Lord alone,

False Imagery he would have none :
 Of him descended, I heard tell,
 The twelve tribes of Israel.
 These people made adoration,
 With humble supplication,
 To him who was of kings king,
 And heaven & earth made of nothing :
 Dead images they held at nought,
 Which were with mens hands wrought,
 But the Almighty God on live.
 My son, now have I done describe
 These questions at thy command,
 The which thou didst at me demand.

C. What was the cause, Sir, make me sure,
 Idolatrie did so long endure
 Out through the world so generally,
 And with the Gentils specially ?

C. Said he, some causes principal,
 I find in my memorial :
 First was through Princes commandment,
 Which did Idolatry invent :
 then singular profit of the Priests,
 Painters, gold-smiths, masons, wrights,
 these men of craft most full curiously,
 Made Images so pleasantly,
 And sold them for a sumptuous price :
 So by their crafty merchandise,
 they were made rich above measure :
 As for the Priests, I thee assure,
 they got profit into all lands;
 through sacrifice and offerings :
 And by their fained sanctitude,
 Abused many men of good.
 We in the time of Daniel,
 the Priests of that Idol Bell,
 When Nebuchadonozor king,
 In Babylon highly did reign,
 the Priests the king made understand:
 that Image made with mens hand,
 He was a glorious God of life,
 And also had prerogative :
 that by his great power divine,
 would eat beef, mutton, bread & wine;
 And so the king caus'd every day,

Before Bell on his altar lay,
 Forty fat wedders fresh and fine,
 And six great rubors of wight wine,
 Twelve great loaves of boulden flow,
 Which was all eaten in one hour:
 Not by that Image deaf and dumb,
 But by the Priests all and some,
 As by the Bible thou mayest ken,
 Whose number was threescore and ten,
 They and their wives every day,
 Ate all that on the altar lay.
 Then Dantel in conclusion,
 Shew'd to the king their abusion:
 And of their craft he made him sure,
 How underneath the temple floor,
 Through a passage they came by night,
 And ate that meat by candle light.
 The king when he the matter knew,
 The priests with all their wives he flew:
 Thus subtilly the king wasyled.
 And all the people were beguiled.
 My son, said he, now may thou ken,
 How by the Priests, & crafty men,
 And by their craftines and wits,
 Idolatry did long endure.
 Hath written works wondrous,
 Of Gentils superstition,
 And of their great abusion.
 And in this great book thou mayst see,
 Of the false Gods genealogie,
 Of Demogorgon in special,
 Fore grand-sire to the Gods all,
 Honor'd among Areadians,
 And of the false Philistians,
 With their great devilish God Dagon,
 With their Idols many one.
 But I abhor, the truth to tell,
 Of the Princes of Israel,
 Chosen by God Omnipotent,
 How they brake his commandement.
 King Solomon as the Scripture says,
 He doted in his latter dayes:
 His wanton wives for to please,

We car'd not God for to displease,
 And did commit Idolatry,
 Worshipping carv'd Imagery,
 As Molech God of Amontites,
 And Chemosh God of Moabites,
 Ashtaroth God of Sidonians :
 So for his inobedience,
 And foul abomination,
 was punisht his succession.
 His son Roboam, I heard tell,
 Lost the ten tribes of Israel,
 For his fathers Idolatry,
 As in the scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian men.

Father, yet one thing would I speer,
 Behold in every Church and Queer
 Through Christendom in burgh and land,
 Images made with mens hand :
 To whom are given diverse names,
 Some Peter, and Paul, some John, and James,
 Saint Peter carved with his keyes,
 Saint Michael with his wings and wayes,
 Saint Katherin with her sword and wheel,
 An hynd set up hard by Saint Geel.
 It were o're long for to describe
 Saint Francis with his wounds five.
 Saint Crodwel eke there may be seen,
 who in a prick hath both her een.
 Saint Paul well painted with a sword,
 As he would fight at the first word.
 Saint Appollin on altar stands,
 with all her teeth into her hands.
 Saint Roch well seased, men may see
 A byle new broken on his thie.
 Saint Cloy he doth stately stand
 A new horse-shoe into his hand.
 Saint Nintan of a rotten flock,
 Saint Dutho boz'd out of a block.
 Saint Andrew with cross in his hand,
 Saint George upon a horse ridand.
 Saint Antony set upon a sow,
 Saint Byrde well carved with a kow,
 With costly colozs fine and faire,

A thousand more I might declare.
 As saint Cosm and saint Damian,
 The Souter of saint Crispintan.
 All these on altars stately stands,
 Priests crying for their offerands;
 to whom we commons on our knees
 Do worship all these Imageries,
 In church or queer, or in the Closter,
 Praying to them our Pater noster.
 In Pilgrimage from town to town,
 with offering and adoration,
 to them ay babling on our beads,
 that they may help us in our needs :
 What differs this, declare to me,
 From the Gentils Idolatrie ?

C. If that be true that thou reports,
 It goes right near the self same sorts :
 But we by counsel of Clergy,
 have licence to make Imagery,
 which of unlearned been the books,
 For when the Laicks on them looks,
 It brings them in remembrance,
 Of saints lives the circumstance :
 how the faith for to fortifie,
 They suffered pain right patiently.
 Seeing the Image on the rood,
 We should remember on the blood
 which Christ into his passion
 did shed for our salvation.
 O when thou seest the portraiture
 Of blessed Mary Virgin pure,
 A pleasant babe upon her knee,
 Then in thy mind remember thee,
 The word which the prophet said,
 how she should be both mother & maid:
 But who that sitteth on their knees,
 Praying to many Imageries,
 With oration and offerands,
 Kneeling with cup into their hands :
 No difference been, I say to thee,
 From the Gentils Idolatrie.
 Right so of diverse Nations,
 I read th'abominations,
 how Greeks made their devotion hall

To Mars to save them in battel.
 To Jupiter some took their voyage,
 To save them from the stormy rage:
 Some prayed to Venus from the spleen,
 that they their lovers might obtain:
 And some to Juno for riches,
 their pilgrimage they would address:
 So doth our common populace,
 Which were too long for to declare,
 their superstitious pilgrimages
 to many diverse Images.
 Some to Saint Roch with diligence,
 To save them from the pestilence:
 For their teeth to Saint Appolline:
 To Saint Trodwel to mend their eem.
 Some makes offerings to Saint Cloy,
 that he their horse might well convoy.
 they run when they have jewels tint,
 To Saint Syeth ere ever they stint:
 And to Saint Germane to get remead,
 For maledies into their head.
 They bring mad men on feet and horse,
 And binds them to Saint Bungo's cross.
 To Saint Barbara they cry full fast,
 To save them from the thunder blast.
 For good novels, as I heard tell,
 Some takes their way to Gabriel:
 Some wives Saint Margaret doth exhort
 Into their birth them to support.
 To Saint Anthon to save the sow.
 to Saint Byde for calf and kow,
 To Saint Sebastian they run and ride,
 that from the shot he save their side.
 And some in hope to get their heal,
 Runs to the old rood of Kereal:
 Howbeit these people rude
 think their intention to be good,
 Who be to Priests, I say, for me,
 Which should show them the verity.
 Prelats which have of them the cure,
 Shal make answer therefore, be sure,
 In the great day of judgement.
 Where no time is for to repent,
 Where manifest Idolatry
 Shal punisht be perpetually.

An Exclamation againſt Idolatry.

Impudent people, ignorant and blind,
 By what reason, law, or authority;
 Or what authentick ſcripture can ye find
 Lawful for to commit Idolatry?
 Which is to bow your body, or your knee,
 With devote humble adoration,
 to any Image made of ſtock or tree,
 Giving to them offering or oblation.

Why do ye give the honor, laud, or gloze
 Pertaining to God who made all things of nought
 Who was, and is, and ſhal be evermore,
 To Images by mens hands wrought?
 O fooliſh folk: why have ye ſuccour ſought
 Of them that cannot help you in diſtreſs?
 Yet reaſonably revolve into your thought,
 In ſtock or ſtone can be no holineſs.

In the Deſert the people of Iſrael,
 Moles remaining on the Mount Sinay,
 They made a molten Calf of fine metal,
 Which they did honor as their God alway.
 But when Moles deſcended, I hear ſay,
 And did conſider their Idolatry,
 Of that people three thouſand cauſ'd he ſlay,
 As the ſcripture at length doth teſtiſe.

Because the holy Prophet Daniel,
 In Babylon Idolatry reprov'd,
 And would not worſhip their falſe Idol Bell,
 the whole people at him were ſore agrieved,
 to that effect that he ſhould be miſchiev'd:
 delivered him to ramping Lyons ſeven,
 But of that dangerous den he was relieved,
 Through miracle of the great God of heaven.

Behold how Nebuchadonozor King,
 Into the baſil of Duran did prepare
 An Image of fine gold, a marvelous thing,
 Threſſcore of cubits high, and ſix in ſquare,
 As more clearly the ſcripture doth declare;
 to whom all people by proclamation,
 with bodies bow'd, and on their knees bare,
 Right humbly made their adoration.

A great wonder that day was seen also,
 How Nebuchadonozor in his yre,
 Took Sadrach, Meslech and Abednego,
 Which would not bow their knees at his desire
 To th' Idol, caus'd cast them into the fire
 For to be burnt, ere he stirr'd off the steap.
 When he believ'd they were burnt bones & yre,
 Was not consum'd a smial hair of their head.

The Angel of the Lord was with them seen
 Into that hot furnace, passing up and down,
 Into a roste earth as they had been :
 No spot of fire distaining coat or gown ;
 Of victorie they did obtain the Crown,
 And were to them that made adoration
 To that Idol, or bow'd their body down,
 A witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause, at me thou mayst demand,
 That Solomon us'd no Imagery
 In his triumphant temple for to stand,
 Of Abram, Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
 Nor to Moses, their safeguard through the sea,
 Nor Josua their valliant Champion ?
 Because God did command the contrary,
 They should not use such superstition.

Behold how the great God Omnipotent,
 To preserve Israel from Idolatry,
 Directed them a strait commandement,
 That they should make no graven Imagery,
 Neither of gold, silver, stone nor tree,
 Nor give worship to any similitude,
 Being in heaven, in earth, or in the sea,
 But openly to his soveraign celsitude.

The Prophet David plainly did reprove
 Idolatry to their confusion;
 In graven stock or stone that did believe,
 declaring to them their great abusion,
 Speaking in manner of derision,
 How dead idols by mens hands wrought,
 Whom they honor'd with humble adoration,
 were in the market dally sold and bought.

The devils seeing the ill condition
 Of the Gentils, and their unfaithfulness,

For to augment their superstition,
In these Idols they made their entercels,
And in them spake, as Noies do expels,
Then men believed of them to get relief,
Asking their help in all their business,
But finally they turn'd to their mischief.

Trust well, in them is no divinitie,
When with the rouse their fair coloz doth fade :
Though they have feet, on foot they cannot flee,
Howbeit the temple burn about their head.
In them is neither friendship nor remead,
In such figures, what favor can ye find ?
With mouth & ears & eyes though they be made,
All men may see they are dumb, deaf and blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the floor,
They have no strength themselves to raise again :
Though rats over them run, they take no cure :
Howbeit they broke their neck, they feel no pain.
Why should men psalms to them sing or sain,
Since growing trees that yearly beareth fruit,
Are more to praise, I make it to thee plain,
Then cutted stocks, wanting both crop and root.

Of Edinburgh the great Idolatrie,
And manifest abomination,
On their feast days all creatures may see :
They bear an old stock Image through the town,
With tabern, trumpet, shalm and clation,
Which hath been used many a year bygone,
With priests and friers into procession,
Like unto Bell carried through Babylon.

Think ye not shame, ye secular priests & friers
To so great superstition to consent ?
Idolaters ye have been many years,
Express against the Lords commandment.
Wherefore, brethren, I counsel you repent :
Give no honor to carved stock or stone,
But honor give to God Omnipotent,
And praise him ay, as wisely writeth John.

Fy on you friers that uses for to preach,
And do advance forward Idolatry :
Why do ye not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image carved on a tree,

As it were holy, should not honored be,
 Nor boyn on burghes backs up and down :
 But ye shew plainly your hypocrisie,
 when ye pass foremost in procesion.

Fy on you fosterers of Idolatry,
 That to the dead stocks do reverence,
 In presence of the people publickly,
 Fear ye not God to commit such offence ?
 I counsel you to do your diligence,
 To cause suppress so great abusion :
 do ye not so, I dread your repentance
 Shal be nought else but clean confusion.

Had saint Francis been boyn out through þ town,
 Or saint Dominick, though ye had refused
 With them to have pass in procesion,
 In that case some would you have excused.
 now men may see how that ye have abused
 That noble town through your hypocrisie :
 the people think that they may right well use it,
 when ye pass with them into company.

Some of you have been quyet counsellors,
 Provoking Princes to shed guiltles blood,
 which never did your prudent predecessors :
 but ye like furious Phartlesse denud
 Of charity, which rent Christ on the rood,
 For Christs flock, without malice or ire,
 Converted fragile faultors, I conclud
 By Gods own word, withousten sword or fire.

Read ye not how Christ hath given command,
 If thy brother do ought thee to offend,
 Then secretly correct him hand for hand
 In friendly manner, ere that thou further wend.
 If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
 to one or two by true narration :
 If he for them will not this mis amend,
 delate him to the congregation.

And yet if he remain obstinat,
 And to the holy Church unconsellable,
 Then like a Turk hold him excommunicat,
 And with all fathful folk abominable,
 banishing him, that he be no moze able
 To dwel among the faithful company :

when

When he repents be not unmercitable,
But him receive again right tenderly.

But our dumb Doctors of divinity,
And ye of the last-found Religion,
Of poore transgressors ye have no pity,
But cryes to put them ay to confusion,
As cry'd the Jews for the effusion
Of Christs blood into their burning ire,
Crucifie: so ye with an union
do cry, cause cast the faultier in the fire.

Unmercifull members of the Antichrist,
Extolling your humane tradition,
Contrare the institution of Christ,
Fear ye not for divine punishment.
Though some of you be of good condition,
Ready to receive new recent wine:
I speak to you all bottles of perdition:
return in time, ere ye run to ruine.

As ran the perverse prophets of Baal,
Which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked Achab king of Israel,
Whose number were four hundred and fifty,
which honored that Idol openly.
But when Elias did prove their abusion,
He caus'd the people slay them cruelly:
So in one hour came their confusion.

I pray you print in your remembrance,
How the red Friers for their Idolatry,
In Scotland, England, Spain, Italy & France,
Upon one day were punisht piteously.
Behold how your own brethren now lately,
In Dutchland, England, Denmark & Norway,
Are troden down with their hypocrisie,
And as the snow are vanish quite away.

I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your friers such preeminence,
To use their office to their great defame,
Preaching for them in open audience.
but might a Bishop augment his own expence,
For each sermon ten ducats in his hand:
he would ere he did lack that recompence,
So preach himself both into burgh and land.

I trust

I trust to see good reformation,
 When that we get a faithful prudent King
 Which knows the truth, and his vocation :
 All Publicans, I trust he will down bring,
 And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
 Corrupted scribes, nor false pharistie,
 Against the truth which plainly do malign :
 Till that King come we must take patience.

Now farewell friends, because I cannot flye,
 Howbeit I could, ye must had me excused :
 Though I against Idolatry indite,
 Or them despite that will not yet refuse it,
 I pray to God that it be no more used
 Among the rulers of this region,
 That common people be no more abused,
 But give him gloze that bare the thorny crown.

Who teacheth us by his divine scripture,
 To right prayer the perfect ready way,
 As writeth Matthew in his sixth chapter,
 In what manner, and to whom we should pray,
 A short compendious oration each day,
 Most profitable both for body and soul :
 The which is not directed, I hear say,
 To John or James, to Peter or to Paul.

Not to none other of th' Apostles twelue,
 Not to no saint, nor angel in the heaven ;
 But only to our Father God himself,
 Which oration is contained full even,
 Most profitable for us petitions seven,
 Which we laick-folk the Vater noster call.
 Though we say psalms, nine, ten or eleven,
 Of all prayers this is the principal.

By reason of the Maker that it made,
 who was the son of God, our Saviour :
 And by reason to whom it should be said,
 To the Father of heaven our Creator,
 who dwelleth not in temple nor in tower :
 he clearly sees our thought, will, and intent :
 what needeth us at others seek succour,
 when in all place his power is present ?

Ye princes of the priests, ye that should preach,
 why suffer ye so great abuson ?

why

Why do ye not the simple people teach,
 How and to whom to direct their oration?
 Why thole ye them to go from town to town,
 In pilgrimage to any Imageryes,
 Hoping to get some satisfaction,
 Praying to them devoutly on their knees?

This was the practise of some pilgrimage,
 when sillocks into fife began the ton;
 with Jack and Thom then they took their voyage,
 In Angus to the field chappel of Dion.
 Then Kittock there as ready as a con,
 without regard either to sin or shame,
 Gave Lawry leave at leasure to leap on:
 Far better been to have carried at hame.

I have seen pass a marvelous multitude,
 Young men and women singing on their feet,
 Under the form of fained sanctitude,
 For to adore an Image in Lawriet:
 Many came with their fellows for to meet,
 Committing their soul fornication,
 Some kist the clagged tail of the hermite:
 why thole ye this abomination?

Of fornication and adultery,
 Apperantly ye take but little cure,
 Seeing the marvelous infelicity,
 which hath so long done in this Land endure,
 Of your default which have the charge and cure:
 This is of truth, my Lords, with your leave.
 Such pilgrimages have made many a whore,
 which, if I pleased, plainly I might prove.

Why make ye not the scriptures manifest
 To poore people touching Idolatry?
 In your preaching why have ye not exprest
 How many kings of Israel cruelly
 were punisht by God so rigorously?
 As Jeroboam, and many mo, no doubt,
 For worshipping of carv'd Imagery,
 were from their realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your dominion,
 A crafty priest, or fained false hermite,
 Abusing the people of this region,
 Only for their particular profite?

And

And specially that hermite Lawlet,
 He put the common people in beliebe,
 That blind got sight, and crooked got their feet,
 The which the pillard by no means can prieve.

Ye married men that have trim wanton wives,
 And lusty daughters of young and tender age,
 Whose honestye ye should love as your lives,
 Permit them not to passe in pilgrimage,
 To seek support of any stock image;
 For I have known good women passe from hame,
 Which have been trapped with such lusts rage,
 Have returned both with great sin and shame.

Get up, thou sleepest still too long, O Lord,
 And make an hasty reformation
 On them that do tramp down thy gracious word,
 And have a deadly indignation
 At them which make a true narration
 Of thy Gospel, shewing the verity :
 O Lord, I make thee supplication,
 Support our faith, our hope and charity.

How King Ninus built the great City of
 Nineve, and how he vanquished Zo-
 roastes King of Bactria.

This Ninus of Assyria king,
 When he had made his conquesting,
 To build a city he him drest,
 Choosing a place where he thought best,
 Where he had first dominion,
 In Assyria his own region :
 Though Ashur, as the Scripture says,
 Who came before king Ninus days,
 He founded that famous city,
 The which was called Nimby :
 But as rehearsed Diodore,
 Ninus that city did decore,
 So marvellous triumphantly,
 As ye shal hear immediately.
 Upon the flood of Euphrates,
 Which to behold great wonder was,
 An hundred and fifty fages,
 That city was of length I wis :

The walls an hundred foot of hight,
 No wonder was though it was wight.
 Such breadth about the walls there was,
 Three carts might sidlongs on them pass:
 Four hundred stages, fourscore and four,
 In circuit, but nine or more:

Of towers about the walls I ween,
 A thousand and five hundred been.
 Of hight two hundred foot and more,
 As witeth famous Diodore.

The Scripture maketh mention,
 When God sent Jonas to that town,
 to show them of his punishment,
 Throughtout the city when he went,
 three dayes journey to him it was,
 The bible sayes it was no less.

My son, now have I shewn to thee,
 Of the building of Ninive:

For the augmenting of his fame,
 ninus call'd it after his name.

When he that great city had ended,
 to conquests more yet he intended,

And did depart from ninive,

And raised up a great army

Of the most stalwart men and stout,

Of all the regions round about,

In great order took their journey

Toward the realm of Bactria,

Of wight footmen I understand,

He had seventeen hundred thousand,
 without horse-men and warlike carts,

whom he ordered in sundry parts,

which to describe I am not able,

whose number is incredible.

Zoroastes that noble King,

Then Bactria had in governing:

That prudent Prince, as I heard tell,
 did in Astronomy precel;

And found the art of Magia,

With natural science many ma,

Seeing king ninus in the field,

Forward he came to spear and shield,

Four hundred thousand men he was,

In his army there was no less,

And

And met king Ninus on the border,
 Right valiantly and in good order :
 On the vanguard of his army,
 On them he rushed right rudely,
 And of them flew, as I heard say,
 An hundred thousand men that day :
 The rest that scaped were unslain,
 To Ninus great host fled again.
 Of that king Ninus was so noyed,
 He rested never till he destroyed
 All whole that region up and down.
 And from the king did reave the crown,
 And made the realm of Bactria
 Subject unto Assyria :
 And in the self-same land I wis,
 He got his wife Semiramis,
 which as mine Authoꝝ doth describe,
 was then the lustiest on live :
 That being done without sojourn,
 To Ninive he did return
 with great triumph of victorie,
 As mine Authoꝝ doth specifie :
 Both Occident and Orient
 were all to him obedient.
 It would abhor thee to hear red,
 The guiltless blood that he did shed.
 When he had reign'd, as you may hear,
 The space of three and forty year :
 Being in his excellent gloꝝe,
 The dolent death did him deuoꝝe,
 In what sort I am not certain,
 Some Authoꝝ says that he was slain,
 And left into his heritage,
 A little child of tender age.
 Young Ninus was the child's name,
 which after shew'd in great fame :
 Some says, that by his wives treason,
 King Ninus died in prison,
 As I shal show ere I hence fare,
 As Diodoꝝ hath done declare.

Of the wonderful deeds of Queen Semiramis.

Ninus loved so ardently
 Semiramis his fair Lady :

There was nothing she would have done;
 But all obeyed was full soon.
 She seeing him so amorous,
 She grew proud and presumptuous,
 And at the king she did desire,
 Five dayes to govern his Empire:
 And he of his benevolence,
 Did grant her that preeminence.
 With scepter, crown, and robe royal,
 And whole power Imperial,
 Till five dayes were come and gone,
 That she as king might reign alone.
 Then all the Princes of the Land,
 During that time made her a band,
 With banquet royal merrily,
 She treated them triumphantly,
 So the first day the people all
 Came to her service, bound and thrall:
 But ere the second day was gone,
 She took such gloze to reign alone,
 By a deceit made them among,
 The king she put in prison strong.
 I read well of his prisoning,
 But not of his delivering:
 However it was, into his towers,
 And might not length his life one hour
 Though he was the first Conquerour:
 Whose conquering, for to conclud,
 Was not without shedding of blood.
 Now have you heard of Ninus king,
 How he began, and his ending.
 Although mine Author Diodoro
 Of him hath written meekle more,
 Princes for wrongous conquering,
 Do make oft times an evil ending.
 Though he had long prosperity,
 He ended with great misery.

Of King Ninus Sepulture.

The Queen a sepulture had made,
 Where the king Ninus body laid,
 Of curious crafty work and wight,
 The which had staves nine of hight,

And

And ten stades of breadth it was,
 Diodore sayes, it was no less :
 For eight stades a mile thou take,
 And thereafter thy number make :
 So by this compt it was full right,
 A mile and eke a stade of hight :
 Except the tower of Babylon,
 So high a work, I read of none.

Semiramis his lusty Queen,
 Considering what danger been,
 To have a King of tender age,
 Which might not use his vassalage,
 She took a couragious conceit,
 Thinking that she should make debate,

If any made rebellion
 contrare her son and region,
 Whom she did foster tenderly,
 And keepe him full quietly.
 She laid apart her own clothing,
 And took the sayment of a King.
 When she was into armor dight,
 Nought no man know her by a knight,
 So valiantly went to the wear,
 And to give battel took no fear,
 Daunting all realms round about,
 That all the world of her had doubt :
 More fortunate in her conquering
 Then was her husband ninus King.

Babylon she did fortifie,
 Temples and towers triumphantly,
 So pleasantly did them prepare,
 Which in the earth had no compare :
 Howbeit nimrod, of whom I spake,
 The hideous Dungeon he caus'd make,
 And of the city the fundament,
 To whom God made impediment.
 Where nimrod left, there she began,
 And put to work many a man :
 Of all Realms round about,
 Of most engine she sought them out.
 She had working with tree and stones,
 Twelve hundred thousand men at once.
 So read the book of Diodore,
 And thou shalt find the number more.

On ebery side of Euphrates,
 That noble City builded was,
 And so that river of renown,
 Ran through the mid-part of that town.
 Over-thwart that Flood the bridges made,
 Of marvelous strength, both long and brade,
 They were five stages large of length,
 On every bridge she made a strength,
 the circuit, as I said before,
 Four hundred stages and four score.
 the walls hight who would describe,
 three hundred foot, threescore & five:
 Six carts might pass right easily,
 Above the walls of that City
 Sidelongs without impediment,
 Consider then by your judgement,
 If these walls were high or nought,
 And also curiously were wrought.
 As Diodore hath done define,
 which doth transcend my rude engine.
 Of Babylon the magnificence,
 to whom ye would give no credence,
 If I at length would put in writ,
 which Diodore hath done endyte.
 Compare with Cities find I none,
 to Nineve and Babylon.
 From Nineve of Assyria,
 To Babylon in Chaldea:
 By bridges pleasant ye may pass,
 Upon the flood of Euphrates.
 Among the floods of Paradise,
 this Euphrates may bear the prize:
 All works which the Queen began,
 Transcended the engine of man.
 The proud Queen Penthsilea,
 the Princess of Amazona,
 with her Ladies triumphantly,
 At Troy which fought valiantly:
 Nor yet the fair Maiden of France,
 daughter of English ordinance:
 to Semiramis in her dayes,
 were no compare, as books sayes:
 Except triumphant Julius,
 Strong Hannibal, or Pompeius:

Of Alexander the Conqueror,
 I find no greater warrior.
 would I rehearse, as write Clarke,
 Her wonderful and valiant works,
 It were to me a great labor,
 And tedious to the Auditor,
 what she did in Ethiopia,
 And in the land of Media,
 Building cities, castles and towers,
 Parks and gardens of pleasures :
 For the exalting of her name,
 And immortal to make her fame.
 Of Iarcius the high mountain,
 She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
 Great Quanties, the mountain wight,
 Twenty and five stages of hight,
 To her palace to draw a loch,
 By force of men she cut it through.
 Had she kepted her chastity,
 She might have been an A per se.
 When she had ordered her Empire,
 Of Venus work she took desire :
 A secret mansion she caus'd make,
 wherein she pleasantly might take
 Young Gentle-men for her pleasure,
 The which she used above measure,
 One man alone might not be able
 To stanch her lust insatiable.
 When she was satisfied of one,
 She caus'd another come anon,
 The lustiest in all that land,
 Came quietly at her command.
 when they at length had lyen her by,
 She slew all them right cruelly.
 When her son came to age perfyte,
 Of him she took so great delite,
 So caused him with her to ly,
 Among the rest right quietly.
 Some sayes with sensual lusts rage,
 She bound him into marriage,
 And held him under tutorage,
 To uphold her authority.

How the Queen Semiramis with a great army
 past to Indus, and fought with the
 King Staurobares. And of
 her miserable end.

When she had long time li'd in rest,
 To conquest more she her adrest :
 Because of diuerse she heard tell,
 How that the Indus Oriental
 Precell'd in great commodities,
 As bestial, corns, and fruitfull trees :
 All kind of spices delicious,
 Gold, silver, and stones precious ;
 And how that plenteous land did bear
 Corn, fruit and wine, twice in the year,
 with Elephants innumerable,
 In battel wondrous terrible :
 She hearing this, and meikle more,
 Believing to augment her gloze,
 Caust make strait proclamations,
 In all and sundry Nations,
 Showing how it was her desire,
 All princes under her Empire,
 In Egypt, and Arabia,
 In Persie, in Medie, and Chaldea,
 In Greece, in Caspia, and Circassie,
 In Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
 In Armentie, and Phrygia,
 In Pamphilia, and Assyria,
 That each land after their degree,
 Should bring to her a great armie,
 In all the goodly halle they ma,
 And meet her into Bactria,
 declaring them that her intent
 Was to pass to the Orient,
 And make war with the king of Inde.
 From time they knew what was her mind,
 Then by themselves each Region,
 Came forward with their garrison,
 Triumphantly in good array :
 To Bactria took the ready way,
 And made their musters to the Queen :
 But such a sight was never seen,

In battel-ray so many a man
 At once, since God the world began :
 But Spanzie, France, Scotland, England,
 Dutchland, Denmark, nor yet Ireland,
 Were not inhabit in those dayes,
 Nor long after, my Author sayes.

Epheſias he doth ſpecificke
 The number of this great Army :
 Saying, there came at her command,
 Foot-men thirty hundred thousand :
 Of horſe-men mounted galliardly,
 Five hundred thousand verily.
 And hundred thousand camels wight,
 On every Camel rode a knight,
 Prepar'd to paſs into all parts,
 There was an hundred thousand carts.
 Two thousand boats with her ſhe carries
 On horſe, camels, or dromadaries,
 Bridges to make ſhe did conclude,
 Over-thwart Indus that furious Flood,
 Which been of Inde the utmoſt border,
 On the which Flood with right good order,
 Of her barges ſhe bridges made,
 Whereon her great hoſte ſafely rade.

C. Father, I would men underſtood,
 How ſuch a marvelous multitude,
 Might be at once brought to the field,
 Ready to fight with ſpear and ſhield.
 Some men will judge this been a fable,
 The matter been ſo untrueable.

C. It may well be, my ſon, ſaid he,
 As by example we may ſee,
 How David king of Iſrael,
 His people cauſed number all,
 By Joab his chief Captain,
 As holy ſcripture ſhoweth plain :
 Of fighting men into that Land,
 He found thirteen hundred thousand,
 Sith David in that ſmal countrey,
 Might have raiſed ſuch an Army,
 To this Lady it was no wonder,
 The which had great realms her under,
 Then Davids little Region,
 Though ſhe had many a Legion

Of men, mo then I told before,
 Therefore my son, marvel no more.
 When Staurobates King of Inde,
 Greatly perturbed in his mind :
 Hearing of such a multitude,
 To make defence he did conclude,
 And sent a message to the Queen,
 Praying her Majesty screen,
 That she would of her special grace,
 Give him licence to live in peace :
 Failing of that, though he should die,
 That he should make her fight or flee :
 And to his God a vow he made,
 If no peace might of her be had,
 And if he wan the victory,
 That he the Queen should crucifie.
 At his boasting the Queen made bounds,
 Saying, It shal be no words
 Shal make me pass from my purpose,
 Without great strokes, as I suppose.
 The Messenger shew'd to the King.
 Of her presumptuous answering.
 Then Staurobates wise and wight,
 Came forward like a noble knight,
 With many a thousand spear and shield,
 Arrayed royal on the field,
 Thinking he would his life defend,
 Or in the battel make an end.

The Queen upon the other side,
 Full of presumption and pride :
 Her banners pleasantly display'd,
 With hardy heart and unafraid,
 Upon Indus that famous flood
 They met, where shed was meekle blood.
 In boats, balingers and barges,
 The two armies on other charges :
 Semiramis the battel wan,
 Where drown'd and slain were many a man,
 So that the water of the flood
 Ran red mixed with mens blood.
 The king of Inde with all his might,
 From Indus flood he took the flight,
 To his chief City he retired,
 Where in his presence there appeared,

In battel-ray a new army
 Of right indinctible chevalry,
 With elephants an hideous number,
 which after ward made meekle cumber.

Semiramis and her company,
 In the mean time right cruelly,
 Destroyed the borders of that land,
 took prisoners mo then ten thousand.
 She took a couragious conceit,
 Great elephants to counterfeit:
 She had ten thousand oxen hides,
 Well sew'd together, back and sides,
 with mouth and nose, teeth, ears & een,
 Quick elephants as they had been,
 Right well stuffed with straw and hay
 whereof the Indians took a fray;
 Upon camels and dromadaries,
 these false figures with her she carries.
 The Indians when they saw that sight
 Atrayedly they took the flight:
 For such a sight was never seen,
 If natural beasts they had been.
 The king himself was right afeared,
 till he the verity had speared,
 And knew by his explozateurs,
 they were but feigned false figures.
 Then manfully like men of war,
 Forward they came withouten fear,
 Right so Semiramis the Queen,
 which for one man was ay fifteen.
 These two armies fall cruelly,
 they rush together so rudely,
 with hideous cry, and trumpets sound,
 Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
 Semiramis had such a number,
 to order them it was great cumber.
 Then the great elephants of Inde,
 Right strong and hardy of their kind,
 Forward they came, and would not cease,
 Till through the midst of the prease
 Of that great host they rudely rushed,
 their men and horse to earth they dashed.
 These fained beasts withouten spile,
 were rushd and forled under feet.

The king of Inde with courage keene, and fortune
 Met with Semiramis the Queen, who was
 He riding on an elephant : But she to him fought hand for hand,
 And gave the king so great assay,
 that he was never in such a fray.
 To strike at him she took no fear,
 So well she used was in weer.
 His strokes she had but little counted,
 were not the king was so well mounted.
 Either at other stroke so fast,
 till they were tyed at the last.
 The king he thought himself ashamed,
 with a woman to be defamed,
 And was determined not to live,
 though in that battel he should live.
 As one which had despaired been,
 he rudely ran upon the Queen,
 And through the arm gave her a wound,
 which to her heart gave such a sound,
 that she constrained was to flee :
 Then all the rest of her army,
 when they perceiv'd that she was gone,
 to Indus flood they fled each one.
 The Queen o'ertwart the flood she rode,
 On bridges which were of boats made,
 With her a sober company,
 which with her fled asrayedly,
 The Indians followed on the chase,
 then to the bridges came such preals
 Of fleeing folks, which was great wöder,
 So that the bridges brake insunder.
 Some sunk, some down the river ran,
 then drown'd was many noble man,
 Which was great pitty to deplore,
 As writeth famous Diodore.
 And finally, for to conclud,
 was never shed so merkle blood
 At one time since the world began,
 Nor slain so many guiltless man,
 And all through the occasion,
 And the prideful perswasion
 Of this ambitious wicked queen,
 Such one was never heard nor seen.

Staurobates the king of Inde,
 Greatly rejoiced in his mind,
 Of this triumph and victory :
 Semiramis with heart full sorry,
 Seeing so many tane and slain,
 To her countrey return'd again :
 Lamenting fortunes variance,
 Which brought her to so great mischance,
 Before which was so fortunate,
 And then of comfort desolate.

Her son a man of perfection,
 Considering his subjection,
 His liberty he did desire,
 That he might govern his Empire :
 Seeing his mother vicious,
 And with that so ambitious :
 As mine author doth specify,
 He slew his mother cruelly :
 What other cause or intention,
 I find no special mention.
 Some sayes to beat liberty :
 Some sayes, for her adultery :
 None other cause I can define,
 Except punishment divine.

Of this fair Lady couragious,
 Behold the ending dolorous :
 Who was but twenty years of age,
 When she began her vassalage :
 And reign'd triumphantly but weat,
 The space of forty and two year.
 When she was slain, she was threescore,
 With years two, she was no more,
 As Diodore writes in his book.
 His Chronicles who lists to look.

Of this Lady I make an end,
 Thinking no way I can commend
 Women to be man-like,
 Nor men for to be women-like.
 For why ? 'tis been the Lords mind,
 All creatures to use in their kind.
 Men for to have preeminence,
 And women under obedience :
 Though all women inclined be
 To have the sovereignty,

As this Lady, who would not rest
 Till she her husband had suppress'd
 To that intent that he might reign
 Alone to have the governing.
 Ladies no wayes I can commend,
 Presumptuously which do pretend
 To use the office of a king,
 Of Realms take in governing,
 Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
 Going in battel like a knight,
 As did proud Penthesilea,
 The princes of Amazona,
 In mens habit against reason.
 Likewise I think derision,
 A prince to be effeminate,
 Of knightly courage desolate,
 Neglecting his authority,
 Through beastly sensuality,
 Accompanied both days and nights,
 With women more then valiant knights,
 Such kings I discommend at all,
 Example of Sardanapal.

Father, said I, show me how long
 The succession of king Ninus rang,
 That I may know the time of his reign,
 My son, said he, ere we go hence:
 Since I have shown at thy desire,
 What man began the first Empire,
 Now would I it were to thee hand,
 Of that Empire the fatal end.

How King Sardanapalus for his vicious life,
 made a miserable end.

Between the Conqueror Ninus,
 And sensual Sardanapalus,
 I can find no special story,
 Worthie to put in memory,
 Except which I have done describe,
 Of Semiramis king Ninus wife.
 But I can find no good at all
 To write of king Sardanapal,
 Which was the six and thirty king,
 By line from Ninus descending:

At length his life for to declare,
 I think it is not necessarie,
 Because that many cunning Clarke,
 Have done described in their works,
 How he was last of Assyrians,
 Which had the whole preeminence,
 The time of the first Monarchie,
 In Chronicles as thou mayst see:
 The last and the most vicious king,
 Which in that Monarchie did reign.
 That Prince was so effeminate
 With sensual lust intoricate:
 He did abhor the company
 Of his most noble chevalry,
 That he might have the more delite
 To use his beastly appetit:
 Conversed with women night and day,
 And clothed him in their array:
 So that no man that had him seen,
 Could judge a man that he had been:
 So he in whoredom and harlotry,
 Did keep himself so quietly:
 The Princes of Assyrians
 Of him they could get no presence;
~~Thus lived he continually,~~
 Against nature so inordinately,
 When to the Persie and to the Medes,
 Reported was such vicious deeds,
 With the rulers of Babylon,
 They did conclud all into one,
 They would not suffer for to reign
 Above them such a vicious King.
 But Arbaces a Duke of Mede,
 He dervly took in hand that deed,
 And first he came to Ninive
 To see the King his Majestie:
 And to one of the Kings guard,
 He gave a secret rich reward;
 To put him in a quiet place,
 Where he might see the King his Grace,
 And be unseen of any wight,
 But he saw neither King nor Knight
 Into his Majesties company.
 Except women allanerly,

And as a woman he was clad,
 With women counselled and led :
 And shamefully he was sitting,
 With spindle and with rock spinning.
 When Arbaces that sight had seen,
 His courage rose up from the spleen,
 And thought it smal difficulty,
 For to deprive his Majesty.

Then raised he the Persians,
 With Medes and Babylonians,
 Enarmed well with spear and shield,
 triumphantly they took the field.

The King raised the Assyrians,
 together with the Chaldeans,
 And they resisted as they might :
 But finally he took the sight,
 to save himself in flighty :
 Then sieged they that great city,
 Continually two years and more,
 As writeth famous Diodore,
 Till that the flood of Euphrates
 Arose with such a furiousness,
 wherethrough the most part of the town,
 By violence was beaten down.

Then when the king found no remead,
 But to be taken, or to be dead,
 As men dispatred full of ire,
 Caused make a furious flaming fire,
 And took his gold and jewels all,
 with scepter, crown, and robe royal,
 With all his tender servitures,
 that of his corps had greatest cures,
 Together with his lusty Queens,
 And all his wanton concubins,
 And in that fire he did them cast,
 then lap himself in at the last,
 where all were burnt in powder smal,
 thus ended king Sardanapal,
 without any repentance,

As may be seen by this sentence
 Here following, which he did endite
 Before his death in great despite :
 Which is a right ungodly thing,
 As ye may see by this dyting,

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalem nôris, præsentibus exple
 Delitijs animum, post mortem nulla voluptas;
 Et Venere, & coenis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I shewn with diligence,
 The Monarchie of the Assyrians,
 The which at king Ninus began,
 And ended at this wicked man;
 And did endure withontren weer,
 A thousand two hundred & forty year,
 As doth endite Cælebius:
 Read him, and thou shalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities,
 called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor,
 and Adama, with their whole
 Regions.

Father, I pray you to me tell,
 What noble thing that befel,
 During the reign of Assyrians,
 Which had so long preeminence.
 I mean of other Nations,
 Under their dominations.
 That must be done in terms short,
 Said he, as fables do report,
 Enduring the first Monarchie,
 Became that woful misery
 Of Sodom, Gomorrah, & their region,
 As Scripture doth make mention.
 Whose people were so sensual
 In filthy sins unnatural,
 The which into this vulgar verse,
 My tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
 Like brutall beasts out of their minds,
 Unnaturally abused their kinds,
 By filthy stinking lecherie,
 And most abominable sodomitie,
 As holy Scriptures do describe.
 In that Countrey were Cities five,

which

Which were Sodom and Gomorrah,
Seboim, Segor, and Adama:
Among them all found there was none
Undeiled, but Lot alone.

Now Abraham dwelt near hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectually:
For God made him advertisement,
That he would make such punishment:
To Lot two Angels God did send,
Him from that fury to defend.
When the people of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the town,
Transformed into fair young men,
They purposed them for to ken,
And abuse them unnaturally,
With their foul stinking Sodomy.

Of that thing Lot was wonder wo,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to use;
But they his daughters did refuse.
And then the angels with their might,
These men deprived of their sight,
And so perforce left them alone.

From Lots lodging when they were gone,
They him commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural lechery,
A vengeance from the heaven did cry,
The which did move God to such pyre,
That from the heaven by a stone and fire,
With awful thundring rained down,
And did consume that whole Region.

Of all that land escap'd no mo,
Except Lot, and his daughters two.
His wife was turn'd into a stone,
So wifeless was he left alone,
For she was inobedient,
And kept not the commandement,
When the Angels gave them command,
Soon to depart out of that land:
They charged them under great pain,
Never to look backward again.

When Lots wife heard the thundering
Of flaming fire, and lightening,

The woful cries lamentable
 Of people most eponventable :
 For none of them had force to flee,
 He yearn'd that sorrowful sight to see,
 And as he turned her anon,
 She was transformed in a stone,
 Where she remaineth to this day :
 Of her I have no more to say.
 To show at length I am not able,
 That piteous proces lamentable,
 How cities, castles, towns & towres,
 Villages, bastallies and bowres,
 They were all into powder driven :
 Forrests by the roots up riven :
 Their king, their queen, their people all :
 Young and old burnt in powder smal.
 No creature was left alive,
 Fowles, beasts, man nor wife.
 The earth, the corn, herbs, fruits and trees,
 The children on the nurses knees.
 Right suddenly in an instant
 Unwarily came that judgement,
 As it was in the time of Roy,
 When God did all the world destroy,
 And for the self sin of Sodomit,
 And most abominable bougerie.
 That vice at length for to declare,
 I think it now not necessarie.
 When all was burnt, flesh, blood and bones,
 The hills, valleys, stocks and stones :
 The countrey sank : for to conclude,
 Where now there stands an ugly flood,
 The which is called, the dead sea,
 Next to the countrey of Indie :
 Whose stinking strands black as tar,
 The flew of it men feels on far.
 Into Dancius thou mayst read
 Of that countrey the length & bread,
 Of length fifty miles and two,
 And fourteen miles of breadth also.
 Lot of his wife was so agast,
 That to a mountain wild he past,
 Of company he had no mo,
 Except his lusty daughters two :

And by their provocation,
 As Moses makes narration,
 Alone into that mountain wild,
 His daughters two he got with child,
 For they believed in their thought,
 That all the world was gone to nought.
 As it became that Nation :
 Thinking that generation
 would fail, except they craftily
 Caused their father with them to ly :
 And so they found a crafty wile,
 How they their father might beguile,
 And caused him to drink wight wine,
 Which men to lechery doth incline :
 When he was full and fallen on sleep,
 His daughters quietly did creep
 Into his bed full secretly,
 Provoking him with them to ly :
 He knew not how he was beguild,
 till both his daughters were with child,
 And bare two sons in certain,
 They being in that wild mountain,
 Of whom two Nations did proceed,
 As in the scripture thou mayst read :
 In the which scripture thou mayst see
 At length this woful miserie.
 This milery became but wear,
 From Noes flood three hundred year,
 together with fourscore and eleven,
 As counteth Carion full even.
 And after Noahs death I guess,
 One and forty years there was :
 when Abraham was of age I ween,
 Fourscore of years and nineteen,
 Then this foul sin of sodomy
 Was punished so rigorously.
 Great God preserve us in our time,
 that we commit not such a crime.
 tedious it were for me to tell
 this Monarchie during what besel,
 And wonders that on earth were wrought,
 which to my purpose longeth nought :
 As home the people of Israel,
 Did long time into Egypt dwell,

And of their great punition,
 Through Pharaohs persecution :
 And how Moses did them convoy
 Through the red sea with meekle joy :
 Where king Pharaoh most miserably
 Was drowned with his huge army :
 And how that people wandring was,
 Forty years in the wilderness.
 Moses that time, as I heard say,
 Received the Law on mount Sinay.
 That time Joshua from Jordan,
 Led the people to Canaan,
 where Saul, David and Solomon,
 with Hebrew kings many one,
 Did richly reign in that country,
 Enduring this first Monarchy.
 The siege of Thebes miserable,
 where blood was shed incomparable,
 Of noble-men into those days,
 with other terrible affrays,
 As how the Greeks wrought vengeance
 upon the noble Trojans,
 Because that Paris did convoy,
 Perforce fair Helena to Troy,
 which was king Menelans wife,
 where many a thousand lost their life.
 That time the valiant Hercules,
 Throughout the world did him adress,
 where he did many a doughty deed,
 As in his story thou mayst read :
 And how through Detanira his wife,
 This Champion did loose his life,
 In flaming fire full furiously,
 The death he suffered cruelly.
 That time Remus and Romulus
 Did found that city most famous
 Of Rome, standing in Italy,
 As in their story thou mayst see.
 Wouldst thou read Titus Livius,
 Thou shouldst find works wonderous,
 whose worthy deeds are well kend,
 And shal be to the worlds end :
 Though they began with cruelty,
 And ended with great misery,

As been the matter, to conclud,
 Of all shedders of guiltless blood,
 In Greece the ornat Poetrie,
 Medicine, Musick, Astronomie,
 During the first Monarchie began,
 By Homerus that famous man :
 Together with Hesiodus,
 As divers Authoꝛs sheweth us.
 It were too long to put in rime,
 The books that they wrote in their time.
 These were the acts principal,
 That Monarchy during which befel.
 As for good Abraham and his seed,
 Into the Bible thou mayst read,
 How in his time, as I hear tell,
 Began the kingdom spiritual :
 As I have shewn to thee before,
 whereof of them I speak no more.

A short Description of the second, third
 and fourth Monarchies.

Father, said I, which was the man,
 That the next Monarchy began ?
 C. Cyrus, said he, the king of Persie,
 As Chronicles hath done rehearse
 Prudent and full of policy
 Began the second Monarchy :
 For he was the most godly king,
 That ever in Persie or Mede did reign :
 For he of his benignity,
 delivered from captivity
 The whole people of Israel,
 Into the time of Dantel,
 The which had been prisoners
 In Babylon full seventy years.
 Therefore God of his grace vening,
 Gave him a divine knowledging,
 during his time, as I hear tell,
 he used counsel of Daniel.
 Carion at length doth specifie
 Of his marvelous nativity,
 And of his vertuous upbringing,
 And how he vanquishd Cressus king,

with

With many other valiant deed,
 As into Carion thou mayst read,
 Whole succession did endure
 To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
 But after his great conquering,
 Right miserable was his ending,
 As Herodotus doth describe :
 In Scythia he lost his life,
 Where the undaunted Scythians,
 Vanquish't the noble Persians.
 And after that Cyrus was dead,
 Queen Tomyris hacked off his head,
 Which was the Queen of Scythians,
 In despite of the Persians.
 She cast his head, for to conclude,
 Into a vessel full of blood,
 And said these words right cruelly :
 Drink thou thy fill, if thou be dry,
 For thou didst ay bloodshedding thirst,
 Now drink at leisure, if thou list.
 After that Cyrus succession
 Of all the world had possession,
 Alexander with sword and fire,
 Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
 Which was the King of Macedone,
 With valiant Greeks many one :
 In battel fell and furious,
 Vanquish't the mighty Darius.
 Which was the tenth and the last king,
 Which did after king Cyrus reign :
 As for this potent Emperor,
 Alexander the Conqueror,
 If thou at length wold read his reign,
 And of his cruel conquering,
 In English tongue, in his great book,
 At length his life there thou mayst look,
 How Alexander that potent king,
 Was twelve years in his conquering :
 And how for all his great conquest,
 He lived but one year in rest,
 When by his servant secretly,
 He poyson'd was full piteously.
 Vulcan and Alexander compare
 To thunder or fire-laught in the air :

A cruel planet, a mortal wiers,
 Down thringing people with his sword.
 Ganges that most famous flood,
 He mixed with the Indians blood.
 And Euphrates with the blood of Perse :
 Whose cruelty for to rehearse,
 And guiltless blood which he did shed,
 were right abominable to be read.
 After his short prosperity,
 he died with great misery.
 It were too long to be decided,
 how all their Realms were divided,
 All while that Cesar Julius,
 when he had vanquishd Pompeius,
 Was chosen Emperour and king,
 Above the Romans for to reign.
 that potent prince was the first man,
 which the fourth Monarchie began,
 And had the whole dominion
 Of every land and region :
 whose successors did reign but weer,
 Over the world many hundred year :
 But gentle Julius, alace,
 Reign'd Emperour but little space,
 which I think pity to deplore,
 In five moneths, and little more :
 By false exorbitant treason,
 that prudent prince was troden down,
 And murdred in the Counsel-house,
 By cruel Brutus and Cassius.
 After that Julius was slain,
 Did reign the great Octavian,
 Of Emperours one of the best :
 during his time was peace and rest,
 Over all the world in each Region,
 As stories do make mention :
 And eke I make it to thee plain,
 during the time of Octavian,
 The son of God our Lord Iesu,
 Took mankind of the Virgin true,
 And was that time in Bethlem boyn,
 to save mankind that was forloyn,
 As scripture makes narration,
 Of his blest incarnation.

Now have I told thee, as I can,
 How the fourth Monarchy began :
 But in thy mind thou mayst consider,
 How worldly power hath been but slender :
 For all their great Empires are gone :
 Thou seest there is no Prince alone,
 Which hath the whole dominion,
 This time of every region.

C. Father, what reason had these kings,
 Robbers to be of others reigns,
 But any right and just quarrel,
 wherethrough that they might make battel,
 And common people to down bring ?
 To this, said I, make answering.

C. My son, said he, that shal be done,
 As I best can, and that right soon :
 These Monarchies, I understand,
 Preordinate were by command
 Of God the Salvator of all,
 For to down bring, and to make thral
 Undaunted people vicious,
 And eke for to be gracious
 To them which vertuous were and good,
 As Daniel hath done conclud
 At length into his propheties,
 How there shal be four Monarchies :
 His second chapter thou mayst see,
 How after the first Monarchie,
 When Nebuchodonozor king
 An image saw in his sleeping,
 with auster look, both high and broad,
 And of pure fine gold was his head,
 His breast and arms of silver bright,
 his womb of copper, hard and wight,
 His loins and limbs of iron right strong,
 his feet of clay, iron mixt among.
 From the mountain there came alone,
 Without mens hands, a full great stone,
 Which on that figures feet did fall,
 And dang all down in powder smal.
 Of whose interpretation,
 doctozs do make narration :
 The head of gold doth signifie,
 First, the Assyrians Monarchie;

The silver breast they do apply,
 to Persians which rang secondly :
 The womb of copper, or of brass,
 thirdly, to Greeks prepared was.
 His loins and limbs of iron and steel,
 Clerks have them compared well,
 The Romans through their diligence,
 to have the fourth preeminence
 Above each other Nation.
 By this interpretation,
 the mixed feet with iron and clay,
 did signifie the latter day,
 when that the world shal be divided,
 As after ward shal be decided.
 So Christ is signifi'd the stone,
 whose Monarchy shal never be gone :
 For under his dominion,
 All Princes shal be troden down.
 When that great God Omnipotent,
 Come to his general Judgement,
 His monarchy shal then be known,
 And after shal be to thee shewn.
 And as the scripture shal thee tell,
 how in the sight of Daniel,
 he saw into his vision,
 By a plain exposition,
 how that the Greeks should work vengeance
 Upon the Medes and Persians:
 Comparing the Greeks unto a goat,
 With an horn fierce, furious and hot,
 Which kill'd the rams with horns two,
 Compar'd the Perle and Mede also.
 And so by Daniels propheties,
 All their great mighty monarchies,
 The which all other Reimes supplis'd,
 By the great God they were devild i
 As he of Titus the Roman,
 Son and heir to Nespasian,
 made him a furious instrument,
 To put the Jews to great torment :
 Which I suppose, ere I hence fare,
 Shortly that process to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible destruction
of Jerusalem.

FATHER, said I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
The most infortune that befall?
E. My son, said he, that shal I tell,
the most and manifest misery
Became upon that great City
Jerusalem, when it was suppress,
As stories do make manifest:
But as the scripture doth devise,
Jerusalem was destroyed twise:
First, for their great Idolatrie,
which they committed in Iurie:
The honor ought to God alone,
they gave to figures of Rock & Stone,
Before Christs Incarnation.
Came this first desolation,
Five hundred years fourscore and ten,
In Chronicles as thou mayst ken,
How Nebuchadonozor king,
that famous city did down bring:
their king with people many one,
Brought them all bound to Babylon,
where they remained prisoner,
the space of threescore and ten years.
And that first desolation
was called, the transmigration.
was no man left into their Lands,
but pooz folk laboring wth their hands,
Till mighty Cyrus King of Persie,
As Daniel hath done rehearse,
Was moved by God for to restore
The Jews where they dwelled before.
If I neglect, I were to blame,
The last siege of Jerusalem,
whose ruine was most miserable,
And for to tell right terrible:
was never in earth, city, nor town,
Got such extreame destruction.
the towns of Tyz, Thebe, nor Troy,
they never suffered half such noy.
the Emperoz Nespakan,

He did devise that Rege certain,
 There was the Propheſie compleat,
 Which Chriſt ſpoke on Mount Olivet,
 When he Ieruſalem beheld,
 The tears from his eyes diſtill'd,
 Seeing by diuine preſence,
 The great deſtruction and vengeance
 Which was to come on that City,
 His heart was pierced with pittie,
 Saying: Ieruſalem, if thou knew
 The great ruine, ſoꝛe thou wouldeſt rewe.
 For ought that I can to thee ſhow,
 The verity thou wilt not know:

For haſt in conſideration

Thine holy viſitation:

thy people will no way conſider,
 whom gathered I would haue together
 As wandring ſheep are without herds,
 Or as the hen gathereth her birds
 Under her wings right tenderly,
 Which they reſuſed deſpitefully:
 Therefore ſhal come that dreadfull day,
 That no remedy make you may.

~~Thy puniſhment ſhal be hung aſunder.~~

So all the world ſhal at thee wonder.

thy temple now moſt triumphant,

Shal be trod down among the ſand.

And as he ſaid, ſo it befell,

As hereafter I ſhal thee tell,

C. Show me, ſaid I, with circumſtance,
 the ſpecial cauſe of that miſchance.

C. Said he: As ſcripture doth conclud,
 For ſhedding of the guiltleſſ blood
 Of prophets which God to them ſent;
 And eke becauſe that they miſkent
 Ieſus the ſon of God ſoueraign,
 when he among them did remain:
 For all the miracles that he ſhew,
 Maliciouſly they him miſknew:
 Though by his great power diuine,
 The water cleare he turn'd to wine:
 And by the ſelf ſame power & might,
 to the blind boꝛn he gave the ſight:
 And gave the crooked men their feet,

And

And made the lepers whole compleat,
 He healed all, and rais'd the dead,
 Yet held they him at mortal feed,
 Because he shew the veritie,
 they did conclude that he should die.
 The Bishops Princes of the Priests,
 they grew so bolden in their breasts :
 The scribes and doctors of the Law,
 Of God nor man they stood no aw,
 On Christ Jesus to work vengeance.
 Right so the false Pharisiens,
 A sect of fained religion,
 devised his confusion,
 And sent their servants at the last,
 And with strong cords they bound him fast :
 then scourged him both back and side,
 that none for blood might see his hide :
 There was not left a penny broad
 Unwounded from his feet to head,
 In manner of derision,
 they plat on him a cruel crown
 Of pricking thorns sharp and long,
 which on his heavenly head they throng.
 then caus'd him, for the greater lack,
 Bear his own gallowes on his back,
 to the vile place of Calvary,
 where many a thousand man might see :
 that Innocent they took perforce,
 And plat him backward to the cross :
 through feet and hands great nails they thrust,
 till blood abundantly out-burst :
 Without grudging, clamor or cry,
 that pain he suffered patiently :
 And for augmenting of his griefes,
 they hanged him between two thieves :
 where men might see the bloody strands,
 which sprang forth from his feet and hands :
 From thorns thrust on his head,
 Ran down bullering streams red :
 In the presence of many a man,
 that blood royal on roches ran.
 Shortly to say, that heavenly king
 In extream dolor there did hing,
 till he said, Consummatum est,

With a loud cry he gave the Shout,
 When he was dead, they took a dart,
 And pierced that king through the heart,
 From whom there came water and blood :
 The earth then trembled : so conclude,
 Phebus did hide his beams bright,
 That through the world there was no light,
 The great vail of the Temple rave,
 The dead men rose out of their grave,
 And in the City did appear,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst hear :
 Then Ioseph of Arimathie,
 Did bury him right honestly,
 But yet he rose full gloriously,
 On the third day triumphantly :
 With his disciples in certain,
 Forty dayes he did remain,
 After to heaven he ascended,
 The Jews nothing their life amended,
 Nor gave no credit to his laws,
 As at more length the storie shaws :
 But cruelly they did oppress
 All men that Christs name did profess,
 And persecuted many one :
 They prison'd both Peter and John,
 And Steven they stoned to the dead :
 From James the less they strooke the head :
 This was the cause, in conclusion,
 Of their cruel confusion.

The prudent Jew Iosephus saves,
 That he was present in those dayes :
 And in his book makes mention,
 How after Christs ascension,
 The space of two and forty years,
 Began these cruel mortal weares,
 The second year of Vespasian,
 When many taken were and slain.
 Iosephus plainly doth conclude,
 Was never seen such a multitude,
 Before that time into the town,
 Which came for their confusion,
 Where great infortune so befel,
 To all the princes of Israel,
 Conuen'd against the time of Pasch,

But

But to return they had no grace,
 the bold Romans with their Chieftain
 Titus the son of Vespasian,
 their army over Judea sped :
 Then all men to the City fled,
 Believing there to get relief,
 But all that turn'd to their mischief :
 the Romans leaped them about,
 that by no way they might win out.
 six moneths did that siege endure,
 where lost were many creature,
 which there in misery did remain,
 till they were all taken and slain.
 during the time of this assail,
 their meat and drink, and all did fail :
 For there was such a multitude,
 That thousands died for fault of food.
 Necessity caus'd them eat perforce,
 dog, cat, and catton, ass, and horse :
 Rich men behov'd to eat their gold,
 then died for hunger manifold.
 Such hunger was without remead,
 the quick behov'd to eat the dead.
 the filth of pyvies many eat,
 to length their life, they thought it sweet.
 the famous Ladies of the town,
 For fault of food they fell in swoon,
 when they might get no other meat,
 they kill'd their proper babies to eat :
 But all for naught despitefully,
 their own souldiers full greedily,
 Rest them that flesh most miserable :
 And they with mourning lamentable,
 For extreame hunger yeeld the spite,
 there was the prophesie compleat,
 As Christ before made narration,
 the day of his grim passion.
 when that the Ladies for him mourned,
 Full piteously to them he turned,
 And said : Daughters, mourn not for me,
 Mourn for your own posterity :
 Within short time shal come that day,
 That men of this City shal say,
 when they are trapped in the snare :

Bless

Blest be the womb that never bare.
 The barren paps then shal they blis,
 That doleful day thou shalt not miss.
 this prophesie it came to pass,
 that they cry many loud, alace:
 Such sorrowful lamentation
 Was never heard in that Nation:
 seeing the lusty Ladies sweet,
 dying for hunger in the street:
 Their husbands, nor their children,
 Might geve to them no comforting,
 Nor yet relieve them of their harms:
 But either dying in others arms.
 After this woful indigence,
 Among them rose such pestilence,
 wherein there died many hunder,
 which to declare it were great wonder.
 And for final conclusion,
 These war-like walls they did ding down.
 Prince Titus with his Chivalry,
 with trumpets sound triumphantly,
 He entred in that great City.
 But to deploze, I think pity,
 the painful clamor horrible,
 Of wounded folk most miserable.
 there was nought else but take & slay,
 For there might no man win away:
 The strands of blood ran through the street,
 Of dead folk troden under feet.
 Old widows in the preals were smor'd:
 Young virgins shamefully deslor'd.
 the great temple of Solomon,
 with many a curious carved stone,
 with perfect pinacles on hight,
 which were both beantiful & wight,
 wherein rich jewels did abound,
 They rushed rudely to the ground:
 And set into their furious ire,
 Sanctum sanctorum into fire:
 And with extreame confusion,
 All their great dungeons they dang down.
 there bruised were the golden breasts
 Of Bishops Princes of the Bishops.
 there taken was the great vengeance

Of the false scribes and pharisaie :
 All their painted hypocrisie,
 That time might make them no supplie.
 That day they dolesully repented,
 That to the death of Christ consented :
 Though it was our salvation,
 It was to their damnation.
 the vengeance for the blood guiltles,
 From Abel to Zacharias,
 That day upon Jerusalem fell.
 But tedious it were to tell,
 the great extreame confusion,
 And of blood such effusion,
 was never slain so many a man,
 At one time since the world began :
 the Jews that day got their desire,
 which they did ask into their ire,
 As in the scripture is specified,
 that day when Christ was crucified :
 when Ponce Pilate the President,
 Said to them : I am innocent
 Of the just blood of Christ Iesus.
 They cryed : his blood light upon us,
 And on our generation :
 they got their supplication :
 that day with many a careful cry,
 their blood was shed abundantly.
 Iosephus writeth in his Book,
 his Chronicles who list to look,
 during that cruel siege certain,
 were eleven hundred thousand slain :
 Of prisoners were told and seen,
 Fourscore thousand and seventeen :
 Out of the land they did expel
 All the people of Israel :
 And for their great ingratitude,
 They live yet under servitude,
 there is no Jew in no Countrey,
 which hath one foot of property,
 Nor never had withouten weat,
 Since this day sixteen hundred year :
 Nor never shal, I to thee shaw,
 till that they turn to Christs Law.
 Some sayes, that Jews manifold,

were

were thirty for a penny sold,
 As Judas sold the king of gloze,
 For thirty pennies, and no more.
 After that many were mischieved,
 when novels past how long they lived
 Upon their gold, withoutten doubt,
 they slit their bellies to search it out :
 The rest to Egypt they did send
 Prisoners to their lives end,
 Titus took in his company,
 Great number of the most worthy,
 with him to Rome they led them bound,
 Then cruelly did them confound.
 His victoꝝy for to decoꝝe
 And for augmenting of his gloze,
 Caused put them into publick places,
 where each man might behold their faces,
 Then with wild Lyons cruelly,
 he caused deuoꝝe them dolefully.
 this high triumphant mighty town,
 At Pasch was put to confusion :
 Because that in the time of Pasch,
 They crucified the King of grace.
 Some have this matter done indite,
 More ornately then I can write,
 wherefoꝝe of it I speak no more,
 Only to God be laud and gloze.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous
 Princes, and especially the beginners
 of the four Monarchies.

NOW have I done declare at thy desires,
 As thou demandest into terms short,
 And who began the principal Empires,
 As Chronicles and Stoꝝies do report :
 wherefoꝝe, my son, I heartily thee exhort,
 Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
 Of this inconstant world the variance.

The princes of these four great Monarchies,
 In their most highest pomp imperial,
 trusting most sure to be set on their seas,
 the fraudful world gave to them mortal falls
 For their reward, and dark memorials,

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Though over the world they had preeminence :
Of it they got no other recompence.

For such like as the snow doth melt in May,
Through the reflex of Phebus beams bright,
These great empires right so are went away :
Gone is their glorie, their power, & their might :
Because they were robbers withouten right,
And blood-shedders full cruel : for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was shed their blood.

Behold how God ay since the world began,
Hath often times made Kings instruments
To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his law were inobedients :
When they had done, perfernsht his intents,
In daunting wrongous people shamefully,
He suffers them be scourged cruelly.

Even as the school-master doth make a wand
To daunt and ding the scholers of rude engine,
The which will not studie at his command;
He scourges them, and only to that fine,
that they should to his good counsel incline :
When they obey, appeased in his ire,
He takes the wand, and casts it in the fire.

God of king Pharaoh made an instrument,
which was the great King of Egyptiance,
his own peculiar people to torment :
That being done, he wrought on him vengeance,
And let him fall through inobedience :
And finally he with his great army,
In the read sea was drowned dolefully.

Right so of Nebuchadonozor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Jerusalem and the Jews to down bring,
When they to God were disobedient :
They rest from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutal,
Seven years and more, as writeth Daniel.

Alexander through prideful tyranny,
In years twelve did make his great conquest,
Av shedding sakeless blood full cruelly,
Till he was king of kings he took no rest :
In all the world when he was full posses,

In Babylon throned triumphantly,
 Through poyson strong deceased dolefully.
 Duke-Hannibal the strong Carthagiane,
 the daunter of the Romans pomp and glozie :
 By his power were many thousands slain,
 As may be read at length into his storie,
 At Cannes where he won the victorie,
 Of Romans hands that dead lay on the ground,
 Three heaped bushels were of rings found.

Into that mortal battel, I heard sane,
 Of the Romans most worthy warriors,
 Attour captains, were forty thousand slain :
 Of whom there was thirty wise senators,
 And twenty Lords which had been pretors,
 That died each in defence of their countrie,
 And for to hold their land at libertie.

What reward got the cruel champion,
 When he had slain so great a multitude ?
 And when the glass of his vain gloze was run,
 A shameful death : and shortly to conclude,
 This is reward of all shedders of blood :
 For he got such extreame confusion,
 he kill'd himself in drinking strong poyson.

Behold the two most famous champions,
 That is to say, Iulius and Pompey,
 Which did conquers all earthly regions,
 As well many Lands, as Isles into the sea,
 And to the town of Rome caus'd them obey :
 For Pompeius subdued the Orient,
 And Iulius Cesar all the Occident.

But finally these two did strive for Rate,
 whereby three hundred thousand men were slain :
 But Pompeius after that great debate,
 he murdered was, the storie telleth plain :
 Then Iulius was prince and soveraign,
 Above the whole world Emperoz and King,
 But into rest short time endur'd his reign.

For within five moneths, and little more,
 Amidst the Lords into the counsel-house,
 he murdered was, what needs process more,
 As I have said, by Brute and Cassius.
 If thou wouldst know their deeds dolorous,

Thou mayst at length go read the Roman story,
which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden world of Assyrians,
Of whom King Ninus was first and principal.
Gone is the silver world of Persians.
The copper world of Greeks now thral.
The world of yron, which was the last of all,
Compared to the Romans in their gloze,
Are gone right so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the world of yron mixt with clay,
As Daniel at length hath done indyte :
The great empires are molten clean away :
Now is the world of dolor and despite :
I see nought else but trouble infinite :
Wherefore, my son, I make it to thee kend,
this world, I wot, is drawing to an end.

Tokens of dearth, hunger and pestilence,
with cruel wars both by sea and land :
Realm against realm with mortal violence,
which signifies the last day even at hand :
wherefore, my son, be in thy faith constant,
Raising thine heart to God to cry for grace,
And mend thy life whilst thou hast time & space.

Of the first spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. Father, is there no Prince reigning,
Which hath the world now at command,
As had the King of Assyrians,
Perse, Greeks, or the Romans,
who hath now dominion
Of every land and region ?

C. There is no prince, my son, said he,
That hath the principal monarchie
Above the world universal,
with whole power Imperial,
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Julius,
For Orient and Occident,
were all to them obedient.
Notwithstanding, I find one King,
which into Europe now doth reign,
that is the potent prince of Rome,
Empyring over all Christendom,

To whom no prince may be compare,
 As Canon Laws can declare,
 All princes of the Occident,
 Are to his Grace obedient :
 For he hath whole power compleat,
 Both of the body and the spite,
 Which never had no prince before,
 Except the mighty King of gloze.
 To Christ he is the great Lieutenand,
 In holy Peters seat sittand :
 So he is of all Kings King,
 Which into Europe now doth reign.
 And as the Roman emperours,
 Having the world under their cures,
 Had princes, knights, and champions,
 rulers into all regions,
 Upholding their authority,
 Giving Justice and policy :
 Right so, this potent Pope of Rome,
 The sovereign king of Christendom,
 Hath into every Countrey,
 His princes of great gravity :
 In some countrey his Cardinals,
 In their most precious apparels,
 Archbishops, Bishops thou mayest see,
 Defending his authoritie :
 With other potent Patriarchs,
 Colleges full of cunning Clerks :
 Abbots and priors, as ye ken,
 Rulers of religious men.
 Officials with their procuratours,
 whose longsome laws spoils the poors.
 Arch-deans and Deans of dignity,
 Great doctors of divinity,
 Their Chanters, & their Sacristans,
 their Tresaurers, & their Subdeans,
 Legions of priests seculars :
 Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers.
 Of diverse Orders many one,
 Which longsome were to expone :
 In sundry habits, as ye ken,
 Differing from other Christen men.
 Fair ladies of religion
 Professed in every region.

False Hermites fashioned like the Friers :
 proud parish clarks and pardoners,
 Their Gynters and their chamberlains,
 With their temporal Courtisans :
 Thus all the world by land and sea,
 His sanctitude they do obey :
 Not only his spiritual kingdom,
 But the great Emperoz of Rome,
 And kings of every region,
 That day when they receive the crown,
 They make oath of fidelity,
 To defend his authority.
 Moreover, with humble reverence,
 They make to him obedience,
 By themselves, or Ambassadors,
 Or other orinate Orators :
 Who do gainstand his majestie,
 His laws or yet his libertie,
 Or holds any opinion
 Contrare his great Dominion,
 Either by way of deeds or words,
 Are put to death by fire and swords.
 Saint Peter styled was sanctus,
 But he is called sanctissimus.
 his stile at length if thou wouldst know,
 Thou must go look the Canon Law,
 Both in the fifth of Clementin,
 his stately stile there may be seen.
 There thou shalt find, read if thou can,
 how he is neither God nor man.

C. What is he then, by your judgement ?

C. Said he : We think him different,
 Far from our soveraign Lord Iesus,
 And to his kind contrarious :
 For Christ was natural God & man.

C. If he be neither, what is he than ?

C. The Canon law, my son, said he,
 that question will declare to thee,
 It doth transcend my rude ingine,
 his sanctitude for to define;
 Or to show the authority
 Pertaining to his majesty,
 So great a prince where shalt thou find,
 That spiritually may lose or bind :



Not by whom sins are forgiven,
 Be they with his disciples given?
 Whomever he binds with his might,
 They bounden are in Gods sight:
 Whomever he looses on earth here down,
 Are loosed by God in his region.
 As he is prince of purgatorie,
 Delivering souls from pain to glorie:
 Of that dark dungeon, withouten doubt,
 Whomever he pleaseth, he takes out.
 Our secret sins every year,
 We must show to some priest or frier,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else get no remission:
 So by this did they clearly ken,
 The secrets of all secular men.
 Their secrets we know not at all,
 Thus are we to them bound and thrall:
 Whatever their ministers commands
 Must be obey without demands.
 Wherefore, my son, I say to thee,
 This is a marvelous monarchie,
 Which hath power Imperial,
 Both of the body and the soul.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
 who did begin this monarchie?

C. Said he: Christ Jesus, God and man,
 That Empire graciously began,
 Not by fire, nor by the sword,
 But by the vertue of his word,
 And left into his Testament
 Many a devoute document,
 With his successors to be used,
 Though many of them be now abused:
 For Peter and Paul with all the rest
 Of their brethren, made manifest
 The law of God with true intent,
 preaching the old & new Testament.
 They led their lives in poverty,
 Devotion and true humility,
 As did their Master Christ Jesus,
 And were not half so glorious,
 As their successors now in Rome,
 Emprying over all Christendom.

After the death of Peter and Paul,
 And of Christs true disciples all,
 Their successors within few years,
 As at more length the storie bears,
 Right cruelly came to the light,
 From spiritual life to temporal right.

C. Father, ere we pass further more,
 when did begin their temporal gloze?

C. My son, said he, thou shalt understand,
 Ere ever a Pope got any land,
 Two and thirty great Popes of Rome,
 Received the crown of martyrdom:
 But not the threefold diadem.
 to wear three crowns they thought great shame,
 Till Sylvester the Confessor,
 From Constantine the Emperoz,
 Received the realm of Italy,
 right so of Rome the great city,
 That was the root of their riches,
 then sprang the well of wealthiness.
 when that the Pope was made a king,
 All princes bowed at his bidding.
 this act was done withoutten wear,
 From Christs death three hundred year.
 Then Lady sensuality,
 Took lodging in that great city,
 where she sensyn hath done remain,
 As their own Lady soveraign.
 There kings into all nations,
 Made pitefts great foundations:
 they thought great merit and honoz,
 To counterfeite the Emperoz:
 As did David of Scotland king,
 the which did found during his reign,
 Fifteen abbeyes with temporal lands,
 withoutten tithes and offerands:
 By whose holy simplicity,
 He left the Crown in poverty.

Now have I shewn thee, as I can,
 how their temporal empire began,
 Ascending up ay gree by gree,
 Above the emperors majestie:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of Italie all the emperors lands,

After

After that into each Countrey
 Sprang up their temporality,
 With such great riches, and such rent,
 That they gan to be negligent,
 In making ministracion
 To Christs true Congregation,
 And took no more pain in their preaching,
 And far less travel in their teaching:
 Changing their spirituality
 In temporal sensuality.

C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
 That their empire shal long endure?

C. Apparently it may be kend,
 Said he, their gloze shal have an end:
 I mean their temporal Monarchie,
 Shal turn into humilitie:
 Through Gods word, without debate,
 They shal turn to their first estate,
 As in Daniels prophesie appears,
 Thereto shal not be many years:
 Albert Christs faith shal never fail,
 But more and more it shal prevaill,
 Though Christs true congregation
 Suffers great tribulation.

C. Father, said I, by what reason,
 Think ye their empire should come down,
 considering their preeminence?

C. Said he, for disobedience,
 Abusing the commandement
 Which Christ left in his Testament,
 Using their own tradition,
 Contrare Christs institution:
 For Christ in his last convention,
 The day of his ascension,
 to his disciples gave command,
 that they should passe to every land,
 to teach and preach with true intent,
 His law and his commandement:
 No other office he to them gave:
 He did not bid them seek or crave,
 Cozrs, presents, nor offerands,
 Nor yet Lordships, nor temporal lands:
 But now it may be heard and seen,
 Both with thine ears, and eke thine een,

How prelates now in every Land,
 Take little cure of Christs commands;
 Neither into their deeds nor laws,
 Neglecting their own canon Laws :
 Using themselves contrarious,
 For the most part to Christ Jesus.
 Christ thought no shame to be a preacher,
 And to all people of truth a teacher :
 A Pope, a Bishop, a Cardinal,
 To teach and preach will not be thral.
 They send forth friers to teach for them,
 Which makes the people mock them for shame.
 Christ would not be a temporal king,
 Richly into no realm to reign,
 But fled temporal authority,
 As in the scripture thou mayst see,
 All men may know how Popes reigns
 In dignity above all Kings,
 As well of temporality,
 As into spirituality.
 Thou mayst see by experience,
 The Popes princely preeminence,
 In chronicles, if thou list to look,
 How Carlon wites in his book.
 A notable narration,
 The year of our salvation
 Eleven hundred and six and fifty,
 Pope Alexander presumptuously,
 Which was y third Pope of that name,
 Frederick the emperor he did defame,
 In Venice that triumphant town,
 That noble emperor he caus'd lay down
 Upon his womb with shame and lack,
 Then trod his feet upon his neck,
 In token of obedience :
 There he shew his preeminence,
 And caus'd his Clergie for to sing
 These words hereafter following :
 Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis,
 Et conculcabis leonem et draconem, That is,
 Thou shalt walk upon the adder and cocatrice,
 And thou shalt tread down the lyon & dragon.
 Then said the humble emperor :
 I do to Peter this honor.

The pope answered with words wroth,
thou shalt me honoz and Peter both.

Christ for to show his humble spirit,
Did wash his pooꝝ disciples feet :
The popes holiness, I wils,
will suffer kings their feet to kisse.
birds had their nests, & tods their den,
But Christ Iesus savor of men,
In earth had not a penny bread,
whereupon he might repose his head :
Albeit the popes excellence

Hath castles of magnificence :
Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
have pleasant palaces royals,
Like paradise all these pleasant places,
wanting no pleasure of their faces.
John, Andrew, James, Peter noꝝ Paul,
had few houses among them all :
From time they knew the verity,
They did contemn all prosperity:
And were right heartily content
Of meat and drink and abuliment.
To save mankind that was forloꝝn,
Christ bare a cruel crown of thorn.
The pope three crowns for the nons,
Of gold, powdered with precious stones:
Of gold and silver, I am sure,
Christ Iesus took but little cure,
And left not when he yeeld the sprite,
To buy himself a winding-sheet :
But his successor good pope John,
when he deceased in Avignon,
he left behind him a treasure
Of gold and silver great measure,
By a just computation,
well fife and twenty millon;
As doth endyte Palmerus :
Read him, & thou shalt find it thus.

Christs disciples were well known,
Through vertue which was to them shewn :
But specially fervent charity,
Great patience and humility.
The popes flocks in all regions;
Are known best by their clipped crowns.

Chatt

Christ he did honor matrimonie
 Into Cana of Galilee,
 Where he by his power diuine,
 Did turn the water into wine :
 And eke he choos'd some married men
 to be his seruants, as ye ken.
 And Peter during all his life,
 He thought no sin to have a wife.
 Ye shal not find in no passage,
 where Christ forbiddeth marriage,
 But lawfull for each man to marry,
 which lacks the gift of chastity.
 The Pope hath made the contrary laws
 In his Kingdom, as all men knows :
 None of his priests dare marry wives,
 Under the pain even of their liues :
 Though they have concubins fifteen,
 Into that case, they are overseen.
 What chastity they keep in Rome,
 Is well known over all Christendom.
 Christ did show his obedience,
 Unto the Emperors excellence,
 And caused Peter for to pay
 Tribut to Cesar for them tway.
 Paul bids us be obedient
 to Kings, as the most excellent :
 The contrary did Pope Celestin,
 when that his sanctitude screen
 did crown Henry the Emperoz,
 I think he did him smal honor,
 For with his hand he did him crown,
 then with his feet the crown cast down,
 Saying, I have authority,
 Men to exalt to dignity,
 And to make Emperors and kings,
 And then deprive them of their reigns.
 Peter by mine opinion,
 Did never use such dominion :
 Apparently by my judgement,
 this Pope read never the New Testament :
 If he had learned at that lore
 He had refused such vain gloze,
 As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
 And right so Christs disciples all.

The good captain Coznelius,
 when saint Peter came to his house,
 To worſhip him fell at his feet :
 But ſaint Peter with humble ſpite,
 Did raiſe him up with diligence,
 And did reſuſe ſuch reverence,
 right ſo ſaint John the Evangelist,
 The angels feet he would have kiſt,
 And he reſuſed ſuch honor,
 Saying, I am but ſervitor,
 And eke thy fellow and thy brother :
 Give gloze to God, and to none other.
 And like wiſe Barnabas and Paul,
 Such honor did reſuſe at all,
 In Lyſtra where they wrought great works :
 The prieſts of Jupiter and his clerks,
 And all the people with their adviſe,
 Would have made to them ſacrifice,
 Of which they were ſo diſcontent,
 That they their clothing rave & rent,
 And Paul among them rudely ran,
 Saying, I am a mortal man :
 Give gloze to God of kings king,
 That made heaven, earth, and every thing.
 Since Peter and John vain gloze reſuſed,
 With Popes why ſhould vain gloze be uſed ?
 Peter, Andrew, John, James and Paul,
 And Chriſts true diſciples all,
 By Gods word their faith defended :
 To burn & ſcald they never pretended.
 The Pope defends his traditions,
 By flaming fire without remiſſions :
 Albeit men break the Law divine,
 They are not put to ſo great pine,
 For whozedom, nor idolatry,
 For inceſt, nor adultery,
 Or when young virgins are deſtozed,
 For ſuch things men are not abhozed :
 But who that eats fleſh into Lent,
 Are terribly put to torment :
 And if a prieſt happen to marry,
 They do him banish curſe and wary,
 Though it be not againſt the Law
 Of God, as men may clearely know.

Between

Between these two what difference been,
 By faithful folk it may be seen.
 Such Antitheses many mo,
 I might declare, which I let go :
 I may not tarry to compile
 Of each Order the stately stile :
 The silly Nuns will think great shame,
 Except they called be, Madam :
 The poor priest thinks he gets no right,
 Be he not stiled like a knight,
 And called sir, before his name,
 As sir Thomas, and sir William.
 All Monks, as ye may hear and see,
 Are called Deans, for dignitie :
 Albeit his mother milk the kow,
 He must be called, Dean Androw,
 Dean Peter, Dean Paul, Dean Robert :
 With Christ they take a painful part,
 With double clothing from the cold,
 Eating and drinking when they would,
 With curious countering in the Queer :
 God knows if they buy heaven full dear.
 My Lord Abbot right venerable,
 Ay marshalled upmost at the table :
 My Lord Bishop right reverent,
 Sits above Earls in Parliament :
 And cardinals during their reigns,
 Fellows to princes and to kings :
 The pope exalted in honoz,
 Above the potent Emperoz.
 The proud parson I think truly,
 He leads his life right lustily :
 For why he hath no other pyne,
 But takes the tithes, and spends them syn :
 But he is oblipt by reason
 To preach unto his parishon :
 Though they lack preaching seventeen year,
 He will not lack a peck of bear :
 Some parson hath at his command
 The wanton wenches of the land :
 Als they have great prerogatives,
 That they may part ay with their wives,
 Without divorce or summoning,
 Then take another without wedding.

Some

Some would think it a lusty life.
 As when he lists to change a wife,
 And take another of more beauty :
 But seculars lack that liberty,
 The which are bound in marriage.
 But they like rams into their rage,
 Unpissled, runs among the ewes,
 So long as nature in them grows :
 And eke the Vicar, as I crow,
 He will not fail to take a kow,
 And upmost cloth (though babes them ban)
 From a poor, silly husband-man,
 When that he lyeth for to die,
 Having smal children two or three :
 That hath three kine withouten ma,
 the Vicar must have one of tha,
 With the gray cloke that haps the bed,
 Albeit that he be poorly cled :
 And if his wife die on the moyn,
 Thogh all the babes should be forloyn,
 the other kow he cleeks away,
 With the poor coat of raploch gray :
 And if within two years or three,
 The eldest child happen to die,
 Of the thirde kow he will be sure.
 When he them hath all under cure,
 And father and mother both are dead,
 Beg must the babes without remead :
 They hold the corps at the kirk stile,
 And there it must remain a while,
 till they get sufficient soberty,
 For their Church-right and duty.
 Then comes the Lands- lord perforce,
 And cleeks to him an hired horse.
 Poor laborers would these laws were down,
 Which never founded was by reason.
 I heard them say under confession,
 that Law was brother to oppresion.
 My son, I have shewn as I can,
 How the fifth Monarchy began,
 Whose great empire for to report,
 At length the time been all too short.

A short description of the Court of Rome.

Father, said I, what rule keep they in Rome,
 Which hath spiritual dominion,
 And Monar. by above all Christendom?
 Show me, I make you supplication.
 C. My son, would I make true narration,
 Said he, to Peter and Paul though they succeed,
 I think they prove not that into their deed.

For Peter, Andrew and John, were fishers fine,
 Of men and women to the Christian faith:
 But they have spied their net with hook and line,
 On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
 Such fishing to neglect they will be lath.
 For why, they have fished overthwart strands,
 A great part truly of all temporal lands.

With the tenth part of all goods moveable,
 For the upholding of their dignities:
 So been their fishing very profitable,
 On the dry land, as well as on the seas:
 Their berrywater they spread over all countreys,
 And with their hole-net dayly draws to Rome,
 The most fine gold that is in Christendom.

I dare well say, within this fifty year,
 Rome hath received forth of this region,
 For bulls and benefices which they buy full dear,
 That might ful wel have payed a Kings ransom.
 But were I worthy for to wear a crown,
 Preests should no more our substance so consume,
 Sending yearly so great riches to Rome.

Into their tramelt-net they fang'd a fish
 Bore then a whale, worthy of memory,
 Of whom they had many a dainty dish,
 By which they are exalted to great glozy.
 That marvelous monster, called Purgatory:
 Albeit to us it be not amiable,
 It hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful fish escape their net,
 For which they have so great commodities:
 A moze fat fish I trust they shal not get,
 Though they should search out through the Ocean
 Adew, the dayly dolorous diriges.

(Leas:
 silly

Silly poor Priests may sing with heart full soze,
Lack they that painful palace Purgatory.

Farewel monkry, with chanon, nun and frier :
Alace, they will be lightlied in all lands :
Cows will no more be known in church or queer,
Let they that fruitful fish escape their hands.
I counsel you to bind him fast in bands :
For Peter, Andrew, nor John could never get
So profitable a fish into their net.

Their merchandise into all Nations,
As printed lead, their wax, and their parchment,
Their pardons and their dispensations,
they do exceed some temporal Prince's rent,
In such traffick they are not negligent :
Of benefice they make good merchandise,
through simony, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly :
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christs sheep they spoyl piteously,
And with the wool they clothe them curiously :
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food :
they eat their flesh, and drink both milk and blood.

For their office, they serve but little hye :
I thinke such Pastors are not worth to prife,
Which cannot guide their sheep about the myre,
They are so busie in their merchandise :
though Peter was porter of paradise,
That pleasant passage craftily they close.
through them right few gets entres, I suppose.

Christ Iesus said, as Matthew doth report,
Go to scribes, and to pharisiace,
the which did close of paradise the port :
Of them we have the same experience,
To enter there they make smal diligence.
they take such care of temporal business,
Righ so from us they stop the plain entres.

The spiritual keys that Christ to Peter gave,
Their color with smoke and rust are faded :
Unexercised they hold them in their neebe :
Of that office they serve to be deyrved
with Gods word, except that they amend it,
opening

Opeining y^e port which long time hath been closed,
That we may enter with them, and be rejoyced.

Contrare to Christs institution,
To them that dies in habit of a frier,
Rome hath them granted full remission,
to pass to heaven straightway withouten wear,
Which been in Scotland used many a year.
Is there such vertue in a friers hood,
I thinke in vain Christ Iesus shed his blood.

Would God, the Pope who hath preeminence,
with advise of his Councils General,
That they would make their debifull diligence,
that Christs laws might be kepted over all,
And truly preached both to great and smal:
And give to them spiritual authoritie,
which can perfectly shew forth the verity.

Who cannot preach, a priest should not be named,
As may be proved by the Law divine:
And by the canon Law they are defamed,
That takes priesthood but only to that line:
To all vertue their hearts they should incline,
In special to preach with true intents,
And minister the needful sacraments.

As for their monks, their chanons and their
And lusty ladies of religion, (friers,
I know not whereto their office effecters:
But men may see their great abusion:
They are not like, into conclusion,
Neither into their words, nor by their works,
to the Apostles, prophets, nor patriarchs.

If presently these prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop have a suffragan,
Or successor who can the people teach,
On their expenses yearly to remain,
To cause the people from their vice restrain:
And when a prelat happens to decease,
then put a perfect preacher in his place.

Do they not so, on them shal ly the charge,
Givng unable men authoritie,
As who would make a stiers-man to a barge,
Of one blind-born which can no danger see:
If that ship drowne, forsooth I say for me,

who

Who gave the sters-man such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution.

The humane Laws that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the Law divine,
They should expel, and hold them odious,
When they perceive them come to no good fine,
Invented but by sensual mens engine;
As that Law which forbiddeth marriage,
causing young clerks burn into lusts rage.

Full hard it is chastity to observe,
Without great grace and abstinence.
Into our flesh ay reigneth till we sterbe,
That first original sin, concupiscence,
which we through Adams disobedience
have done incur, and shal endure for ever,
till that our soul and body death dis sever.

Wherefore made God of marriage the band
In paradise? as scripture doth record.
In Galilee, right so I understand,
was marriage honored by Christ our Lord:
Old Law and New, thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had sleept,
then to have made a Law, and never kepted.

Took not Christ Jesus his humanity
Of a Virgin in marriage contracted,
And of her flesh clad his Divinity?
~~Why have then done this blessed bond defected~~
In their kingdom? would God it were corrected,
That young Prelats might marry lusty wives,
And not in sensual lust to lead their lives.

Did not Christ choole of honest married men,
As well as they had kepted chastity,
For to be his disciples, as ye ken,
As in the scripture clearly thou mayst see?
They kepted still their wives with honesty:
As Peter, and his spoused brethren all,
Observed chastity matrimonial.

But now appears the prophesie of Paul,
How some should rise into the latter age,
that from the true faith should depart and fall,
And some forbid the bond of marriage.
Als thou shalt find into that same passage,

they

They should command from meats for to abstain,
Which God creat his people to sustain.

But since the Pope our spiritual prince & king,
He doth over-see such vices manifest,
And in his kingdom suffers for to reign,
The men by whom the verity is suppress:
I excuse not himself more then the rest.
Alace, how should we members be well used,
When thus our spiritual heads are abused?

The famous ancient Doctor Avicen,
Says, when ill rheum descendeth from the head,
Into the members genders meekle pain,
Except there be made hastily remead,
When the cold humoz doth therefrom proceed,
In sinews it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands of Chiragra.

Of maladies it genders many mo,
Except men get some soveraign preferbe,
As in his thighe Sciatica palsio,
And in the breast sometimes the strong caterbe,
Which causeth men right hastily to sterbe:
And Podagra right difficile for to cure
In mens feet, which long time doth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been heirship over all Christendom,
And to the world an evil exemplare.
That sometimes was lead-star and lumine,
And the most sapient seat of sanctitude,
And now, alace, bare of beatitude.

Their kingdom may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Jerusalem,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle John.
Their most famous city hath lost the fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble name.
For why they have of Saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a tabernacle.

A horrible vail of every kind of vice,
A loathly loch of stinking lecherie,
A cursed cave, corrupted with covetice,
Bordered about with pride and simonie:
Some say, a cistern full of sodomie:

Whose vice in special, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the air.

Of truth the whole Christian Religion,
Through them is scandalized and offended:
It cannot fail, but their abusion,
Before the throne of God it is ascended.
I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of John his revelation,
Shal fall upon their generation.

O Lord, which hath the heart of every king
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Convert that Court, that of thy grace benign,
They would make general reformation
Among themselves in every nation,
That they may be an holy exemplar
To us thy poor Laick common popular.

Hungred, alace! for fault of spiritual food,
Because from us is hid the verity:
O prince, that shed for us his precious blood,
Kindle in us the fire of Charity,
And save us from eternal misery,
Now laboring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making mention of the Death of the Antichrist,
of the general judgement, &c. With an
Exhortation by Experience to
the Courteour.

C. Prudent Father. Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused me for to consider,
How worldly pomp and gloze been sidder,
By diuerse stories miserable,
Which to rehearse been lamentable
Yet ere we pass out of this vale,
I pray you, giue me your counsel,
What shal I do in time coming,
To haue the gloze everlasting?

C. My son, said he, set thine intent

To keep the Lords commandment :
 And preas thee not to climb over hy,
 To no worldly authoritie,
 Who in this world do most rejoyce,
 Are fardest ay from their purpose.
 Wouldst thou leave worldly vanities,
 And thinke on four extremities,
 which are to come, and that shortly,
 Thou wouldst never An wilfully :
 Print these four in thy memozy,
 Death, the hell and heavens glozy,
 And extream judgement general,
 where thou must render a count of all ;
 Thou shalt not fail to be content,
 Of quyet life and sober rent,
 Considryng no man can be sure
 In earth one houre for to endure :
 So all worldly prosperity
 Is mixed with great misery.
 Wert thou Emperoz of Asia,
 King of Europe and Africa,
 Great dominator of the sea :
 And though the heavens did thee obey,
 All fishes swimming in the strand,
 All beasts and fowls at thy cōmand;
 Concluding thou wert king over all,
 Under the heavens imperial,
 In that most high authoritie,
 Thou shouldst find least tranquillity :
 Example of king Solomon,
 Whose p̄cious life had never none :
 Such riches with so great pleasure,
 Had never King nor Emperour,
 With most profound intelligence,
 And super-excellent sapience.
 His pleasant habitations,
 Precelled other Nations.
 Gardens and parks for harts and hinds,
 Stanks with fishes of diverse kinds :
 Most profound masters of Bullick,
 that in the world was none them like :
 Such treasure of gold & p̄cious stones,
 In earth had never king at once.
 He had seven hundred lusty Queens,

And

And three hundred fair concubins,
In earth there was no thing pleasant,
Contrarious to his command;
Yet all his great prosperity,
He thought it vaine and vanity,
And never found repose compleat,
Without affliction of the spirit.

E. Father, said I, it marvels me,
He having such prosperitie,
With so great riches above measure,
For he had infinit pleasure.

E. My son, said I, if thou wouldst know,
The verity I shal thee show :
There is no worldly thing at all,
May satisfie a mans soul;
For it is so insatiable,
That heaven and earth may not be able
A soul alone for to content,
till it see God Omnipotent.
Alas never none, nor never shal be
Sattiate, that sight till that he see.
Wherefore, my son, set not thy cure
In earth where nothing can be sure,
Except the death alanerly,
which follows men continually :
Therefore, my son, remember thee,
within short time that thou must die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what place,
But as it pleaseth the king of grace.

Of Death.

O F miseries most miserable,
Is Death, and most abominable :
That dreadful dragon with his darts,
Ay ready for to pierce the hearts
Of every creature on live :
Contrare whole strength may no man strive.
Of dolent death this sore sentence,
Was given through disobedience
Of our parents : alace, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their posterity,
were all condemned for to dy.
Albeit the flesh to death be thral,
God hath the soul made immortal :

And

And so of his benignity,
 Hath mixt his iustice with mercy :
 Therefore call to remembrance,
 Of this false world the variance,
 How we like pilgrims even and morrow,
 Are travelling through this vale of sorrow :
 Sometime in vain prosperity,
 And sometime in great misery.
 Sometime in bliss, sometime in bail,
 Sometime right sick, and sometime hail :
 Sometime full rich, & sometime poore :
 Wherefore, my son, take little cure,
 Neither of great prosperity,
 Nor yet of greater misery :
 But pleasant life, and hard mischance,
 Ponder them both in one ballance,
 Considering none other authority :
 riches, wisdom, nor dignity,
 Empire of realms, beauty, nor strength,
 May not one day our lives length :
 Since we are sure that we must die,
 Farewel all vain felicity.
 Greatly it doth perturb my mind,
 Of dolent death the diverse kind :
 Though death to every man resorts,
 Yet strikes he into sundry sorts :
 Some by hot fevers violence,
 Some by contagious pestilence.
 Some by Justice execution,
 Been put to death without remission.
 Some hanged, some do lose their heads,
 Some burnt, some sodden into leads :
 And some for their unlawful acts,
 Are rent and riven on the rakes.
 Some are dissolved by poyson,
 Some on the night are murdered down :
 Some falls into phrenesie,
 Some dies into hydropisie,
 And other strange infirmities,
 Wherein many a thousand dies,
 Which humane nature doth abhorre;
 As in the gut, grabel and gore.
 Some in the flux and fever quartan,
 But ay the hour of death's uncertain,

Some are dissolued suddenly,
 By catharre or apoplexy:
 Some to destroy their self, and also
 As Hannibal and wise Cato.
 By thunder death both some consume,
 As he did the third King of Rome,
 Called Cullus Hostilius,
 As writeth great Galerius:
 For he and his household at once,
 Were burnt by thunder, flesh & bones.
 Some dieth by extreame excess
 Of joy, as Galerie doth express.
 Some by extreame melancholy,
 Will die but other maladie.
 In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
 How many hundred thousand men
 Are slain, since first the world began,
 In battel, and how many a man,
 Upon the seas do loose their lives,
 When that ships upon the rocks rives:
 Though some die naturally through age,
 Far mo die raving in a rage.
 Happy is he the which hath space,
 At his last hour to cry for grace.
 Albeit death be abominable,
 I think it should be comfortable
 To them of the faithfull number,
 For they depart from care & cumber,
 From trouble, travel, sturt and strife,
 To joy and everlasting life.
 Polidorus Virgilius,
 To that effect he writeth thus:
 In the place when any child was born,
 Their kin and friends was them beforen
 With dolent lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamity, cumber and cure,
 That they on earth are to endure,
 But at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banqueting,
 That they have past from misery,
 To rest and great felicity.
 Since death been final conclusion,
 What avails worldly provision,

And
 and
 is
 need so

When wisdom may not contramand,
 Nor strength the stout may not gain-stand :
 Ten thousand millions of treasure,
 May not prolong thy life one hour :
 After whole dolent departing, Thy spirit shal but
 Straightway to joy inestimable, (carrying,
 Or to strong pain intollerable :
 thy vile corrupted carion, shal turn to putrefaction,
 And so remain in powder smal, unto the iudgement

A short description of the Antichrist. (general.

Said I, Father, I hear men say,
 That there shal rise before that day,
 Which ye call general iudgement,
 A wicked man from Iatan sent,
 And contrary plaw of Christ, called the cruel Anti-
 And some sayes, that mischievous man. (christ :
 Descend shal of the tribe of Dan,
 That should be born in Babylon,
 The which deceive shal many one.
 Infidels shal of every airt,
 With that false prophet take a part :
 And how Enoch and Elias,
 shal preach against that false Messias :
 But finally his false doctrine, & he, shal be put to
 But neither by the fire nor sword, (ruine :
 But by the vertue of Gods word :
 And if this be of verity,

The sooth, I pray you, shew to me ?

E. My son, said he, as writeth Iohn,
 There shal not be a man alone,
 Having that name in special : but Antichrists in
 have been, and now are many one : general
 And right so in the time of Iohn,
 were Antichrists, as himself sayes,
 As presently now in these dayes,
 Are right many withouten doubt,
 were their false laws well sought out :
 Who was a greater Antichrist,
 And more contrarious to Christ,
 Then the false prophet Mahomet,
 which his curst laws made so sweet :
 In Turkie yet they are observed,
 where through the hell he hath deserved.
 All Turkie, Saracens and Iews,

that

That in the son of God not crows,
 Are Antichrists, I thee declare,
 Because to Christ they are contrare.
 Daniel sayes in his propheties,
 That after these great monarchies
 Shal rise a marvelous potent king,
 Which with a shameful face shal reign
 mighty and wise in dark speakings,
 And prosperous in all pleasant things:
 Through his falshood and craftines,
 He shal flow into wealthines.
 The godly people he shal noy
 By cruel death, and them destroy.
 the king of kings shal him gainstand,
 then he destroyed withoutten hand.
 Paul sayes: before the Lords coming,
 that there shal be a departing,
 And that man of iniquitie,
 To all men he shal opened be:
 Which shal sit on the holy seat,
 Contrary God to make debate,
 But that son of perdition shal be put to confusion,
 By power of the holy spirit,
 when he his time hath done compleat.
 Belieue not that in time coming,
 A greater Antichrist shal reign,
 Then there hath been, and presently
 Are now, as clerks can espy:
 Therefore my will is that thou know,
 Whatever they be that make the law,
 Though they be called Christian men,
 By natural reason thou mayst ken,
 Be they never of so great valor,
 Pope, cardinal, king, or emperour,
 Extolling their traditions
 Above Christs institutions,
 Making laws contrare to Christ,
 He is a very Antichrist.
 And who doth fortifie or defend
 Such law, I make it to thee kend,
 Be he a Pope, Emperour, King or Queen,
 Great sorrow shal on them be seen,
 At Christ his extreame Judgement,
 Except in time they do repent.

A short remembrance of the most terrible
day of Judgement.

E. Father, said I, with your licence,
Since you have such experience,
Pet one thing at you would I speare,
When shal this dreadful day appear,
Which you call Judgement general?
What things befoze that day shal fall?
Where shal appear that dreadful Judge?
Or how may faulters get refuge?

E. Said he, as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:
wherefoze perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, hour, or moment:
To God alone the day is known,
which never was to Angels shewn:
Albeit by diverse conjectures,
And principal expositures,
Of Daniel and his prophesie,
And by the sentence of Elie,
which have declared as they can,
How long it's since the world began:
And soz to shew have done their cure,
How long they trust it shal endure:
And eke how many ages been,
As in their works it may be seen.
But to declare those questions,
There are diverse opinions.
Some writers have the world divided
In six ages, as been decided,
Into *fasciculis temporum*,
And *Chronica chronorum*:
And by the sentence of Elie,
The world divided is in three,
As cunning master Carlton,
Hath made plain exposition.
how Elie sayes withouten wears,
the world shal last six thousand years:
Of whom I follow the sentence,
And let the other books go hence.
From the creation of Adam,
Two thousand years to Abraham:
From Abraham by this narration,

To Christ his Incarnation,
 Right so hath been two thousand years,
 As by their propheties appears :
 From Christ, as they make to us kend,
 Two thousand years to the worlds end,
 The which are by-gone, as I ween,
 A thousand six hundred, ten and thirteen,
 And so remains to come but wear,
 Three hundred, threescore and eighteen year.
 And then the Lord Omnipotent,
 Shal come to his great Judgement.
 Christ sayes : The time shal be made shorty
 As Matthew plainly doth report,
 That for the worlds iniquitie,
 The latter time shal shortned be,
 For pleasure of the chosen number,
 That they may passe from care and cumber.
 So by this count it may be kend,
 The world is drawing near an end :
 For legions are come, no doubt,
 Of Antichrists were they sought out :
 And many tokens do appear,
 As after shortly thou shalt hear :
 Now that Saint Jerome doth indyte,
 That he hath read in Hebrew writ,
 Of fifteen things in special,
 Before that Judgement general :
 Of some of them I take no cure,
 Which I find not in the scripture.
 A part of them though I declare,
 First, I will to the scripture fare :
 Christ sayes ; before that day of doom,
 There shal be signs of sun and moon :
 The sun shal hide his beames bright,
 So that the moon shal giue no light :
 The glistering stars by mens judgement,
 Shal fall forth of the firmament.

Of these signs, ere we farther gone,
 Some morall sense we will expone,
 As cunning clerks have oft declar'd,
 And haue the son and moon compar'd,
 The sun to the state spiritual,
 The moon to princes temporal.
 Right so the stars they do compare

To Laick common populare.
 The moon and stars have no light,
 But the reflex of Phebus bright :
 So when the son of light is dark,
 the moon & stars must needs be mirk.
 Right so when pastors spirituals,
 Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
 In their beginning shewd great light,
 the temporal state was ruled right :
 But now, alace, it is not so;
 Their shining lamps been long ago.
 their radious beams are turn'd to reek:
 For now in earth nothing they seek,
 Except riches and dignity,
 Following their sensuality.
 Many prelates are now reignand,
 The which no more do understand
 what doth pertain to their office,
 then they can kindle fire with yce.
 Who be to Popes, I say for me,
 that suffers such enozmity,
 that ignorant worldly creatures
 Should in the church have any cures.
 No marvel though the people slide,
 when they have blind men to their guide :
 For a prelat that cannot preach,
 For Gods Law to people teach,
 Clay compares them in his warke,
 to a dumb dog that cannot bark :
 And Christ him calleth in his grief,
 Most like a murtherer or a thief.
 The cunning doctor Augustin,
 To wolves and devils doth them destin.
 the canon law doth him defame,
 That of a Prelat bears the name,
 And will not preach the divine laws,
 As the decrees plainly shaws.
 But those that have authority,
 To provide spiritual dignity,
 Might, if they pleased to take pain,
 cause them light al their lamps again,
 But ever, alace, that is not done.
 So darkned been both sun and moon.
 were kings lives well declared,

The which are to the moon compared,
 When might consider their estate,
 From charity degenerate.
 I think they should think mickle shame
 Of Christ for to take their surname :
 they live not like to christians,
 But more like turks or pagans.
 Turks contrare turks makes little wear,
 But christian princes takes no fear,
 which should agree as brother with brother :
 But now each one dings down another :
 I know no reasonable cause wherefore,
 Except pride, covetous, and vain gloze :
 The emperor moves his ordinance
 Contrare the potent king of France,
 And France right so with great rigor,
 Contrare his friend the emperor :
 And right so France against England,
 England also against Scotland,
 And eke the Scots with all thete might,
 Do fight for to defend their right
 Between the realms of Albion,
 Where battels have been many one,
 Can be made no affinity,
 Nor yet no consanguinity :
 Nor by no way they can consider,
 that they may have no peace together :
 I dread these wars make no ending,
 till they be both under one king.
 Though Christ the soveraign king of grace,
 Left in his testament love and peace,
 Our kings from war will not refrain,
 till there be many a thousand slain :
 Great damage made by sea and land,
 As all the world may understand.

C. Father, I think that tempozal kings
 May fight for to defend their reigns :
 For I have seen the spiritual state
 Make war, their rights for to debate.
 I saw Pope Julius manfully,
 Pass to the field triumphantly,
 with a right awful ordinance,
 Contrare Lewis the King of France :
 And for to do him more despise,

We did his Region interrite.

C. My son, said he, as I suppose,
That belongs well to our purpose,
How sun and moon are both denide
Of light, as clerks do conclude :
Comparing them, as you heard tell,
To spiritual state and temporal :
And common people have despised,
Which to the stars have been compared.
Lark people follow ay their heads,
And specially into their deeds,
The most part of religion
Been turned to abusion.

What doth avall religious weeds,
When they are contrary to their needs ?
What holiness is there within
A wolf clad in a weathers skin ?
So by these tokens doth appear,
The day of Judgement draweth near.

Now let us leave this moral sense,
Proceeding to our purpose hence,
And of this matter speak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The scripture sayes : After these signs,
Shal be seen many marvelous things,
Then shal rise tribulations
In earth, and great mutations,
As well here under, as above,
When power of the heavens shal move,
Such cruel wars shal be ere than,
Was never since the world began :
The which shal cause great indigence,
As dearth, hunger and pestilence :
The horrible sound of the sea,
The people shal perturb and flee.
Jerome sayes : It shal rise on hight
Above the mountains by mens sight :
But it shal not spread over the land,
But like a wall shal straight upstand,
Then settle down again so low,
That no man shal the water know :
Great whales shal rumish, rout & rair,
Whose sound redound shal in the air.
All fish and monsters marvelous,

shal

Shal cry with sounds odious,
 that men shal wither on the eerd,
 And weeping warie shal their weird,
 with loud alace, and wail-away,
 That ever they lived to see that day,
 And specially those that dwelling be
 Upon the coasts of the sea.

Right so, as Hieromie concluds,
 Shal be seen fertiles on the floods :
 The sea with moving marvelous,
 Shal burn with flames furious :
 Right so shal burn fountains & flood,
 And herb and trees shal sweat like blood.
 Fowls shal fall forth out of the air,
 wild beasts to the plain repair,
 And in their manner make their moan,
 howling with many grievously groan.
 The bodies of the dead creatures,
 Appear shal on their sepulchres :
 then shal both men, women and bairns
 Come crying forth of dark caverns,
 Where they for bread were hid before,
 with sighs and sobbs. and hearts full sore,
 Standing about as they were wood,
 Affamished for fault of food :
 None may make other comforting,
 But double grief and lamenting.
 what may they do but weep and wonder,
 when they see rocks shake all asunder,
 through trembling of the earth & quaking.
 Of sorrow then shal be no flaking.
 they that are living in those dayes,
 May tell of terrible affrayes :
 Then riches, rents, and great treasure,
 that time may do them smal pleasure :
 But when such wonders do appear,
 Men may be sure that day draws near.
 The just men shal pass to the gloze,
 Unjust to pain for evermore.

C. Father, said I, we dayly read
 An article into our creed,
 Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,
 Into that general Judgement,
 Shal judge both quick and dead also :

Therefore declare me ere I go,
If there shal any man or wife,
That day be founden upon life?

C. Said he, As to that question,
I shal make some solution:
The scripture plainly doth expone,
When all tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thousand men
that self-same day shal be liband,
Albeit there shal no creature,
Neither of day nor hour be sure:
For Christ shal come so suddenly,
That no man shal the time espy,
As it was in the time of Noe,
When God did all the world destroy:
Some on the field shal be laboring,
Some in the temple marrying,
Some before Judges making pley,
And some men sailing on the sea:
Those that be on the field going,
Shal not return to their lodging:
Who been upon the house above,
Shal not have leasure to remove.
Two shal be in the mill grinding,
Which shal be taken without warning,
The one to everlasting gloze,
The other lost for evermore.
Two shal be lying in one bed,
The one to pleasure shal be led,
The other shal be left alone,
weeping with many a grievous groane.
And so, my son, thou mayst well crow,
The world shal be as it is now,
The people using business,
As holy scripture doth expresse.
Since no man knows the hour nor day,
The scripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our sins be penitent,
As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how Christ shal come to his
Judgement.

When all tokens are brought to end,
Then shal the son of God descend:

As fire-flaught hastily glancing,
Descend shal the great heavenly king,
As Phebus in the Orient
Lightneth in haste the Occident,
So pleasantly he shal appear,
Among the heavenly clouds clear,
With great power and majestie,
Above the countrey of Iudie,
As clerks have concluded hark,
Direct above the lusty vale
Of Josophat, and mount Olivet :
All prophesie there shal be compleat.
The angels of the orders nine,
Environ shal the throne divine,
With humble adoration,
Making him ministration :
In his presence there shal be born
The sign of crosse, and crown of thorn,
Pillar and nails, scourges and spear,
With every thing that did him deere,
The time of his grim passion.
And for our consolation,
Appear shal in his hands and feet,
And in his side, the print compleat
Of his five wounds precious,
Shining like rubies radious,
To reprobates confusion :
And for final conclusion,
He sitting in his tribunal,
With great power imperial,
Then shal an angel blow a blast,
Which shal make all the world agast,
With hideous voice and vehement,
Rise up dead folk, come to judgement.
With that all reasonable creature,
That ever was formed by nature,
Shal suddenly rise up at once,
Conjoined with soul, flesh, blood and bones.
That terrible trumpet, I hear tell,
Shal be heard in heaven, earth and hell :
Those that were drowned in the sea,
That houseous blast they shal obey,
Where ever the body buried was,
All shal be found into that place,

Angels shal pass in the four parts
 Of earth, and bring them from all parts,
 And with an instant diligence,
 Present them to his Excellence.
 Saint Jerome thought continually
 On this Judgement so ardently :
 He said : Whether I eat or drink,
 Or wake, or sleep, forsooth I think,
 That terrible trumpet like a bell,
 So quickly in mine ears doth knell,
 As instantly as it were present;
 Rise up, dead folk, come to Judgement.
 If Saint Jerome took such affray,
 Alace, what shal we sinners say.
 All those that shal be found alive,
 Then shal immortal be belive :
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 With fire they shal translated be,
 And never for to die again,
 As divine scripture sheweth plain :
 As ready both for pain and gloze,
 As they which died long time before.
 Some authors say, they shal appear
 In age of three and thirty year,
 whether they die young or old,
 whose great number may not be told.
 That day shal not be miss one man,
 which was born since the world began.
 The Angel shal them separat
 As doth an herd, sheep from the goat.
 And those that be of Belials band,
 trembling upon the earth shal stand
 On the left hand of that great Judge,
 But esperance to get refuge :
 But those that are predestinat,
 Shal from the earth be elevat:
 And that most happy company,
 Shal ordered be triumphantly,
 At the right hand of Christ our king,
 High in the air with loud loving.
 Full gloriously there shal compear,
 More bright then Phebus in his speare,
 the Virgin Marie Queen of Queens,
 with many a thousand of Virgins,

The fathers of the Old Testament,
 which were to God obedient,
 Father Adam shal them conboy,
 with Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noe.
 Abraham with all his faithful works,
 with all the prudent patriarchs :
 John the Baptist shal there compear,
 the principal and last messenger,
 which came but half a year before
 The coming of the king of gloire.
 Moses and Elayas honorable,
 with all true prophets venerable.
 David with all the faithful kings,
 which vertuously did rule their reigns.
 The noble chieftain Josue,
 With gentle Judas Maccabe,
 with many a noble champion,
 which in their time with great renown
 Manfully to their liues end,
 The Law of God they did defend.
 With Eve that day shal be present,
 the Ladies of the Old Testament :
 Debora, Adams daughter dear,
 With four most lusty Ladies clear,
 which kept were in the Ark with Noe.
 Sara and Returah with joy,
 The which to Abraham wives been;
 with good Rebecca there shal be seen.
 The prudent wives of Israel,
 Good Leah, and the fair Rachel,
 With Judith, Hester and Susanna,
 And the right sapient Queen Saba.
 There shal compear Peter and Paul,
 with Christ his good disciples all.
 Laurence and Steben with their blest band,
 Of Martyrs mo then ten thousand.
 Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustin,
 with confessors a triumphant train.
 with saint Francis and Benedick,
 Saint Bernard, and saint Dominick,
 with smal number of monks & friers,
 Of Carmelits and Cordeliers,
 That for the love of Christ only,
 Renounc'd the world unfeignedly :

with

With Elizabeth and Anna,
 All good wives shal compear that day.
 the blest and holy Magdalen,
 That day before her soveraign,
 Right pleasantly he shal present,
 All sinners that were penitent,
 which of their guilt here asked grace,
 In heaven with her shal have a place.
 But wo be to that baillful hand,
 which shal stand low at his left hand :
 Wo then to kings and emperors,
 that were unrighteous conquerors,
 For their gloze and particular good,
 Caused shed so meekle sakeles blood,
 Both scepter, crown, & robe royal,
 That day they shal make count of all,
 And for their cruel tyranny,
 Shal punished be perpetually.
 Ye Lords and Barons more and lesse,
 that your pooe tenants did oppresse,
 By great Circum and double mail,
 More then your lands were avall,
 with soe exorbitant carriage,
 with mercheets of their marriage,
 Tormented both in peace and wear,
 with burdens more then they can bear,
 Be they have payed to you their mail,
 And to the priest the teindes hail :
 And when the land again is sown,
 what rests behind, I wold were known.
 I trust, they and their pooe household,
 May tell of much hunger and cold,
 Except ye have of them pity,
 I dread you shal get no mercy,
 that day when Christ Omnipotent,
 Comes to his general judgement.
 wo be to publick oppressors,
 To tyrants and to transgressors,
 to murderers and common thieves,
 That did not mend their great mischiefs;
 Fornicators and usurers,
 Common publick adulterers.
 All perverbe wicked hereticks,
 All false desecful schismatics,

All shal be present in that place,
 with many lamentable alace.
 the curst Cain that never was good,
 with all shedders of sakeless blood.
 Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
 with false Idolaters many one.
 Ninus the king of Assyria,
 with great dole shal compear that day,
 which first invented imagery,
 wherethrough came great idolatry,
 For making of that Image Bell.
 That day his hye shal be in hell.
 The great oppressor Pharao,
 That tyrant Emperour Nero,
 Shal with them curst king Herod bring,
 With many other careful king.
 The cruel king Antiochus,
 with the most furious Olofernus,
 Great oppressors of Israel,
 That day their hye shal be in hell.
 With Judas shal compear a clan
 Of false traytors to God and man.
 There shal compear of every land,
 With Ponce Pilat a hateful band
 Of temporal and spiritual States,
 False Judges with their Advocats.
 There shal our Senyours of the Session,
 Of all their faults made clear confession.
 There shal be seen the fraudful failytes,
 with Sheriffs, Provosts, and of Baillyes :
 Officials with their consistorie clerks,
 Shal make count of their wondrous works,
 They and their perverfe procutours,
 Oppressors both of rich and poores,
 Through Dilatours full of false deceit,
 which many one caus'd beg their meat.
 Great dole that day to Judges beern,
 That comes not with their conscience clean.
 That day shal pass by peremptors,
 Without cancel, or dilators,
 No duplicandum nor triplicandum,
 But shortly pass to sententandum.
 Without continuations,
 Or any applications :

That sentence shal not be re-created,
 Nor with no man of Law debated.
 Ye Laborers of sea and lands,
 Perfect craftes-men, & rich merchants,
 Leave your deceits and crafty wiles,
 which lilly simple folk beguiles :
 Make recompence here as ye may,
 Remembryng on that dreadful day.
 With Mahomet shal compear, no doubt,
 Of Antichrists an hyeuous rout.
 Bishop Annas and Capharnas,
 with them in company shal passe.
 The Scribes and false Pharisiens,
 which wrought on Christ great violence,
 With many a Turk and Saracen,
 with great sorrow there shal be seen.
 Popes with their traditions,
 Contrare Christs institutions,
 with many a cowl and clipped crown,
 which Christs Law hath beaten down :
 And would not suffer for to preach
 The verity, nor the people teach,
 But laick-men put to great torment,
 which used Christ his Testament.
 All Kings and Queens there shal be kend,
 the which such Laws did defend.
 To that Court shal come many one
 Of the black byk of Babylon.
 The innocent blood that day shal cry
 A loud vengeance full pitously,
 On those cruel bloody butchers
 Of Martyrs, Prophets and Preachers :
 Some with the fire, some with the sword,
 which plainly preached God his word.
 That day they shal rewarded be,
 Conform to their iniquitie.
 The Sodomites and Gomorhance,
 On whom God wrought so great vengeance,
 With Corah, Dathan, and Abiron,
 with their assistants many one :
 The holy Scripture will chee tell,
 how they sank down all to the hell,
 with Simon Magus shal resort,
 Of proud Priests a shameful sort.

The self same day there shal be seen,
 Many a cruel careful Queen :
 Queen Semiramis, king Ninus wife,
 A tyger full of furt and strife.
 Together with Queen Iezabel,
 Which was covetous and cruel,
 The false deceitful Dalila,
 With cruel Queen Clytemnestra,
 The which did murder in the night,
 Agamemnon both wife and wight,
 The which was her sovereign Lord,
 As Greek stories do record :
 With cruel Queens many one,
 which longtome were for to expone.

Ye wanton Ladies and burghers wives,
 That now for steele tails strives,
 Flapping the filth among your feet,
 Raising the dust into the street,
 that day for all your pomp and pride,
 Your tails shal not your hips hide,
 These vanities ye shal repent,
 Unless that ye be penitent,
 With Pythomilla, I hear tell,
 which raised the spirit of Samuel,
 that day with her there shal resort,
 Of rank witches a sorrowful sort,
 Brought from all parts many a myle,
 From Savoy, Athole and Argyle,
 And from the Rhynds of Galloway,
 with a woful wail-away.

Ye brethren of religion,
 In time leave your abusion,
 with which ye have the world abused,
 Or ye that day shal be refused.
 I speak to you all in general,
 Not to one order special :
 That day all creatures shal ken,
 If ye were saints or worldly men,
 Or if ye took the chapelr,
 that ye might live most pleasantly,
 And get good large portion,
 Or for a godly devotton,
 that day your fained sanctitude
 Shal not be known by your hoodes :

Your superstitious ceremonies,
 Participat with Idolatries.
 Cord, cutted shooes, nor clipped head,
 That day shal stand you in no stead :
 For cowlis black, gray, nor begard,
 Ye shal that day get no reward.
 Your polit painted flattery,
 your dissimulat hypocrisie,
 That day they shal be clearly known,
 when they shal reap as they have sown:
 Therefore in time be penitent,
 Or else that day ye shal be spent.
 I pray you heartily, as I may.
 Remember on that dreadful day.
 Ye Abbots, Bishops, or Priores,
 Consider what ye do confesse;
 And how that your promotion
 was nothing for devotion,
 But to obtain the Abbacy :
 ye made your vow of chastity,
 Of poverty and obedience :
 Therefore remord your conscience,
 How these three vows been observed,
 And what reward hath been deserved :
 wherefore repent while ye have space,
 Since God is liberal of his grace.

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
 where shal our Prelats ordered be,
 which now are in the world liuand ?
 with whom shal come that spiritual band ?

C. Said he, As saint Bernard describes,
 Except that they amend their liues,
 And leave their wanton vicious works;
 Not with the Prophets, nor Patriarchs,
 Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
 the which to Christ were true Preachers :
 Their predecessors Peter and Paul,
 that day will them misknow at all :
 So shal they not, I say for me,
 with the Apostles ordered be :
 I trust they will dwel on the border
 Of hell, where there shal be no order,
 Enlong the flood of Phlegeton,
 Or on the brayes of Acheron,

Crying on Charon, I conclud,
 To ferry them over that furious flood,
 To eternal confusion,
 Except they leave their abusion.
 I trust, these prelates more and less,
 Shal make clear count of their riches,
 That dreadful day th hearts full sore,
 And what service they did therefore.
 The princely pomp, or apparel
 Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinal,
 Their royal rents and dignitie,
 that day shal not regarded be.
 There shal no taitles, as I hear say,
 Of Bishops be boyn up that day.
 Come they not with their conscience cleau,
 On them great sorrow shal be seen,
 Except that they their liues amend
 In time, and so I make an end.

The manner how Christ shal give his
 Sentence.

When all these Congregations
 Are brought out of all Nations,
 Which shal be without process,
 Though I have made so long digress :
 For in the twinkling of an eye,
 All mankind shal presented be,
 Before that Kings excellence,
 then shortly shal he give sentence :
 First, saying to that blessed band,
 which ordred be at his right hand,
 Come with my Fathers benediction,
 And receiue your possession,
 which was for you preordinate
 Before the world was first create.
 When I was hungry, ye me fed :
 when I was naked, ye me cled :
 Oft times ye gave me harbery,
 And gave me drink when I was dry :
 And visit me with minds meek,
 when I was prisoner and sick :
 In all such tribulation,
 Ye gave me consolation.
 Then shal they say : O potent King,

when

When saw we thee desire such thing?
we never saw thine Excellence
Subdued to such indigence.

Pet shal he say, I you assure,
when ever ye did receive the pooz,
And for my sake made them supplie,
that gift doubtles ye gave to me:
Therefore shal now begin your gloze,
Which shal endure for evermore.
Then shal he look on his left hand,
And say unto the hateful band,
Pass with my malediction,
to eternal affliction,

In company with fiends fell,
In everlasting fire of hell.

When I stood naked at your gate,
Hungry and thirsty, cold and wet,
Right feeble, sick, and like to die,
I never got of you supplie:
And when I lay in prison strong,
Of you I might have lyen full long,
without your consolation,
Or any suppertation.

Trembling for dread, then shal they say,
With many hideous harm-say:

Alace, good Lord, when saw we thee
Subject to such necessitie?

When saw we thee come to our dooz,
Hungry and thirsty, naked and pooz?

When saw we thee in prison ly,
Or thee refused harbery?

Then shal that most precellent King,
to these wretches make answering:

That time when ye refus'd the pooz,
which needful cryed at your dooz,
And of your superfluity,

For my sake made them no supply:
Refusing them, ye me refused,

with wretchedness so ye were abused:

Therefore ye shal have to your hyz,
the everlasting burning fire,

Without grace, peace, or comforting.
then shal they cry full sore weeping:

that we were made, alace, good Lord:

Alace

Alace, is there no mercieord?
 But thus withoutten hope of grace,
 thy presence of that pleasant face,
 Alace, for us it had been good,
 we had been smored in our god,
 Then with a rear the earth shal rive,
 And swallow them both man & wife.
 Then shal these creatures sorrow,
 wary the hour that they were bozn,
 With many an hideous cry and yell,
 From time they feel the flames fell,
 Upon their tender bodles bite,
 whose torments shal be infinite.
 The earth shal close, & from their sight
 Shal taken be all kind of light.
 There shal be howling and weeping,
 withoutten hope of comfortyng.
 In that inestimable pain,
 Eternally they shal remain,
 Burning in furious flames red,
 Ever dylng, but never dead:
 That the smal minnt of an hour,
 to them shal be so great doleur,
 they shal think they have done remain
 A thousand years into that pain.
 Alace, I tremble to hear tell,
 that terrible tormentyng of hell.
 That painful pit for to deplore,
 which must endure for evermore.
 Then shal these glorified creatures,
 with mirth and infinite pleasures,
 Convoied with joy angelical,
 Pass to the heavens imperial,
 wth Christ Iesus our soveratgn king,
 In gloze everlastingly to reign;
 Of man which passeth the engine,
 the thousand part for to define,
 Alanerly to the least pleasure
 Proordnat for one creature.
 Then shal a fire, as clerke sayn,
 Make all the hills and valleys plain,
 From earth up to the heavens empyre.
 All shal renew'd be by that fire,
 Purging all things material,

Under

Under the heavens Imperial :
 Both earth and water, fire and air,
 Shal be moze perfect made and fair,
 the which befoze had mixed been,
 Shal then be purif'd and made clean.
 The earth like cryſtal ſhal be clear,
 And every planet in his ſphear,
 Shal reſt withoutten moze moving,
 Both ſtarry heaven and cryſtalin.
 The firſt & higheſt heavens moveable,
 wil ſtand but turning, firm and ſtable.
 The ſun into the Orient
 will ſtand, and in the Occident
 Reſt ſhal the moon, and be moze clear
 then now is Phebus in his ſphear :
 And eke the Lantern of the heaven,
 Shal give moze light by degrees ſeven
 then it gave ſince the world began :
 The heavens renewed ſhal be then.
 Right ſo the earth with ſuch deviſe,
 Compared to the heavenly paradise :
 So heaven and earth ſhal be all one,
 As meaneth the Apoſtle Iohn.
 The great ſea ſhal no moze appear,
 But like a cryſtal pure and clear,
 Paſſing imagination
 Of man, to make narration,
 Of gloze, which God hath done prepare
 ſo every one which cometh there :
 The which with ears, nor yet with een
 Of man may not be heard nor ſeen :
 With heart it is unthinkable,
 And with tongue unpronounceable :
 Whose pleaſures ſhal be ſo perſite,
 Having in God ſo great delite,
 The ſpace now of a thouſand year,
 that time ſhal not an hour appear;
 Which cannot comprehended be,
 till we that pleaſant ſight ſhal ſee.
 When Paul was raviſht in the ſprite
 to the third heaven of gloze-replent :
 He ſayes, the ſecrets which he ſaw
 They were not lawfull for to ſhew
 to no man on earth livand :

Wherefore preas not to understand,
 Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
 the secrets of the heavens Empire.
 The more men look on Phebus bright,
 the more feeble shal be their sight.
 Right so let no man set his cure
 to seek the high diuine nature.
 The more men study, I suppose,
 Shal be the more from their purpose.
 To know whereto should men intend,
 which Angels cannot comprehend:
 But after this great Iudgement,
 All things to us shal be patent.
 Let us with Paul our minds adress,
 He being full of heavenliness,
 Full humbly he teacheth us
 Not to be too curious:
 Albeit men be of great ingine,
 to seek the high secrets diuine,
 whose iudgements are unsearchable,
 his ways strange and inuestigable,
 That is to say, past out finding,
 Of whom no man can find ending.
 It suffiseth us for to implore,
 Great God to bring us to his gloze.

Of certain pleasures of the glorified bodies.

Since there is none in earth may comprehend
 The heavenly gloze, and wisdom infinit:
 wherefore, my son, I pray thee not pretend
 Too far to seek that matter of delite,
 which passeth natural reason to endite,
 That God before that he the world create,
 Prepar'd to them which are predestinate.

All mortal men shal be made immortal,
 That is to say, never to die again:
 Impasible, and so celestial,
 that fire nor sword may do to them no pain,
 nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor rain,
 though such things were, may do to them no dear,
 these creatures right so shal they be as clear.

As flaming Phebus in his mansion,

Confi

Considering then it there shal be great light,
 When every one into his region
 Shal shine like to the sun, and be as bright :
 Let us with Paul desire to see that sight.
 To be dissolv'd Paul had a great desire,
 With Christ to be into the heavens empire.

And moreover, as clerks can describe,
 these marvelous lights they been incomparable :
 Among the rest, in all their senses save,
 they shal have sensual pleasures delectable :
 The heavenly sound which shal be inenarrable,
 Into their ears continually shal ring,
 And eke the sight of Christ Jesus our king.

Into this triumphant throne Imperial,
 with his mother the Virgin, Queen of Queens,
 there shal be seen the court celestial,
 Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins,
 Brighter then Phebus in his sphere that shines.
 The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,
 there shal be seen in gloze inestimable.

And with their spiritual eyes shal be seen
 That sight which is most superexcellent,
 God as he is, and evermore hath been,
 Continually that sight contempland.
 Augustin saith : he rather take on hand
 to be in hell, he seeing the essence
 Of God, then be in heaven without his presence.

Who seeing God in his Divinitie,
 he seeth in him all other pleasant things,
 the which with tongue cannot pronounced be :
 what pleasure been to see the King of kings ?
 the greatest pain the damned folk down things,
 And to the devils most punishment,
 It is of God to lack fruition.

And moreover they shal feel such a smell,
 Surmounting far the flower of earthly flowers :
 And in their mouth a taste, as I hear tell,
 Of sweet and supernatural vapours :
 Als they shal see the heavenly bright colours,
 Shining among these creatures divine,
 which to describe transcendeth mans ingine,
 And eke they shal have such agility,

In one instant to pass for their pleasure,
Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye,
So that their ioyes shal be without measure.
They shal reioyce to see the great dolor
Of damned folk in hell, and their torment,
Because it is of God the iust judgement.

Subtilty they shal have marvelous,
Supposing that there were a wall of brass,
A glorious body may fight basely,
Out through the wall without impediment pass,
Such like as both the sun beames out through the
As Christ to his disciples did appear, (glass,
All entres close, and none of them did fear.

Albeit in heauen though every creature
Have not alike felicity and glore,
Yet every one shal have so great pleasure,
And so content, that they desire no more
To have more ioy they shal no more implore,
But they shal all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent.

Take a crowat, a pint-kop, and a quart,
A gallon picher, a pynson and a tun
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part,
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The little crowat, in comparison,
Shal be so full, that it shal hold no more
Of such measures, though they were twenty score.

Into the tun, or in the pynson,
So that these vessels in one quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in quantity:
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in glore,
Are satisfied, that they desire no more.

Though presently by God his providence,
Both beasts and fowls, and fishes in the sea,
Are necessary for mans sustenance,
With corns, herbs, flowers, and fruitful trees,
Then shal there be no commodity:
The earth shal bear no plant, nor beast bruta;
But as the heavens shal be bright like crystal,

Suppose some be on earth walking here down,

O high aboue, where ever they please to go,
 Of God they have ay clear fruition,
 Both east and west, up, down, or to and fro :
 Clerks have declared pleasures many mo,
 Which doth transcend all mortal mans ingine,
 the thousand part of those pleasures divine.

Into the heaven they shal perfectly know
 their tender friends, their father & their mother,
 Their predecessors whom they never saw :
 their spouses, children, their sister & their brother ;
 And every one shal have such love to other,
 Of others gloze and joy they shal reioyce,
 As of their own, as clerks do suppose.

Then shal be seen that bright Jerusalem,
 Which John saw in his Revelation :
 The mortal men, alace, are soze to blame,
 That will not have consideration,
 And a continual contemplation,
 With hot desire to come unto that gloze,
 Which pleasure shal endure for evermoze.

O Lord, our God, and King Omnipotent,
 which knew ere thou the heavens & earth creat,
 Who would to thee be disobedient,
 And so deserve for to be reprobat ;
 Thou knowst the number of predestinat,
 Whom thou didst call, and hast them justified,
 And shal in heaven with thee be glorified.

Grant us to be, Lord, of that chosen sort,
 Which of thy mercy superexcellent
 Didst purifie, as scripture doth report,
 With the blood of that holy Innocent,
 Jesus, which made himself obedient
 Unto the death, and sterved on the rood :
 Let us, O Lord, be purged with that blood.

All creatures that ever God created,
 As writeth Paul, they wish to see that day :
 When the children of God predestinated,
 Shal do appear in their new fresh array ;
 When corruption shal be cleant'd all away,
 And chang'd shal be their mortal quality,
 In the great gloze of immortality.

And moreover all things corporal

Under the concave of the heavens Empire,
 That now to labor subject are and thral :
 Sun, Moon and stars, earth, water, air and fire,
 In a manner they have an hot desire,
 Wishing that day, that they may be at rest,
 As Crasmus expoundeth manifest.

We see the great Globe of the Firmament
 Continually in moving marvelous :
 The seven Planets contrary their intent,
 Are rest about with course contrarious.
 The wind and sea with stormes furious,
 The troubled air, with frost, and snow and rain,
 Until that day, they travel ay in pain.

And all the Angels of the orders nine,
 Having compasston on our miseries,
 They wish after that day, and to that fine
 To see us freed from our infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great calamities,
 And troublous life which never shal have end
 Until that day, I make it to thee kend.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience,
 unto his son the Courteour.

My Son, now mark well in thy memoise,
 Of this false world the troubles transitoise,
 Whose dreadful days do now draw near an end :
 Then call on God to be thine adiutoise,
 And every day, my son, memento mori :
 And wotst not when or where $\text{\textit{I}}$ thou shalt wend.
 Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend.
 And since thou knowst the time is very short,
 In Christ his blood set all whole thy comfort.

Be not so much so liff in temporal things,
 Since thou perceiv'st Pope, Emperoz nor Kings
 Into the earth have no place permanent :
 Thou seest $\text{\textit{I}}$ death them dolefully down things,
 And reaves them frō their rents, riches & reings :
 Therefore on Christ confirm thy whole intent,
 And of thy calling be right well content :
 Then God that feedeth the fowles of the air,
 All needful things he shal for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,

By since the worlds first creation,
 Mankind hath suffered this misery mortal :
 By tormented with tribulation,
 With dolor, dread and desolation :
 Gentles, and chosen people of Israel,
 to this unhap, are all subject and thral :
 Which misery no doubt shal ever endure
 till the last day, my son, thereof be sure.

That day, as I have made narration,
 Shal be the day of consolation,
 To all the children of the chosen number :
 there ended shal be their desolation.
 And eke I make thee supplication,
 In earthly matters take thee no more cumber.
 Dread not to die, for death is but a slumber :
 Live a just life, and with a joyous heart,
 And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.

Of our talking now let us make an end :
 Behold how Phebus downward doth descend,
 Toward his Palace in the Occident :
 Dame Cynthia, I see, she doth pretend,
 Into her watry region to ascend,
 With visage pale into the Orient.
 The dew now donks, the roses redolent,
 the mary-golds that all day were rejoyced
 Of Phebus heat, now craftily are closed.

The blisful birds are howning to their trees,
 And ceaseth from their heavenly harmonies.
 The coyn-craik in the craik I hear her cry :
 The back, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,
 For their pastime now in the evening fies,
 The nightingale with mirthful melodie,
 Her natural notes do pierce up through the sky,
 to Cynthia making her observance,
 which on the night doth take her dalliance.

I see Pole Arctick in the North appear,
 And Genus rising with her beams clear,
 Wherefore, my son, I hold it time to go.
 Would God, said I, you did remain all year,
 That I might of your heavenly lessons lear :
 Of your departing I am very wo.
 Take patience, said he, it must be so :

Perchance I shal return with diligence.
Thus I departed from Experience.

And sped me home with heart fighting full sore,
And entred in my quiet Oratoye:

I took paper, and there began to write

This misery, as you have heard before.

All gentle readers heartily I imploie,

For to excuse my rural rude endite:

Though Pharisees would have at me despite,
which would not that their craftinesse were kend.

Let God be Judge, and so I make an end.

Finit quod L I N D S A Y.

The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign
Lord King James the fifth his Papingo, lying
sore wounded, and may not die, till every man
have heard what she sayes: Wherefore, gentle
Readers, haste you, that she may be put out of
pain. Compyled by Sir David Lindesay of the
Moun, Knight, *alias* Lyon, King of Arms.

Livor post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had ingine Angellicall,
With sapience more then Solomonicall,
I wot not what matter put in memory:

The Poets old in stile heroicall,
In brief and subtil terms Rhetoricall,
Of every matter, tragedy and story,
So ornately to their high laud and glory,
Have done endite, whose supream sapience
Transcendeth far my dull intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetoric been rung
By Chancer, Gower, Ligat laureat,
who dare presume these Poets to impung,
Whose sweet sentence through Albion been sung?
Or who can now the works counterfaist
Of Kennedie, with terms aureat,
Of wise Dumbar, who language had at large,
As may be seen into his goldenARGE?

Quintin, Mercer, Roul, Henderson, Hay & Holland
 Though they be dead, their lives are livand;
 Which to rehearse, makes readers to rejoice.
 Alace, for once that lamp was in this land,
 Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand;
 And in our English Rhetorick the rose,
 As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.
 And as Phœbus doth Cynthia precel,
 So Gaven Dowglas Bishop of Dunkel,

Had when he was into this land alive,
 Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
 Both in practick speculation:
 I say no more: good readers may describe
 His worthy works, in number no then five:
 And specially the true translation
 Of Virgil, which been consolation
 To cunning men, to know his great engine,
 As well in natural science, as divine.

And in the Court been present in these dayes,
 That ballads, brieves, lustily and layes,
 Which to our Prince dayly they do present:
 Who can say more then sir James English sayes,
 In ballads, farles, and in pleasant playes?
 But Culross hath his pen made impotent:
 Rld in cunning and practick right prudent:
 And Stewart who desires a stately style,
 Full ornat works daily doth comple.

Stewart of Loyn will carp most curiously,
 Gilbrat, Kinloch, when they list them apply,
 Into that art are craftie of ingine:
 But now of late is start up hastily
 A cunning clerk, which writeth craftily,
 A plant of Poets, called Ballentine,
 Whose ornat wits, my wits cannot define:
 Get he into the court authority,
 He will precel Quintine and Kennedy.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
 I know not what to write, by sweet S. John:
 For why, in all the earth, of eloquence
 Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone.
 The polite terms are pulled every one,
 By these surnamed poets of prudence:

And

And since I find none other true sentence,
I shal declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded papingo.

Wherefore because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of rhetorick denude,
To rural folk my writing is directed;
Far fleemed from the sight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
It nothing does, but for to be dejected:
And when I hear my matter is detracted:
Then shal I swear, I made it but in mowes,
To landwart lasses, that milk the kine and ewes.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

Who climbs too hy, perforce his foot must fall,
Expream I shal thee by experience,
If that thou please to hear a piteous tale;
How a fair bird by fatal violence,
Devozed was, and might not make defence
Contrare the death, so failed natural strength,
As after I shal show you at more length.

A Papingo right pleasant and perfit,
Presented was to our most noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long time had delited
More faire in form, I wot flew never on wings
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple serviture,
To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her language artificial,
To play plat-foot, and whiffel, foot before
But of her inclination natural,
She counterfiet all fowls less and more:
Of her courage she would without my loze,
Sing like the merle, and crow like the cock,
Pew like the gled, and chant like the laverock.

Bark like a dog, and kekkle like a kae,
Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
Gail like a gounk, and weep when she was woe:
Climb on a coryd, and laugh, and play the fool,
She might have been a menstrel against yool.
This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,
Where ever I sure, I bare her on mine hand.
And so beset upon a mirthful morrow,

Into my Earth I past me to repose,
 This bird and I, as we were wont befallow,
 Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and formose:
 My vital spirits duly did repose,
 When Phebus rose, and gave the clouds sable,
 Through brightness of his beams amiable.

Without vapor was well purrified,
 The temperate air, soft, sober, and seren:
 The earth by nature so colicteat,
 With wholesome herbs, blew, white, red & green,
 Which cleave my spirit from the spleen.
 That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,
 For Cole from his cave he durst not fear.

That day perforce behoved to be fair,
 By influence and course celestial,
 No planet prest to for to perurb the air:
 For Mercurie by moving natural,
 Exalted was into the throne triumphal
 Of his mansion, into the sitigen great,
 In his own sovereign sign of Virginit.

That day did Phebus pleasantly depart
 From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
 That day Cupido did extend his dart.
 Venus that day conjoyned with Iupiter,
 That day Neptuneus hid him like a star:
 That day dame Nature with great busines,
 Furthered Floza to show her craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn,
 And Cynthia in Sagitar assailed:
 That day came Ceres, goddess of the corn,
 Full joyfully Iohn upon land he pleased:
 The bad respect of Saturn was appealed
 That day by Iuno, of Iupiter the joy,
 Perurbding spirits causing to hold coy.

The sound of birds surmounting all the skyes,
 With melodie of notes musical,
 The balme drops of dew Titan up dyes,
 Hanging upon the tender twigs smal,
 The heavenly dew and sound angelical,
 Such perfect pleasures painted in mine heart,
 That with great pain from them I might depart.

So still among those herbs amiable

I did remain a space for my pittance,
 But worldly pleasure is so variable,
 Wixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
 that thereunto is no comparittance:
 So might I say, my short solace, alace,
 was driven to dolour in a little space.

For in that earth among these fragrant flowers,
 walking alone, none but my bird and I:
 Unto the time, that I had said mine hours,
 this bird I set upon a branch me by,
 But she began to speak right speedily,
 And in that tree did so highly ascend,
 that by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too high,
 Return in time, perchance thy feet may faile.
 Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to see:
 the greedy glee, I dread the thee as ayle.
 I will, said she, Gailie quod Gailie,
 It is my kind to climb ay to the high;
 Of feather and bone, I wot well I am wight.

So on the highest little tender twist,
 with wings display'd, she sat full wantonly:
 But Boreas blew a blast ere ever she wist,
 which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
 Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
 Upon a stub, she lighted on her breast,
 the blood rush't out, and she cry'd for a priest.

God wot, if then mine heart was too begone,
 To see that fowl flighter among the flowers,
 which with great murning gan to make her mone,
 Now coming are, said she, the fatal hours
 Of bitter death, now must I choke the thowrs:
 O dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
 Lend me leasure to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
 And to dispoone my goods ere I depart,
 Since of all comfort I am desolate,
 Alone, except the death here with his dart,
 with awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:
 And with that word she took a passion,
 then flatly fell, and swapp'd into swoon.

With soze heart pierc'd with compassion,

And salt tears distilling from mine een,
 to hear that birds lamentation,
 I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
 where I might hear and see, and not be seen :
 And when this bird had swooned twice of thisle,
 She began to speak, saying on this wise :

O false fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd ?
 This day at morn, who knew this careful case ?
 Gain hope, through thee my reason was erill'd,
 Having such trust into thy fained face :
 That ever I was brought to the court, alace,
 Had I in forest flown among my peers,
 I might full well have lived many years.

Prudent counsel, alace, I did refuse,
 Against reason using mine appetit :
 Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
 That Colus at me had great despite.
 Poets of me have matter to indite,
 Which clamb so high, and wo is me therefore,
 Not doubting that the death should me devour.

This day at morn my form and featherm fair,
 Above the proud peacock was precelling :
 And now a captive carion full of care,
 Bathing in blood down from heart distilling,
 And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
 O world so false, and changeable felicity,
 Fly on thy pride, avarice and immundicity.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
 Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end :
 Thy false infortunat gifts been to us lent,
 This day full proud, the morn nothing to spend.
 Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
 My fatal end have in remembrance.
 And you defend from this unhappy chance.

Whether that I was stricken in extasie,
 Or through a strong imagination :
 But it appeared in my fantasie,
 I heard this dolent lamentation :
 Thus dilled into desolation,
 We thought this bird did blybe in her manner
 Her counsel to the king, as you shal hear.

The

The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed
to King James the fifth.

Prepotent Prince peerless in pulchritude,
Gloze, honor, laud, triumph, and victorie
Be unto thine high excellent celsitude,
With martial deeds condign of memory.
Since Atropos consumed hath my gloze,
And dolent death, alace, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfained heart.

Together with this Cedul subsequent,
With most reverent recommendation :
I grant thy Grace gets many document,
By famous Fathers predication :
With many notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in style herotical,
How thou shouldst guide thy seat impertal.

Some do deploze the great calamities,
Of divers realms the transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for thy Graces information :
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Among the rest (sir) something for to write.

Soveraign, conceive this simple similitude,
Of officers serving thy Senexorie:
who guide them wel, get at thy Grace great good;
Who are unjust, degraded are of gloze,
And cancellat out of thy memory :
Providing them moze pleasant in their place.
Believe right so God shal do with thy Grace.

Consider well thou be officiar,
And a vassal to that King incomparable :
Pleas thou to please that puissant prince preclare
Thy rich reward shal be inestimable,
Exalted high in gloze interminable,
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestats,
Pleasantly placed among the Principats.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetually
Shal make mention until the world be ended :
If thou exerce thine office prudently,
In heaven & earth thy Grace shal be commended:
wherefore

Wherefore feare that he be not offended,
which hath exalted thee to such honor,
Of his people to be a Governor.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
Under thy feet all things terrestrial,
Are subject to thy pleasure and pittance :
Both fowls and fishes, and beasts pastoral :
Men to thy service, and women they are thral :
Hauking, hunting, arms, and lawfull armour,
Proordinat by God for thy pleasure.

Masters of musick to recreate thy spirit,
With daunted voyce, and pleasant instrument :
Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures compleat,
If in thine office thou be diligent :
But be thou sound, soathful and negligent,
Or unjust in thine execution,
Thou shalt not fall diuine punishment.

Wherefore since thou hast such capacity
To learn to play so pleasantly, and sing,
Ride horse, run spear, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow, & culvering :
Among the rest, sir, learn to be a king :
With on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
Granted to thee by influence diuine.

And since the definition of a King,
Is for to haue of people governance,
Address thee first, above all other thing,
To put thy body to such ordinance,
That thy vertue thine honor may advance :
For how should princes govern their regions,
That cannot duely guide their own persons ?

And if thy Grace would liue right pleasantly,
Call thy counsel, and cast on them thy cure :
Their iust decreets defend and fortifie :
Without good counsel may no prince long endure :
Work with counsel, then shalt thy work be sure,
Choose thy counsel of the most sapient,
Without regard to blood, riches, or rent.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
Now in thine adolescent years young,
Wouldst thou each day study but half an houre,
The regiment of princely governing,

To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
There mightst thou find thine own vocation,
how thou shouldst use the scepter, sword & crown.

The chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
which may be mirror to thy majestie :
There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
Of every Prince after his qualitty :
Though they be dead, yet their works shal not die.
Trust well thou wilt be stiled in that Royle,
As thou deserves to be put in memorie.

Request that Roy which was rent on the rood,
Thee to defend from deeds of defame,
That no Poet report of thee but good :
For Princes dayes endure but as a dream :
Since first king Fergus bare a diadem,
Thou art the last king of Llescoie and Lue,
And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Of whose number fifty and five were slain,
And most part of their own misgovernance :
Wherefore, I thee beseech, my sovereign,
Consider of their lives the circumstance :
And when thou knowst y^e cause of their mischance,
On vertue then exalt thy self on hie,
Trusting in God t^e escape that destinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy brother,
Which must at need thee and thy realm defend :
When suddenly one doth oppress another,
Let justice mixt with mercy them amend.
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend :
And by the contrare, thou art but king of bone,
From time that their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leasure for to write at length,
By whole intent unto thine Excellence :
Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
By mortal wound toth me such violence :
People of me may have experience :
Because, alas, I was uncounsellable :
Now must I die a captive miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed
to her brethren of Court.

Brethren of Court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you :
Am=

Imprynt my fall in your memorial,
 Together with this cedul that I send you :
 to preals over high, I pray you, not pretend you.
 This vain ascense of Court who will consider,
 who sits most hie, shal find his seat most slider.

So ye that now go lanching up the ladder,
 Take heed in time, fastning your fingers fast.
 Who climbs most hie, most dint hath of the wea.
 And least defence against the bitter blast (ther,
 Of false fortune, which never taketh rest :
 But now redoubted dayly she down thynge,
 Not sparing Dopes, Emperors nor Kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the skyes,
 And have both king and court in governance :
 Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
 Complaining soze the court its variance :
 the preterit time may be experience,
 Which thogh vain hope of court did climb so hie,
 then lacked wings, when they thought best to flie.

Since each court is untrust and transitozy,
 Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind,
 Making some glad, and other some right sozy :
 For most this day, the moyn may go behind.
 Let not vain hope of court your reason blind.
 Trust wel some men wil give you lands as Lords
 that would be glad to see you hang on cords.

I durst declare the miserability
 Of diverse courts, were not my time is short;
 The dreadful change, vain gloze, and vility,
 the painful pleasures, as Poe's do report.
 Sometime in hope, sometime in discomfort :
 And how some men do spend their youthhood hail
 In court, and ends into the hospital.

How some in court are quyet counsellers,
 without regard to common-wal of kings,
 Casting their cure for to be conquerers :
 And when they were high raised in their reigns,
 how chage of court them dolesully down thynge,
 And when they were from their estat deposed,
 Ho v many of their fall been right rejoyced.

And now fond fained fools and flatterers,
 For smal service obtain oft great rewards :

Panders, pike-thanks, cuttrons, and clatterers,
 Lowps up from lands, then lights amōg plairds.
 Blasphematozs, beggars, and common bards,
 Sometime in court have moze authozity,
 then devout Doctozs of Divinity.

Who in some court been bairns of Beliel,
 Full of dissimulat painted flattery,
 Provoking by intoricat counsel,
 Princes to whozedom and to harlotry :
 who do in princes put such halatry,
 I say for me, such peart provocatozs,
 Should punisht be above all strong traytozs.

What travel, trouble, and calamity
 Have been in court within these hundred years ?
 What mortal changes, and what miseries ?
 What noble men been bzought upon their beers ?
 Trust well, my friends, follow you must your
 So since in Court been no tranquility, (feers :
 Set not on it your whole felicity.

The Court changes oftentimes with such outrage
 That few or none may make it resistance :
 And spareth not the Prince moze then the page,
 As well appeareth by experience.
 The Duke of Rothsay might make no defence,
 which was pertaining Roy of this region,
 But dolefully devoured was in prison.

What dread, what dolor had that noble king
 Robert the third, when once he knew the case
 Of his two sons the dolent departing,
 Prince David dead, and James captive ? alace !
 to true Scots-men which was a careful case.
 This may ye know, the Court is variand,
 when blood royal the change may not gainstand.

Who reign'd in Court moze hie & triumphant
 Then Duke Burdoc while that his day endured ?
 Was he not then Protector of Scotland ?
 Yet of the Court he was not well assured.
 It changed so, h's long service was smored :
 He and his fair son Walter but remead,
 Forfaulted were, and put to doleful dead,
 King James the first, the patron of prudence,
 Gem of ingine, and pearl of policie,

well

Well of Justice, and flood of eloquence;
 whose vertue doth transcend my fantasie,
 For to describe; yet when he stood most hie,
 By false exorbitant conspiration,
 that prudent prince was piteously put down.

And James the second, Roy of great renown,
 Being in his super-excellent gloze,
 Through rakeles shooting of a great canon,
 the dolent death, alace! did him deuoze.
 One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
 That fortune had at him such mortal seed,
 Among fifty thousand to wail him by the head.

My heart is pierced with pains for to pause,
 Or for to write that Courts variance
 Of James the third, when he had governance:
 The dolor, dread, and desolation,
 the change of Court and conspiration:
 And how that Cochran with his company,
 that time in Court clamb so presumptuously.

It had been good these baits had not been born
 By whom that noble prince was so abused:
 they grew as did the weeds among the corn.
 That prudent Lords counsel was refused,
 And held him quyet, as he had been included.
 Alace, that prince by their abuson,
 was finally brought to confusion.

They clamb so hie, and got such audience;
 And with their prince grew so familiar:
 his german brethren might get no presence:
 The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
 Like banisht men were holden at the bar:
 Till in the king there grew such mortal fead,
 he fleem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus Cochran with his catibe company,
 Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers,
 Above the high cedars of Lebanie:
 They clamb so hie, til they lap over their ladders,
 On Lawder bridge then keeped were in tedders,
 Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
 their King captive, which was a careful case.

To put in writ the fate unfortunat,
 And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine:

My wits been weak, my fingers fatigat,
To dict or write the rancon and ruine,
The civil war, the battel intestine,
How that the son with banner broad display'd,
Against his father in battel came array'd.

Should God y day the prince had been comforted
With sapience of the great Solomon,
And with the strength of Samson been supported,
With the bold host of the great Agamemnon.
What should I wish? remedy there is none:
At morn a King, with scepter, sword and crown,
At night with death a deformed carion.

Alace, where is that right redoubred Roy,
That potent prince, gentle James the sixth?
I pray to Christ his soul for to conuoy:
A greater Noble never reign'd on the earth.
O Atropus! wary may be thy word:
For he was mirror of humility,
Lead-star and lamp of liberality.

During his time so Justice did preuail,
The savage Mies trembled for terrors:
Esdaile, Cusdaile, Liddisdale and Annandale,
Durst not rebel, doubting his dints deare,
And of his Lords had such perfect fauour;
So for to show that he affear'd not one,
Out through the realm he would ride him alone.

And of his Court through Europe sprang the
Of lusty Lords, and tender Ladies ying: (some
Triumphant turners, jinking, & knightly game,
With all pastime, according for a King.
He was the gloze of princely governing:
Who through the ardent love he had to France,
Against England did move his ordinance.

Of Flodden field the ruine to reholde,
Of that most dolent day for to deplore,
I will for dread, lest dolor you beholde:
Show you that prince in his triumphant gloze
Destroyed was, what needeth process more?
Not by the vertue of the English ordinance,
But by his own wilful misgovernance.

Alace, that day had he been counsellable,
He had obtained land, gloze, and victorie:

whose

Whose piteous process been so lamentable,
 I soze for to put in memory.
 I never read in tragedy and story,
 At one journey so many Nobles slain,
 For the defence and love of their Soveraign.

Now, brethren, mark into your remembrance,
 A mirroz of these mutabilittes,
 So may ye know of the Courts inconstance:
 When Princes are thus pulled from their sees,
 After whose death, what strange adverbities:
 What great misrule into this region rang,
 When our prince yong could nether speak nor gang:

During his tender youth & innocence, (chance?
 what stouth, what reaf, what murder and mis-
 There was nocht else but weaking & mischance,
 Into that Court there reign'd such variance:
 Diverse rulers made diverse ordinance.
 Sometime our Queen reign'd in authoristy,
 Sometime the proud Duke of Albany.

Sometime the Realm was ruled by regents,
 Sometime by Lieutenants leaders of the Law:
 Then reign'd so many disobedients,
 That few or none stood of another aw:
 Oppression did so loud his bowgel blaw,
 That none durst ride but into fear of wear.
 John-upon-land that time did lose his meir.

Who was moze high in honoz elebat
 Then was Margaret, our high & mighty Prin-
 Such power was to her appropriat, (cess:
 Of king and realm, that she was Governess,
 Yet came a change within a short process:
 That pearl preclare, that lusty pleasant Duren,
 Long time into that Court durst not be seen.

The Archbishop of saint Andrews James Betō,
 Chancellor and pimat in power pastoral,
 Clamb next the king, most in this region:
 The ladder shook, he lap, and got a fall:
 Authoristy, nor power spiritual,
 Riches, friendship might not that time prevail,
 When dame Curia began to stir her tail.

His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
 That time the Court bare him such mortall fead:

As prisoner they kept him in despite,
 And sometime wist not where to hide his head;
 But disaquieted like John the Reast he yeed.
 Had not been hope bare him such company,
 He had been strangled by melancholy.

What cumber & care was in the court of France,
 When king Francis was taken prisoner.
 The Duke of Bourbon amidst his ordinance,
 Died at one stroke, right bailful brought to beer:
 The Court of Rome that time ran all arrier,
 When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
 The noble city put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
 Then their triumphant courtly Cardinal?
 The common-weal, some sayes, he did advance,
 By equal Justice, both to great and smal:
 There was no Prelat unto him peregal:
 English-men sayes, had he reigned longer space,
 He had deposed saint Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
 His Palace royal, rich and radious;
 Nor yet the flood of superfluity
 Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
 When once Dame Curia held him odious,
 Avail'd him not his prudence most profound,
 The ladder brake, and he fell on the ground.

Where been the doughty Earls of Dowglas,
 Which royally into this region rang,
 Forfault and slain? what needeth more process?
 The earl of March was marshalled them among.
 Dame Curia them dolefully down throng.
 And now of late who clamb more hie among us,
 Then did Archbald, sometime the earl of Angus?

Who with the Prince was more familiar,
 Nor of his Grace had more authority?
 Was he not great warden and Chancellor?
 Yet when he stood upon his highest gree,
 Trusting nothing but perpetuity,
 Was suddenly deposed from his place,
 Forfault and fleemed, he got no other grace.

Therefore trust not into authority,
 My dear brethren, I pray you heartfully;

Pre-

Presume not in your vaine prosperity :
 Confirm your trust in God all utterly,
 then serue your prince with heart entire truly :
 And when ye see the Court is at the best,
 I counsel you then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant court of Troy ?
 Of Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers :
 Of Julius, that right redoubted Roy ?
 Agamemnon, most worthy in his wears :
 To show their fine my frayed heart affears :
 Some murdered were, some poisoned pitcously,
 their careful courts dispersed dolefully.

Trust well there is no constant court but one,
 Where Christ is King, whose time interminable,
 And high triumphant gloire shal never be gone :
 That quiet court mirthful and immutable,
 without variance stands as firm and stable :
 Dissemblance, flattery, and false report,
 Into that court shal never get resort.

Trust well, my friends, this is no fained fare,
 For who that is in the extreame of dead,
 the verity doubtless they should declare,
 without regard to favor, or to feare.
 While ye have time, dear brethren, make remead :
 Adew for ever, of me ye get no more,
 Beseeching God, to bring you to his gloire.

Adew, Edinburgh, thou high triumphant town,
 In whose bounds right merrily I have been :
 Of true trades-men the root of this region,
 Most ready to receive Court, King and Queen :
 thy policy and justice may be seen.
 Where devotion, wisdom and honestie,
 And credence lost, it may be found in thee.

Adew, fair Snadown, with thy towers hie,
 The Chappel-royal park, and table round :
 May, June and July would I dwell in thee.
 Where I a man might hear the birds sound,
 which doth against thy royal rock resound.
 Adew, Lithgow, whose palace of pleasure,
 Might be a pattern in Portugal or France.

Farewel, Falkland, the fortress sure of Fife,
 thy polite park under the Lowmond law :

some:

Sometime in thee I led a lusty life :
 Thy fallow-deer to see them rake and raw,
 Court-men to come to thee they stand great aw,
 Saying, thy Burgh been of all bozrows bail,
 Because in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the Papingo, and
 her holy Executors.

The By percerv'd the Papingo in pain,
 He lighted down, and fained him to greet :
 Sister, said he, alace, who hath you slain ?
 I pray you, make provision for your sprite :
 Dispose your goods, and you confess compleat :
 I have power, by your contrition,
 Of all your mis to give you full remission.

I am, said she, a Channon regular,
 And of my brethren Prior principal :
 My white rocket, my clean life doth declare,
 The black is of the death memorial :
 Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
 Should be submitted whole unto my cure,
 Ye know I am an holy creature.

The raven came rousing when he heard þ rair,
 So did the gled with many a piteous pew,
 And fainedly they counterfeit great care.
 Sister, said they, your recklessness we rew :
 Now best it is our counsel you ensue,
 Since pretend to this promotion,
 Religious men of great devotion.

I am black Monk, said the raeling raven :
 So said the gled, I am an holy frier,
 And have power to bring you quick to heaven :
 It is well known, my conscience been clear,
 The black Bible pronounce I shal perqueer,
 So to our brethren you will give some good :
 God wot, if ye had need of livers food.

The Papingo said, Father, by the rood,
 Albeit your rayment be religious like,
 Your conscience, I suspect, it be not good :
 I did perceive when privily ye did plie
 A chicken from an hen under a dike.
 I grant, said he, that hen she was my friend,
 And I that chicken took but for my teind.

You know, the faith by us must be sustaine'd,
 So by the Pope it is preordinat,
 That spiritual men should live upon their teind :
 But well I wot you been predestinat,
 In your extreame to be so fortunat,
 To have such holy consolaton :
 wherefore we make you exhortation.

Since dame Nature hath granted you such
 Treasure to make confession general, (grace,
 Show forth your sin in time while you have
 then of your goods make a memorial. (space,
 we three shal make your feast funeral,
 And with great blis bury we shal your bones,
 Then trentals twenty trattle all at once.

The rukes shal rear, that men shal on them rewe
 And cry, Commemoratio animarum :
 we shal make chickens peep, and gassings pew,
 Although the geese and hens should make alarum :
 And we shal serbe secundum usum sarum,
 And make you safe, we find saint Blasse to burgh,
 Crying to you the careful cozynogh.

And we shal sing about your sepulture,
 Saint Wungo's matins, and the meekle Creed :
 And then devoutly say, I you assure,
 The old Placebo backward on the beed :
 And we shal wear for you the mourning weed.
 And though your spite with Pluto were possess,
 devoutly shal your dirigle be dress.

Father, said he, your sacond words fair,
 Full sore I dread be contrare to your deeds :
 The wives of the villages cryes with care,
 when they perceive ye mow oretwart their medes.
 Your false conceit both duc and drake sore dreads:
 I marvel soothly, that ye be not ashamed
 For your default, being so sore defamed.

I do abhor my pooz perturbed spite,
 To make to you any confession :
 I hear men say, you are an hypocrit,
 Exempted from the Senyle of the Selsion.
 To put my goods in your possession,
 That will I not, so help me dame Nature,
 For of my corps I will give you no cure,

But

But if I had the noble nightingal,
 The gentle jay, the merl, and turtle true,
 Mine obsequies and feasts funeral,
 Under they would with notes all of the new,
 The pleasant pown most angel-like of hew :
 Would God I were with him this day confest,
 And my devise duely by him adrest.

The mirthful mavis, with the gay goldspink,
 And lusty lark, would God they were present,
 Mine infortune forsooth they would fore-think,
 And comfort me that been so impotent.
 The swift swallow in practick most prudent,
 I know she would my bleeding stanch belive,
 With her most vertuous stome restringitive.

Count me the case under confession,
 The gled said proudly to the Papingo :
 And we shal swear by our profession,
 Counsel to keep, and show it no mo.
 We thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
 Declare to us some causes reasonable,
 Why we are holden so abominable ?

By thy travel thou hast experience,
 First being bred into the Orient :
 Then by thy good service and diligence,
 To Princes made here in the Occident :
 Thou knowst the vulgar peoples judgement,
 Where thou transcurred the hot Meridional,
 Then next the Pole the plage Septentrional.

So by thine high ingine superlative,
 Of all countries thou knowst the qualities :
 Wherefore I thee conjure by God alive,
 The verity declare withouten lies,
 What thou hast heard by lands or by seas,
 Of us church-men, both good and evil report,
 And how they judge, shew us, we thee exhort :

Father, said he, I cattive creature,
 Dare not presume with such matter to melle :
 Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure :
 Demand them which with prudence do excel :
 I may not peto, my pains have been so fell :
 Also perchance ye will not stand content,
 To know the vulgar people their judgement.

Yet will Death a litle withdraw his dart,
 All that lyeth in my memorial,
 I shal declare with true unfained heart.
 And first, I say to you in general,
 The common people sayeth, ye be all
 Degenerat from your holy p[ri]mitives,
 As testifies the process of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predecessors,
 The beginning, I grant, was very good :
 Apostles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confessors,
 The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
 was heard over all the world, by land and flood,
 Planting the faith by predication,
 As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortifie the faith they took no fear
 Before princes, preaching right prudently :
 Of dolorous death they doubted not dear,
 the verity declaring fervently,
 And martyrdom they suffered patiently :
 They took no cure of lands, riches, nor rent :
 Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To show their works at length were great wō:
 whose miracles they were so manifest, (Ver,
 In Name of Christ they healed many hunder,
 Raising the dead, and purging the possesst
 with perverse spirits which had been opprest :
 The crooked ran, the blind men got their een,
 the deaf men heard, and lepers were made clean.

The Prelats spoused were with poverty,
 Into those days when they shon with fame :
 And with her gentled Lady Chastity,
 And Dame Devotion notable of name :
 humble they were, simple, and full of shame.
 Thus Chastity, and Dame Devotion,
 were p[ri]ncipal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,
 Ay till there reigned in Romes great city,
 A potent Prince, was named Constantin,
 Perceived the Church had spoused poverty,
 with good intent, and moved with pity,
 Cause of divorce he put between them two,
 And parted them withoutten words mo.

Then

Then shortly with a great solemnity,
 Withouten any dispensation,
 The church he spoused with Dame Property,
 Which hastily by proclamation,
 To poverty caus'd make narration,
 Under the pain of piercing of her een,
 That with the church she never should be seen.

Saint Sylvester & time reign'd Pope in Rome,
 Which first consented to the marriage
 Of Property, of which began the bloom,
 Taking the cure on her with his courage :
 Devotion drew her to an Hermitage,
 When she considered Lady Property
 So high exalted into dignity.

O Sylvester : where was thy discretion,
 Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive :
 Andrew and John they did leave their possession,
 Their ships and nets, their lines, and all the labor,
 Of temporal substance nothing would they have,
 Contrarious to their contemplation,
 But soberly their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the wilderness,
 Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalen,
 Left heritage and goods, both more and less :
 Prudent saint Paul thought property prophane,
 From town to town he ran, in wind and rain
 Upon his feet, teaching the word of Grace,
 And never was subjected to riches.

The glee then said : I hear nothing but good,
 Proceed shortly, and thy matter advance.
 The papingo said : Father, by the rood,
 It were too long to hear the circumstance,
 How Property with her new alliance,
 Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
 And bare two daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest daughter named was Riches,
 The second sister Sensuality,
 Which did increase within a short process,
 Per-pleasant to the Spirituality,
 In great substance and excellent beauty,
 These Ladies two grew so within few years,
 That in the world were none might be their peers.

Thus royal Riches and Lady Sensual,
 From that time forth they took whole governance
 Of the most part of the spiritual :
 And they again with humble obseruance,
 Amorously their wits they did aduance,
 As true lovers their Lady for to please :
 God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach,
 They grew so subject to dame Sensual;
 And thought but pain poor people for to teach :
 Yet they decreed it into their counsaile,
 They would no more to marriage be thral,
 Trusting surely to obserue Chastity.
 And all beguil'd, said Sensuality.

Apparently they did expel their wives,
 That they might liue at large without thirllage,
 At liberty to lead their lusty liues,
 Thinking men thral that been in marriage :
 For new faces prouoke do new courage,
 Thus chastity they turn into delight,
 Wanting of wives been cause of appetit.

Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
 When once she did perceiue their purveyance :
 Dame Sensual a letter did proclaime,
 And her exiled Italy and France.
 In England could she get no ordinance,
 Then to the king, and to the Court of Scotland
 She turned her withoutten more demand.

Trusting into that Court to get comfort,
 She made her humble supplication :
 Shortly they said, she should get no support,
 But threatened her with blasphemation :
 To Priests go make your protestation :
 It is, said they, many a hundred year,
 Since Chastity had any entrance here.

Tyred for travel, she to the Priests past,
 And to the rulers of Religion :
 Of her presence shortly they were agast,
 Saying : They thought it but aduision
 Her to receive : so with conclusion,
 With one aduice decreetted and gave doom,
 They would receiue no rebel out of Rome.

Should

Should we receive that Romans have refused,
 And banish England, Italie and France,
 For your flattery, then were we well abused?
 Pass hence, said they, & fast your wayes advance,
 Among the Nuns go seek your ordinance:
 For we have made oath of fidelity
 To Dame Riches and Sensuality.

Then patiently she made progression
 Towards the Nuns with heart sighing full sore:
 They gave her presence with procession,
 Receiving her with honor, laud and gloire,
 Purposing to preserve her evermore:
 Of that novels came to Dame Property,
 To Riches, and to Sensuality.

Which sped them at the post right speedily,
 And set a siege proudly about that place:
 The silly Nuns did yield them hastily,
 And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
 Then gave their hands of perpetual peace:
 Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
 Then Chastity there no longer might bide.

So for refuge fast to the Friars she fled,
 Who said, they would of Ladies take no cure,
 Where is she now: then said the greedy glee,
 Not among you, said she, I you assure:
 I trust she be upon the borrow-moor,
 By south Edinburgh, and that right many means
 Profess among the sisters of the Seans.

There hath she found her mother poverty,
 And debotion her own sister carnal:
 There hath she found faith, hope and charity,
 Together with the vertuous Cardinal.
 There hath she found a convent yet unthral
 To Dame Sensual, nor yet with riches abused;
 So quietly these Ladies are inclosed.

The pyat said: I dread that they assailed,
 They render them, as did the holy Nuns.
 Doubt not, said he, for they are so attailed,
 They purpose to defend them with their guns:
 Ready to shoot, they have six great canons,
 Perseverance, constance and conscience,
 Austerity, labor and abstinence.

To resist subtil Sensuality,
 Strongly they are enamored feet and hand
 By abstinence, and kepted poverty,
 Contrare riches, and all her false fetbands.
 They have a Bombard brased up in bands,
 To keep their port, in the midst of their close,
 Which is called, Domine, custode hos.

Within whose fort there dare no enemies
 Approach their place, for bread of vints dour:
 Both night and day they work as vulture bees,
 For their defence, ready to stand in tour:
 And have such watches on their utter four,
 That dame Sensual with siege dare not assail,
 Nor come within a shot of their at sailly.

The priat said: O wherefo would they presume,
 For to resist sweet Sensuality,
 Or dame Riches, which rulers are at Rome?
 Are they more constant in their quality,
 Then the princes of spiritualty,
 Which pleasantly withouten obstacle,
 Have them received in their habitate?

How long trust ye, these Ladies that remain
 So solitarie in such perfection?
 The papingo said: Brother, in certain,
 So long as they obey correction,
 Choosing their heads by election,
 Unthral to riches and to poverty,
 But as requirith their necessity.

O prudent priats, where was your prescience,
 That took in hand to observe chastity
 But austere life, labor and abstinence?
 Perceive ye not the great prosperity,
 Apparently to come of property?
 Ye know great cheat, great ease and idleness,
 To lecherie was mother and mistress.

Thou rayn rock n, I raven said, by the rook,
 So to reprove riches and property:
 Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
 Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
 The papingo said: that is of verity:
 Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
 Providing als that they be not abused.

then

Then sayd the raven a replication;
 And said: Thy reason is not worth a mite,
 As I shal prove with protestation:
 That no man take my word into despite:
 I say, the temporal princes have the wite,
 That in the Church such pastors do provide,
 To govern soules, themselves that cannot guide.

Long time after the Church took property,
 The prelates liv'd in great perfection,
 Unhail to riches or sensuality,
 Under the holy spites protection,
 Orderly chosen by election,
 As Gregorie, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Celestine, and Linc.

Such patient prelates entred by the poore,
 Preaching the people by predication:
 Now dyk-lompers do in the Church resort,
 By symonie and application
 Of princes, by their presentation:
 So silly soules that are the Lords sheep,
 Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.

No marvel is though we religious men,
 Degenerated be, and in our life consumed,
 But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
 Our spiritual fathers have us so abused:
 Against our will these traitors been intruded,
 Latch men have now religious men in cure,
 Profess virgin in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
 In disposition of your benefices?
 The guarding of your Courtiers,
 Is some cause of these great enormities:
 There is a loth waiting like hungry flies,
 For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able
 whose greedy thirst been as insatiable.

Princes, I pray you, be no more abused,
 To vertuous men having so smal regard:
 Why should vertue through flatterie be refused,
 That men of cunning can get no reward:
 Alace, that ever a bragget or a baile,
 A whores-maister, or common hazardure,
 Should in the Church get any kind of cure.

Where I a man worthy to wear a crown,
 Ay when there baked any benefices
 I should cause call a Congregation,
 The principal of all the prelacies,
 Most cunning clerks of Universities,
 Most famous fathers of Religion,
 With their adVICE make disposition.

I should dispoſe all offices paſſorall,
 To doctours of Divinity or ſure:
 And cauſe dame Vertue pull up all her ſails,
 When cunning men had in the church moſt care,
 Cauſe Lords ſend their ſons, I you aſſure,
 To ſeeke ſcience, and famous ſchools frequent,
 Then them promote that were moſt ſapient.

Great pleaſure 'twere to hear a Biſhop preach,
 A dean, a doctor of Divinity,
 An Abbot which could well the convent teach,
 A parſon flowing in Philoſophy.
 I ſine my time to wiſh which will not be.
 Where not the preaching of the begging friers,
 Loſt were the faith among the ſeculiers.

As for their preaching, ſaid the papingo,
 I them excuſe, for why, they been ſo thral:
 To Propery, and her ſign daughters two,
 Dame Riches, and faire Lady Senſual:
 They may not uſe no paſſime ſpiritual:
 And in their habits take ſuch great delight,
 They have reſuſed ruslet and rapunch white.

Taking to them ſcarlet and cramoiſie,
 With menever, meretric, greece and rich armine:
 Their low heads exalted are ſo hie,
 To ſee their papal pomp it is a pine.
 More rich array is now with ſcrimyles fine,
 Upon the balding of the Biſhops mool,
 Then ever had Peter or Paul againſt yool.

Their fair ladies their chains may not eſcape,
 Dame Senſual ſuch ſeed in them hath ſown:
 Let's ſkath it were with licence of the Pope,
 That each prelat a wiſe had of his own,
 Then ſee their baſtards throughout ſcortery blown:
 For now be they well combed from the ſchools,
 They fall to work as they were common bulls.

Pew, said the gled, thou preacheſt all in vain,
 Ye ſecular folks have of your caſe no cures.
 I grant, ſaid ſhe, yet men will ſpeak again,
 How ye have made an hundred thouſand hoozs,
 which had not been, were not your lecherous lures
 And if I lie, heartily I me repent :
 Alas never a bird, I know moze penitent.

Then ſhe her ſhawe with devout countenance,
 To that falſe gled, which ſained him a frier :
 And when ſhe had fulfilled her pennance,
 Full ſubtilly at her he can enquire :
 Choole you, ſaid he, which of us bzethren herz,
 Shal have of your natural goods the cures :
 You know none been moze holy creatures.

I am content, ſaid the pooz papingo,
 that you, frier gled, & cozby monk your brother,
 have cure of all my goods, and eke no mo,
 Since at this time frienſhip I find no other.
 we ſhal be to you true, as to our brother,
 Said they, and ſwoze to fulfil her intent.
 Of that, ſaid ſhe, I take an inſtrument.

The pyat ſaid : What ſhal mine office be ?
 Over-man, ſaid ſhe, unto the other two.
 The rousing raven ſaid : Sweet ſiſter, let ſee
 Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
 The greedy gled ſaid : Brother, do not ſo :
 we will remain, and here hold up her head,
 And never depart from her till ſhe be dead.

The papingo thanked them tenderly,
 And ſaid, ſince ye have tane on you the cure,
 Then part my natural goods equally,
 that ever I had or have of dame nature.
 Firſt to the howlat indigent and pooz,
 which on the day for ſhame dare not be ſeen,
 to her I leave my gay galbert of green.

My bright depured eyes as cryſtal clear,
 Unto the Back ye ſhal them both preſent,
 In Phebus preſence which dare not appear,
 Of natural light he is ſo impotent.
 My birniſht beek I leave with good intent
 Unto the gentle piteous pelican,
 to help to pierce her tender heart in twain.

I leaue the gonk which hath no song but one,
 My musick with my voice angelical;
 And to the goose giue ye when I am gone,
 Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorickal:
 And take and dry my bones great and smal,
 Then close them in a case of Tbur fine,
 And them present unto the phenix syne.

To burn with her when she her life renews:
 In Arabie ye shal her find but weer,
 And shal her know by her most heavenly hews,
 Gold, azure, gowls, purple and syneper:
 Her date is for to liue fife hundred year.
 Wake to that bird my commendation,
 Also I make you supplicatton.

Since of my corps I haue giuen you the cure,
 Be speed you to the Court but carryng,
 And take mine heart of perfect portrature,
 And it present unto the soveraign king;
 I know ye will it close into a ring.
 Commend me to his Grace. I you exhort,
 And of my passion make him true report.

Be thre my tripes shal haue for your travel,
 With liver & lung to part equal among you,
 Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
 If ye failte, that in his net he sang you:
 Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
 Soze I suspect your conscience been too large.
 Doubt not, said they, we take it with the charge.

Adew brethren, said the poor papingo,
 To talk no more, I haue no time to carry:
 But since my spyt must from my body go,
 I recommend it to the queen of Farte,
 Eternally into her court to carrie,
 In wilderness among the holts bore.
 Then she inclin'd her head, and spake no more.

Plunged into her mortal passion,
 Full grievouslie she gripped to the ground:
 It were too long to make narration,
 With sighs full soze, with many a sting & sound,
 Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
 A compass round was with her blood made red:
 without remead there is nothing but dead.

And

And by she had in Banus was said,

Extincted was her natural senses she :
Her head full softly on her shoulders laid,
Then yield the spirit with pains punitive.
The raven began rudely to tug and rive,
Full ravenous like, his empty throat to feed,
Eat softly brother (said the greedy gled.)

While she is hot, let part her even among us,
Take thou an half, and reach to me the other :
Into our right, I wot no might dare wrong us.
The Pyat said, the flend receive the other,
Why make ye me step-bairn, and I your brother.
You do me wrong (sir Gled) I shew your heart.
Take here, said he, the puddings for thy part.

Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder late
For to behold that dolent departing :
Her angel feathers flying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nothing :
The pyat said, that pertains to the king,
Which to his Grace I purpose to present.
Thou (said the gled) shalt fail of thine intent.

The raven said, God no; I rar in a rope,
If thou get this to either king or duke :
The pyat said, plain I not to the Pope,
Then in a smiddie I be smord with smook.
With that the gled the piece caught in his clook,
And fled his way, the rest with all their might
To chase the gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now have ye heard the little tragedie,
The soze complaint, the testament & mischance
Of this poor bird which did ascend so hie :
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude endite, which is not to advance.
And to the Duler I giue commandement,
Make no repaite where Poets been present.

Because thou been of rhetorick so denude,
Be never seen near hand none other book :
With king nor queen, with lord, nor men of good.
With coat unclean, claim kindred to some cook :
Steal in a hook, when they list on thee look.
For smel of smook men will abhor to hear thee,
Were I sozswear thee, whersoz to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount
Knight, familiar servitor to our Sovereign
Lord, King James the fifth.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

Right potent Prince, of his imperial blood,
Unto thy Grace I trust it be well known,
My service done unto thy Celstitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shewn:
And though my youth-hood near be overblown,
Exerc'd in service of your Excellence:
Hope hath me beght a goodly recompence.

When thou wast young, I bare thee in my arm
Full tenderly till thou began to gang:
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With Lute in hand then sweetly to thee sang.
Sometime in dancing fiercely I sang,
And sometime playing fairies on the flure,
And sometime of mine office taking cure.

And sometime like a fiend transfigurat,
And sometime like a greesly ghost of gay,
In diverse forms oft-times disfigurat,
And sometime disguised full pleasantly.
So since thy birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd and ay to thy pleasure:
And sometimes steward, capper, and carbour.

Thy purse-master and secret thesaurer,
Thine usher ay since thy nativity:
And in thy chamber chief cubicular,
Which to this hour hath kept my sawtie.
Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a wretched worm hath made so able,
To such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural influence,
High of ingine, and right inquisitive,
Of antique stories and deeds martial:
Dore pleasantly the time for to overdrabe,
I have at length the stories to describe,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,

Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.
 Of Jason and Medea all at length,
 Of Hercules the acts honorable,
 And of Samsons supernatural strength.
 And of the leel Lovers the stories amiable,
 And oftentimes have I fained many a fable
 Of Troilus the sorrow and the joy,
 And sieges all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy.

The propheties of Rymer, Bede and Merlin;
 And many other pleasant history,
 Of the red Catin, and the Gyze Carlin:
 Comforting thee when that I saw thee soye:
 Now with support of the King of glory,
 I shal thee show a story of the new,
 The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
 With ornate terms though I cannot express
 This simple matter for lack of eloquence:
 Yet notwithstanding all my business,
 With heart and hand my mind I will address,
 As I best can, and most compendious.
 Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

The Prologue.

I N to the Kalends of January,
 When fresh Phebus by moving circular,
 From Capricorn was entred in Aquarie,
 With blasts that had the branches made full bare:
 The snow and fleet perturbed all the air,
 And fleemed Floza from every bank and burs.
 Through the support of austere Colus.

After that I the longsome winter night
 Had lyen waking in my bed alone:
 through heavy thought, that no way sleep I might,
 Remembryng of divers things by-gone.
 So up I rose and clothed me anone:
 By this fair Titan with his beams light,
 Over the world had spread his banner bright.

With cloke and hood I dressed me belive,
 With double-shoes and mittans on mine hands:
 Albeit the air was right penetrative,
 Yet sure I forth, lancting ovrthrough the lands
 Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands:

Because

Because unbloomed was both bank and bray,
And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Flora in dole-weed disguised,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
With sturdy storms her sweetness was surpris'd
Her heavenly hews were turned into sable,
Which sometime were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the frost the tender flowers I saw,
Under dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The smal fowls in flocks saw I flee,
To Nature making lamentation:
they lighted down beside me on a tree:
Of their complaint I had compassion,
And with a piteous lamentation,
They said, Blessed be summer with thy flowers,
And woe'd be thou winter with thy howers.

Alace, Aurora, the silly lark can cry,
where hast thou left thy balmy liquor sweet
That us rejoyced, we mounting in the sky:
thy silver drops are turned into fleet.
O lary Phebus, where is thy wholesome heat?
Why sufferest thou thine heavenly pleasant face
with misty vapors be obscur'd: alace.

Where art thou May, in June thy sister week,
well brodered with desires of delight?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Enbalmed with roses both red and white?
How old and cold January in despite,
Reaves from us all pastime and pleasure:
Alace, what gentle heart may this endure?

Oversyled with the clouds odious,
was the golden skyes of the Orient:
Changing in sorrow songs melodious,
which we had wont to sing with good intent,
Resounding to the heavens firmament:
But now our day is changed into night,
with that they rose, and flew out of my sight.

Denyve in heart, passing full soberly,
Un'to the sea for ward I past anon:
The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone,
till that I spy'd a little cave of stone,

High in a craig, upward I did approach,
without staying, and clamb up to the roach.

And purposed for passing of the time,
To defend from otiosity,
With pen and paper to register in rime,
So merry matter of antiquity:
And idleness, ground of iniquity,
She made so dull my spirits me within,
that I knew not at what end to begin.

But late still in that cave, where I might see
The waltering of the waves up and down:
And this false worlds instabilty,
Unto the sea making comparison,
And of this wretched worlds variation:
To them that tires all their whole intent,
Considering who most had, should most repent.

So with my hood I happed me full warm,
And in my cloke I folded both my feet:
I thocht my corps with cold should take no harm:
My mittans held my hands full well in heat:
The scouling rock me covered from the fleet,
There still did I sit my bones for to rest,
till Morpheus with sleep my sprite opprest.

So through the boysterous blasts of Colus,
And through my waking on the night before:
And through the seas moving marvellous,
By Neptune, with many a rout and roar.
Constrain'd I was to sleep withoutten more,
And what I dreamed in conclusion,
I shal you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay.

I Thocht a Lady of portrature perfyte,
Did salute me with benign countenance:
And I which of her presence had delite,
To her again made humble reverence,
And her demanded, saving her pleasure,
what was her name? she answer'd courteously,
Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.

Which come now is for pastime and pleasure
Of thee, and for to hear thee company,
Because I see thy sprite without measure,
So sore perturbed by melancholy:

causing

Causing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up and go anone with me.
So were we both in twinkling of an eye

Down through the earth in midst of the center,
 Ere ever I wist, into the lowest hell :
 And in that careful cave when we did enter,
 Pouting and youling we heard with many a yell,
 In flame of fire right furions and fell,
 Was crying many careful creature,
 Blaspheming God, and warping nature.

There saw we diuerse Popes and Emperors,
 Without recover many careful King.
 There saw we many wrongous conquerors,
 Withoutten right reauers of other reigns :
 The men of kirk lay bonden into bings.
 There saw we many careful Cardinal,
 And Archbishops in their pontifical.

Proud and peruerse Prelats out of number,
 Priors, Abbots, and false flattering friers :
 To specifie them all, it were a cumber :
 Regular Chanons, churle monks and charterers,
 Curious clarks, and priests seculars.
 There was some part of each religion,
 In holy kirk which did abuson.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
 the cause of these prelats punition ?
 She said, the cause of their unhappy chance,
 Was cobetous lust and ambition,
 the which now makes them lack fruition
 Of God, and here eternally must dwell,
 Into this painful poisoned pit of hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
 Prooking them to penitence by preachings :
 But serued worldly Princes insolent,
 And were promoted by their fained fleitching,
 Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching.
 By simonie was their promotion,
 More for deniers, then for deuotion.

Another cause of the punition
 Of these unhappy prelats imprudent,
 they made not equal distribution
 Of holy kirk Patrimony, nor rent;

But

But temporally they have it all mispent,
Which should have been triparted into three:
First, to uphold the kirk in honesty.

The second part, to sustain their estates,
the third part to be given to the poots;
But they dispoone these goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whoozs,
those cattives took no cure of their cures,
their church ruine, their Ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both in boord and bed.

Their bastard bairns proudly they provided,
The Kirk-goods largely they did on them spend:
In their default their subdities were misguided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I saw in raps of drals,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Casaphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traytor Judas,
Mahomet that prophet poysonable:
Coze, Dathan and Abiram there was.
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into these flames fleeting,
with careful cryes, soze groaning and weeping.

Religious men were punisht painfully,
For vain gloze and disobedience,
Breaking their constitutions wilfully:
Not having their over-men in reverence,
To know their rule they took no diligence:
Unlawfully they used Property,
Passing the bounds of wilful Poverty.

Full soze weeping, with voices lamentable,
They cryed loud: O Emperour Constantine,
We may wite thy possession poysonable,
Of all our great punition and pain:
Albeit your purpose was to a good fine,
thou banisht fram us true devotion,
Having such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a den full dolorous,
where that Princes and Lords temporal:
were cruciat with pains rigorons.
But to expream their pains in special,

It doth exceed all my memorial :
 Impoſſible pain they had but comfortiſg :
 Their blood royal made them no ſupportiſg.
 Some catibe king for cruel oppreſſion,
 And other ſome for their wrongous conquers,
 were condemned they and their ſucceſſion.
 Some for publick adultery and inceſt.
 Some ſuffered people never to live in reſt,
 Delighted ſo in pleaſure ſenſual,
 Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

There was the curſed Emperoz Nero,
 Of every vice the horrible veſſel.
 There was Pharaoh, with many princes mo,
 Oppreſſors of the children of Iſrael.
 Herod, with many mo then I can tell.
 Ponce Pilate was there hanged by the halfe,
 With unjuſt Judges, for their ſentence falſe.

Dukes, Marquelles, Earls, Barons & Knights,
 with their princes was puniſht painfully,
 Participant they were of their unrightſ.
 Forward we went, and ſer theſe Lords ly,
 And ſaw where Ladies lamentably,
 Like mad Lyons were carefullſ crying
 In flame of fire right furioſly ſrying.

Emperreſſes, Queens, and Ladies of honor,
 Many Dutcheſſes, and Counteſſes full of care,
 They pierſt mine heart theſe tender creatures,
 So pined in that pit full of deſpair.
 Plunged in pain with many ruthful rare,
 ſome for their pride, ſome for adultery,
 And for their tyſing of men to lechery.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
 ſome for making of wrongous heritours.
 For to rehearſe theſe likewiſe vicious,
 It were a great ſtay to the auditors.
 Of lechery they were the very lures,
 with their provocative impudicity,
 Brought many a man to infelicity.

Some women for their puſillanimity,
 Pre-ſet with ſhame they did them never ſhryve,
 Of ſecret ſins done into quietſ,
 And ſome repented never in their liſſe.

with

Withouthen ruth those ruffians did them rseb
Rigorously without any compasson,
Great was their dool and lamentation.

That we were made, they cry'd full oft, alace!
Thus tormented with pains intollerable,
We mended not when we had time and space,
But took in earth our lusts delectable:
Wherefore with stends ugly and horrible,
we are condemn'd for evermore, alace,
Eternally withouthen hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drink delicious,
with which we fed our careful carions:
Gold, silver, silk, and pearls precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
withouthen hope of our remissions.
Alace, our pains they are insufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a thousand
Common people lay slightering in the ste:
Of every state there was a hateful band,
There might be seen many sorrowful sye,
Some for envy suffered, and some for pry,
And some for lack of restitution,
Of wrongous goods without remission.

Wenworn merchants for their wrongous win-
Heurders of gold, and common usurers: (ning)
Falle men of law in cautels right cunning:
Thieves, reavers, and publick oppressers:
Some part there were of unleal laborers,
Craftsmen there saw we out of number:
Of each sort to declare, it was a cumber.

Also longsome for me is to indite,
Of this prilon the pains in special:
The heat, the cold, the dolor and despite,
wherefore I speak of them in general.
That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
whose reward is to re without remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.

Hunger and thirst in stead of meat and drink,
And for their clothing, toads and scorpions:
That dark mansion is capised with stink,
They see nothing but horrible visions:

They

They have but scozns and derisions,
 Of foul fiends, and blasphemations.
 There feeling is importable passions,
 For melody, miserable mourning :
 There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
 In hateful beds bitterly burning,
 With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with spite :
 Their consciences their hearts so did byte :
 To hear them fyre, it was a cause of care,
 So in despite plunged into despair.

A little above that dolorous dungeon,
 We entred into a countrey full of care,
 Where that we saw many a legion,
 Weeping & howling with many a ruthless rare :
 What place is that, said I, of blest so bare ?
 She answered, and said, Purgatory,
 Which purgeth soules ere they come to glozy.

I see no pleasure here, but meekle pain :
 wherefore, said I, leave we this sort in thair,
 I purpose never to come here again.
 But yet I do believe, and ever shal,
 That the true kirk can no ways erre at all :
 Such things to be as clarks do conelude,
 Albeit my hope stands most in Christs blood.

Above that, in the third yison anone,
 We entred in a place of perdition,
 Where many babes were making dearelie mone,
 Because they lacked the fruition
 Of God, which was the great punition
 Of baptism; they lacked the ensenye.
 Upward we went, and left that mirthless menyie.

Into a vault above that place of pain,
 Unto the which but sojourn we ascended,
 That was the Limb, in the which did remain
 Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,
 Eating the fruit, the which was so offended,
 Many a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
 With darkness, and with desolation.

Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
 Glad to escape those places perillous;
 We hasted us right wonder speedily,
 Yet we beheld the secrets marvelous,

Of mynes of gold and stoness precious :
 Of silver, and of every fine metal,
 Which to declare it were too long to dwell.

Up through the water shortly we intended,
 Which environs the earth withoutten doubt :
 Then through the air shortly we ascended,
 His regions through beholding in and out :
 Which earth and water closed round about,
 Syne shortly upward through the fire we went,
 Which was the highest and hottest element.

When we had all the elements overpast,
 That is to say, earth, water, air and fire :
 Upward we went withoutten any red,
 To see the heavens was our most desire :
 But ere we might win to the heavens empire,
 It behoved us to pass the way full even,
 Up through the spheres of the planets seven.

First to the moon, and visite all her sphere,
 Queen of the sea, and beauty of the night :
 Of nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
 For of her self she hath none other light,
 But the reflex of Phebus beams so bright,
 The twelve signs she passeth round about,
 In eight and twenty dayes withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
 Which Poets call the God of eloquence :
 Right doctor-like with terms delicious,
 In art expert, and full of sapience.
 It was pleasure to pause on his prudence :
 Painters and Poets are subject to his cure,
 And hot and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers sayes,
 He doth compleat his course naturally,
 In three hundred and eight and thirty dayes,
 Then upward we ascended hastily
 To fair Venus, where she right lustily
 Was set into a seat of silber sheen,
 That fair fresh Goddess, that lusty loves queen.

They pierc'd mine heart, her blinks amorous,
 Albeit that sometime she is changeable :
 With countenance, and chearful colorous,
 Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable :
 some

Sometime constant, and sometime variable,
 Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire,
 Swages the wrath of Mars that God of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe,
 She is both hot and moist of her nature :
 That is the cause she is provocative,
 To all them that are subject to her cure,
 To Venus works so that they may endure.
 And she compleats her courses natural,
 In twelve moneths withoutten any fail.

Then past we to the sphere of Phebus bright,
 That lusty lamp, and lantern of the heaven :
 And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
 And principal of all the planets seven,
 And set in midst of them all full even,
 As Roy royal rolling into his sphere,
 Full pleasantly into his golden chair.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,
 Giveth the life to every earthly thing :
 Which prince of every planet precellent,
 Doth foster flowera, and causeth herbs to spring.
 Through the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing.
 Also his regular reigning in the heaven,
 Is just under the Zodiack full even.

For to describe his diadem royal,
 Bordered about with stones shining full bright :
 His golden cart or throne imperial,
 The four steeds that draweth it full right,
 I leave to Poets, because I have no sight :
 But of his nature he is hot and dry,
 Compleating in one year his course truly.

Then up to Mars in by we basted us,
 Wonder hot, and dryer then the thunder,
 His face flaming as fire furious,
 His boast and brag more awful then an hunder,
 Made all the heaven most like to shake asunder :
 Who would behold his countenance and fear,
 Wigh' call him well the God of men of weer.

With color red, and look malicious,
 Right cholerick of his complexion,
 Austere angry, sweer and scottious,
 Principal cause of the destruction

able, Of many good and noble region,
 Were not Venus his ire doth mitigat;
 Ere. this world of peace would be right desolat.
 The God of grief withouten sojourning,
 In years two his course he doth compleat.
 Then past we up where Jupiter the king,
 Sate in his sphere right amiable and sweet,
 Complexionat with moistness and with heat,
 That pleasant Prince, fair, dulce, and delicat;
 Provoked peace, and banished debate.

The old Poets by superstition,
 Held Jupiter the father principal
 Of all these Gods, in conclusion,
 Of his prerogative in special,
 And by his vertues into general,
 To old Saturn he maketh resistance,
 When in his malice he would work vengeance.

This Jupiter withouten sojourning,
 Passeth through all the twelve signs full ven,
 In years twelve: then without tarrying,
 We past into the highest of the seven,
 To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heaven:
 With heavy cheer, and color pale as lead,
 In him we saw but dolor to the dead.

And cold and dry is he of his nature,
 Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
 Right unpleasant he is of portraiture,
 His intoxicat disposition,
 It puts all things in perdition:
 Ground of sickness and melancholous,
 Perverse and poor, both false and rascous.

His quality I cannot lode but tack,
 As for his moving naturall but weis,
 About the signs of all the Zodiac,
 He doth compleat his course in every year:
 And so we left him in his feble sphere:
 Upward we did ascend incontinent,
 But rest, till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of stars bright,
 Of figure round, right pleasant and perfit:
 Whose influences and right excellent light,
 And whose number cannot be put in writ,

Yet cunning clarks do naturally indyte
How he doth end his course withoutten weer,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.

Then the ninth sphere and mober principal
Of all the rest, we visit all that heaven,
Whose daily motion is continual,
Both firmament and all the planets seven,
From east to west making them go full even,
Into the space of four and twenty years.
Yet by the mind of the Astronomers.

The seven planets into their proper spheres,
From east to west they move naturally:
Some swift, some slow, as to their kind effects,
As I have shewn before especially:
Whose motion causeth continually
Right melodious harmony and sound,
And all through moving of these planets round.

Then mounted we with right fervent desire,
Up through the heaven called the crystalline:
And so we entred into the heavens empire,
Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne divine,
Reigns in his glozy inestimable,
With angels clear which are innumerable.

In orders nine these spirits glorious
Are divided, the which excellently,
Making loving with sound melodious:
Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently.
These orders nine they are full pleasantly
Divided into hierarchies three,
And three orders in every hierarchie.

The lowest order are the angels bright,
As messengers to this low Region:
The second order, archangels full of might,
Vertues, potestats, principals of renown.
The sixth is called, Domination:
The seventh Thronus, the eighth high Cherubim:
The ninth and highest called, Seraphim.

And next unto the blessed Trinitie,
In his triumphing throne imperial,
Three into one, and one substance in three,
Whose indivisible essence eternal,

The rude ingine of mankind is too smal
to comprehend : whose power infinit,
And divine nature, no creature can write.

So mine ingine is not sufficient,
For to treat of his high divinity :
All mortal men are insufficient
To consider these three in unity.
Such subtle matter I must needs let be,
to study on my creed it were full fair,
And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanity
Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
At the right hand of the divinity:
With an excellent court celestial,
Whose exercition continual
was in loving their Prince with reverence,
And on this wise they kepted ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the queen of queens,
well companied with Ladies of belite :
Sweet was the song of these blessed Mirgins,
No mortal man their solace may endyte.
The angels bright innumerable infinite,
Every order into their o wn degree,
were officers unto the Deity.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable,
Collateral counsellors in his consistory:
Evangelists, Apostles venerable,
were Captains unto the King of glory,
which chieftain-like had won the victory.
Of that triumphant court celestial :
Saint Peter was Lieutenant general.

The Martyrs were as noble stalwart-knights
Discomfitters of cruel barrells three,
the flesh, the world, the fiend, & all their mights,
Confessors, doctors in divinity,
As chapel-clarks unto his Deity :
And last we saw infinit multitude,
Doing service unto his Celestude.

Which by the high divine permission,
Felicity they had invariable :
And of his God-head clear cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable.

Their gloze and honoz was inseparable :
 That pleasant place repleat of pulchritude,
 Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfitte,
 And clear brightness withoutt obscurity,
 withoutt dolor, vulcor, and delite :
 withoutt ranconr, perfect charity :
 withoutt hunger, satiabilty :
 O happy are the souls predestinat,
 when soul and body shal be glorificat.

These marvellous mirths for to declare
 By Arithmetick, they are innumerable :
 The portrature of that Palace preclare,
 By Geometrie, it is unmeasurable,
 By Rhetorick also inpronounceable :
 There is no ears may hear, nor eyes may see,
 Nor heart may think this their felicity.

Whereto should I presume for to endite,
 The which saint Paul, that Doctoz sapient,
 Cannot expresse, nor into paper write,
 the high excellent work indelicient,
 And perfect pleasures ever permanent,
 In presence of that mighty King of gloze,
 which was and is, and shal be evermore.

At remembrance I humbly did desire,
 If I might in that pleasure still remain.
 Said she, Against reason is thy desire,
 wherefore, my friend, thou must return again
 Into the world where thou must suffer pain,
 And thole the death with cruel pains sore,
 Ere thou begin to reign with him in gloze.

Then we returned, sore against my will,
 Down through the spheres of the heavens clear :
 Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
 with soz heart, wot ye withoutt weer,
 I would full fain have stayed there all year.
 But she said to me, there is no remead,
 Ere thou remainest here, first thou must be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madame,
 Since that we have such contemplation
 Of heavenly pleasures, yet ere we pass hame,
 Let us have some consideration

Of earth, and of her situation.

She answered and said, That shal be done,
So were we brought into the air full soon :

Where we might see the earth all at one sight,
But like a mote so it appear'd to me,
In the respect of the heavens bright.
I have marvel, said I, how this may be,
The earth it seems of a smal quantity :
The least star fixed in the firmament,
Is more then all the earth, by my judgement.

She said : Son, thou hast shewn the verity,
The smallest star fixe in the firmament,
Indeed it is of greater quantity
then all the earth, after the intent
Of wise and cuning clarks sapient.
What quantity is then the earth : said I.
That shal I show, said she, to thee shortly.

After the names of the Astronomers,
And specially the Authoz of the Sphere,
And other diverse great Philosophers,
The quantity of the earth circular,
Is fifty thousand leagues withouten weat,
Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
Dividing ay one league in miles two :

And every mile in eight stades divided,
Each stade an hundred pace twenty and five :
A pace five foot, who would them right divide :
A foot four palm, as I can right describe :
A palm four inch. And who so would believe
The circuit of the earth, pass round about,
Must be considered in this wise, no doubt.

Suppone that there were no impediment,
But that the earth but perill were and plain,
Then that the person were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might pass round about, and come again
In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days two.
Go read the Authoz, and thou shalt find it so.

The Division of the Earth.

Then certainly she took me by the hand,
And said : My son, come on thy way with me
And,

And so she made me clearly understand,
How that the earth divided was in three,
In Africa, Europe and Asia,
After the mind of the Cosmographours;
That is to say, the two worlds descripturs.

First, Asia is contained in the Orient,
And is well more then both the other twain:
Africa, and Europe, in the Decident,
And are divided by the sea certain.
And that is called, the sea Meditteran,
Which at the strait of Barock hath entrie,
That is between Spanyie and Barbarie.

Toward the south-west lyeth Africa:
On the north-west Europe doth stand,
And all the east containeth Asia,
On this wise is divided the firm land.
It were meekle for me to take in hand
these regions to declare in special,
Yet shal I show their names in general.

In many diverse famous regions,
Is divided this part of Asia,
well plentiful with Cities, towys and towns,
The great Inde and Mesopotamia,
Pentapols, Persia and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres and Armentie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth & Arabie.

Sydon, Judea and Palestina,
Upper Scythia, Iure and Galilee,
Cyberia, Bactria and Philestina,
Hircania, Campegina and Samaria,
In little Asia stands Galathie,
Pamphilia, Iauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arthusia, Assyria and Mede.

Secondly, we considered Africa,
With many fruitful famous regions,
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant town,
of noble Carthage, that city of renown,
Saramantes, Napaber and Lybia,
Egypt also and Mauritanie.

Fez, with Numidie, and Tingitane,
Of Africa these are the principal:

Then Europe we considered in certain,
 whose regions shortly rehearse I shal :
 These principal I find above them all,
 which are Spayne, Italie, and France :
 whose sub-regions were meekle to advance.

Nether Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
 Austria, Histria, and Pannonia :
 Denmark, Gothland, Orunland, and Almanie,
 Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Morica, Rhetia.
 Helvetia, and diverse ma.

Also in four divided is Italie,
 Toscane, Vetruria, Naples, and Campanie.

And sub-divided sundry other wayes,
 As Lombardie, Venice, and other ma.
 Calaber, Romanes, and Genowayes.
 In Greece, Epirus, and Dalmatia,
 Thessalia, Africa, and Illyria,
 Achaia, Boetica, and Macedone,
 Arcadie, Pierre, and Lacedemone.

And France we saw divided into thre,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitaine :
 And sub-divided in Flanders, Picardie,
 Normandie, Gascoign, Burgundie and Brittain :
 And others diverse Dutcheries in certain,
 The which were too long for to declare,
 wherefore of them as now I speak no mare.

In Spayne lyes Castile and Arragone,
 Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate :
 Then saw we famous Isles many one,
 which in the Ocean sea were situate;
 them to describe my wit were desolat :
 Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,
 For I did never study in that art.

Yet I shal some of their names declare,
 As Madagascar, Gades, and Caproban,
 And other diverse Isles both good and fair,
 Situate into the sea Mediterran :
 As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Saban,
 Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilla,
 Caplus, Colie, and many others ma.

Who would at length hear the description
 Of every Ile, as well as the firm land :

The dream of
And property of every region,
To study and to read must take in hand,
All the authentick works to understand
Of Plinius, and worthy Ptolomie,
who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shal they find the names and properties
Of every Ile, and each region :
then I inquired of earthly paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession :
Then shew'd she me the situation
Of that precelling place full of delite,
whose properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradise.

This Paradise of all pleasures perfitte,
Situat I saw into the Orient :
That glorious Earth of every flower doth fleet,
the lusty lillies, the roses redolent,
Fresh wholesome fruits indeficient.
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green,
through vertue of the temperat air serene.

The sweet whollsome aromatick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinal :
The heavenly hew of those fragrant flowers,
It was a sight wonder celestial.
the perfection to shew in special,
And joyes of the region divine,
Of mankind it exceedeth the engine.

And eke so high in situation,
Surmounting the mid region of the air :
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may ascend so high as there.
For floods flowing from a fountain fair,
As Tygres, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile,
Which in the east transcurrerh many a mile.

The Countrey closed is about full right,
with walls high of hot and burning fire,
And straitly kepted by an angel bright,
Since the parting of Adam our Grandfyr,
which through his crime incurred Gods ire,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himself and his succession.

When this lovesome Lady Remembrance,

All this foresaid, had caus'd me understand,
 I prayd her of her benevolence,
 To show to me the Countrey of Scotland.
 Well son, said she, that shal I take in hand :
 So suddenly she brought me in certain
 Even just above the broad Ile of Britain.

Which standeth North-west in the ocean sea,
 And divided into famous Regions two :
 The south part England a full rich countrie,
 Scotland the North, with many Iles mo.
 By west England, Ireland doth stand also,
 Whose properties I will not take in hand
 To show at length, but only of Scotland.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendement,
 And as Remembrance did to me report,
 I shal declare the looth and veriment :
 As I best can, and into terms short,
 Wherefore effectnously I you exhort,
 Albeit my writing be not to advance,
 Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had over-seen this region,
 The which of nature is both good and fair :
 I did propone a little question,
 Beseeching her the same for to declare.
 What is the cause our bounds been so bare
 (Said I) or what doth move our misery ?
 Or wherefore doth proceed our poverty ?

For though the support of your high prudence,
 Of Scotland I perceive the properties :
 Also consider by experience,
 Of this Countrie the great commodities :
 First, the abundance of fishes in our seas,
 And fruitful mountains for our bestial,
 And for our corn full many lusty vail.

The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,
 the lusty lochs with fishes of sundry kinds :
 Hunting, hawking, for Nobles convenable,
 Forrests full of doe, roe, harts and hinds.
 the fresh fountains, whose wholesom crystal strands
 Refreshing to the flourishing green meades,
 So lack we nothing that to Nature needs.

Of every mettall we have the rich mines,
 Both gold, silver, and stones precious;
 Albeit we lack the spices and the wines,
 Or other strange fruits delicious,
 We have as good, and more needful for us:
 Wheat, drink, fire, clothes might there be caus'd as
 Which else is not into the Wappe found. bound,

More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
 Nor of more strength, great deeds for to endure;
 Therefore I pray you, that you would define
 The principal cause wherefore we are so poor?
 For I marvel greatly, if you assure,
 Considering the people and the ground,
 That riches should not in this realm abound.

My son, said she, by my discretion,
 I shal make answer as I understand:
 I say to thee, under confession,
 The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
 Neither into the people, nor the land.
 As for the land, it lacks none other thing
 But labour, and the peoples governing.

Then wherein lyes our inprosperity,
 said I, I pray you heartfully, Madam,
 You should declare to me the verity?
 Or who shal bear of our barran the blame?
 For by my truth, to see I think great shame,
 So pleasant people, and so fair a land,
 And so few vertuous deeds taken in hand.

Said she, I shal after my smal judgement,
 Declare some causes into general:
 And into terms short show mine intent,
 And then transcend unto more special.
 So this is my conclusion final,
 Lacking of Justice, Policy and Peace,
 Are cause of this unhappiness, alace.



It is difficile riches to encrease,
 Where Policy maketh no residence:
 And Policy may never have entress,
 But where that Justice doth its diligence.
 To punish where there may be found offence.
 Justice may not have domination,
 But where Peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause, then would I understand,
That we should lack Justice and Policy,
More then doth France, Italy, or England?
Madame, said I, show me the verity?
Since we have many laws in this countrey,
Why lack we of laws execution,
Who would put Justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal remead?
Or who may make amends for this mischief?
Said she: I find the fault into the head:
For they in whom doth ly our whole relief,
I find them root and ground of all our grief:
For when the heads they are not diligent,
The members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclud, the causes principal
Of all the troubles of this nation,
Are in the Princes into special,
The which have the gubernation,
And of the people domination:
Whose continual execution
Should be in Justice execution.

For when the sloathful herd doth slug and sleep,
Taking no care in keeping of his flock:
Who would go search among such herds sheep,
May able find many poor scabbed crock:
And going wild at large withoutten lock,
Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a linc,
And without ruth the silly sheep down bring.

But the good herd wakerife and diligent,
Doth so that all the flock are ruled right,
To whose whissel are all obedient:
And if the wolves do come by day or night
them to devoie, then they are put to flight,
Hunted and slain by their well daunted dogs,
So are they sure both of ewes, lambs and hogs.

So I conclud, through the negligence
Of our fatwat heads insolent,
Is cause of all this Realms indigence,
Which in Justice have not been diligent:
But to good counsel disobedient,
Having smal eye unto the Common-weal,
But to their singular profit every deal.

For when these wolves by oppression,
The poor people but pity do oppress,
Then should the Princes make punition,
And cause these rebels for to make redress,
That riches might by, and policy increase:
But right difficult it were to make remead,
When that the fault is so into the head.

The Complaint of the Common-weakh of Scotland.

AND thus as we were walking to and fro,
We saw a hosteous beern come oze the bent
But horse, on foot, as fast as he might go:
Whose rayment was all ragged, torn and rent,
With visage lean, as he had fasted Lent:
And forward fast his way he did advance,
With a right melancholtous countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pyke-staff in his hand,
As he had purposed to pass from hame:
Said I: Good-man, I would fain understand,
If that you please, to show what were your name;
Said he: My son, of that I think great shame:
But since ye would of my name have a feel,
Forsooth they call me, John the Common-weal.

Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disgraced?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable?
I have marvel to see you so surprised,
The which that I have seen so honorable:
To all the world you have been profitable,
And well honored in every Nation:
How happens now your tribulation?

Alace, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
With me, and how I am discherished,
Of all my grace, and must pass from Scotland,
And go before where I was cherished.
Remain I here, I am but perished,
For there are few to me that taketh tent,
Which makes me go thus ragged, riven and rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
For policy is fled again in France:
My sister Justice, almost hath lost her sight,
That she cannot hold rightly the balance,

Plain

Plain wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
the which debarreth Lawty and Reason,
And smal remead is found for open treason.

Into the south, alace, I was near slain,
Over all the land I could find no relief :
Almost between the Mers and Lochmabane,
I could not know a leel man by a thief.
To show their reef, theft, murder and mischief,
And vicious works, it would infect the air,
Also too longsome for me to declare.

Into the Highland I could find no remead,
But suddenly I was put to exile :
Those sweet swingers they took of me no heed,
Nor among them let me remain a while.
Also in the out-Isles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweariness, falshood, poverty and strife,
Put policy in danger of her life.

In the Law-land I came to seek refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my residence :
But singular profit caus'd me soon delodge,
And did me great injuries and offence :
And said to me : Scon, harlot, hie thee hence,
And in this Countrey see thou take no cures,
So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
For I know not to whom I should me mean :
For I have sought all the spiritual state,
which took no count for to hear me complain :
their officers they held me at disdain,
For Simony he rules up all that rout,
And Covetice that churl caus'd bar me out.

Widow hath chased from them chastity,
Devotion is fled unto the Priers :
Sensual pleasure hath vanisht Chastity :
Lords of Religion they go like seculars,
taking more count in telling their deniers,
Then they do of their constitution :
thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate :
Liberalitey and Lawty both are lost,
And Covetice with Lords laureat :
Knightly courage turned to brag and boast :

The civil war misguideth every hoast :
there is nought else, but each man for himself,
that makes me go thus banisht like an Elf.

Therefore, adew, I may no longer tarry :
Farewel, said I, and with S. Iohn to borrow :
But wot ye well mine heart was wonder sorry,
when Common-weal so souped was in sorrow.
Yet after the night, comes the glad morrow.
wherefore, I pray you, show me in certain,
when that you purpose for to come again ?

That question it shal soon be decided,
Said he : There shal no Scot have comforting
Of me, until I see the Countrey guided
By wisdom of a good and prudent king,
which shal delight him most above all thing,
To put Justice to execution,
And on strong traytors make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,
I see right well that proverb is full true :
wo to the realm : that hath too young a king.
with that he turn'd his back, and said : Adew.
Over firth, and fell right fast from me he flew :
whose departing to me was displeasand :
with that remembrance took me by the hand.

And soon I thought she brought me to the rock,
And to the cave where I began to sleep :
With that a ship did speedily approach,
Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep :
And then did slack her sails, and gan to creep
Toward the land, anent where that I lay :
But wot you well, I got a felloe fray.

All her great canons she let crack at once,
Down shook the streams from the top-castell :
They spared not the powder nor the stones :
they shot their boars, & down their anchors fell :
Their mariners they did shout and yell,
Then hastily I start out of my dream,
Wak in a fray, and speedily past hame.

And lightly dyed with list and appetit :
Then after past into an Oratoze :
I took my pen, and there began to write
All the vision that I have shewn before.

Sir, of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The Exhortation to the Kings Grace.

Sir, since that God of his preordinance,
Hath granted thee to have the governance
Of his people, and created thee a king,
Fail not to print in thy remembrance,
That he would not excuse thine ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy governing :
Wherefore address thee above all other thing,
Of his laws to keep the observance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.

Thank him that hath commanded Dame Nature,
To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture :
Her gifts they may be clearly on thee known :
To Dame Fortune thou needs no Procatour,
For she hath largely shown on thee her cure,
Her gratitude she hath unto thee shown :
And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
Have all thy hope on God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayst be his own.

And then consider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou art predestinat.
Thou mayst well know by true narration,
What sorrow and what tribulation
Hath been in this poor Realm infortunate :
Now comfort them that hath been desolat,
And of thy people have compassion,
Since thou by God art so preordinat.

Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of noble Dame Prudence :
Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude :
Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance,
And to thy Common-wealth have attendance.
And also I beseech thy Celitude,
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good :
And each flatterer thou flee from thy presence,
And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equal Justice both to great and small,

And

And be example to the people all,
 Exercising vertuous deeds honorable.
 Be not a wretch, for ought that may befall :
 To that unhappy vice, if thou be thral,
 to all men thou shalt be abominable.
 Kings nor knights are never convenable
 To rule the people, be they not liberal.
 Was never yet no wretch too honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
 Which made Midas of Thrace, the mighty King,
 That to his Gods made invocation,
 Through greediness, that all substantial thing,
 that ever he toucht, should turn but carrying
 Into fine gold : he got his supplication :
 All that he toucht without delation,
 Turned in gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
 And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Majesty serene,
 From lechery thou keep thy body clean :
 taste never that inforticat poison :
 From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,
 Till that thou get a lusty pleasant Queen,
 then take thy pleasure with my benison :
 Take heed how prideful Tarquin lost his crown,
 For the deforcing of Lucrece the sheen,
 And was deprived and banisht Romes town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,
 The Romans would be subject to no King,
 Many long years, as stories do record,
 Till Julius by vertuous governing,
 And princely courage gan on them to reign,
 And chosen of Romans Emperour and Lord.
 Wherefore, my sovereign, in thy mind remord,
 that vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
 Except it be by special grace restor'd.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honor grew,
 Use counsel of thy prudent Lords rew :
 And see thou not presumptuously pretend
 Thine own particular will for to ensue.
 Work with counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
 Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
 Which to good counsel would not condescend,

Till bitter death, alace, did them persue.
From such unhap, I pray, God thee defend.

And finally, remember thou must die,
And suddenly pass from this mortal sea,
And art not sicker of thy life two hours:
Since there is none from that sentence may flee,
King, Queen, nor Knight, of low estate, nor hie,
But all must thole of death the bitter howls.
Where are they gone those Popes and Emperors?
Be they not dead? So shal it fare on thee.
Is no remead, strength, riches, and honors.

And so with conclusion,
Make you provision,
To get the infusion
Of his high grace,
Which bled with effusion,
With scorn and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirming our peace.

The Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSAY, of
the Mount Knight, directed to the
Kings Grace.

SIR, I beseech thine Excellence,
Hear my complaint with patience:
my dolent heart both me constrain
Of mine infortune to complain.
Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
whom I shal blame of my mischance,
Whether Saturnus cruelty,
Reigning in my nativity,
By bad aspects which work vengeance,
Or other heavenly influence;
Or if I be predestinat,
In Court to be infortunat,
Which have so long in service been,
Continually with king and queen,
And entred to thy Majesty,
The day of thy nativity:
wherethrough my friends been ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed,
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of Court rewarded:

Blaming my loathful negligence,
 that seeks not for some recompence.
 When diuerse men do me demand,
 why getst thou not some piece of land,
 As well as other men have gotten?
 Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
 with such extreame discomforting,
 That I can make no answering.
 I would some wise men did me teach,
 whether that I should flatter or fleach:
 I will not flyt, that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy Celestude:
 And to flatter, I am defamed:
 Lack I reward, then am I shamed:
 But I hope thou shalt do as well,
 As did the father of Samel,
 Of whom Christ maketh mention,
 who for a certain pension,
 hired men to work in his vineyard:
 But who came last, got first reward,
 Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
 But he them prudently appeased:
 For though the last men first were serued,
 Yet got the first that they deserved.
 So I am sure thy Maiestie,
 Shall once regard me ere I die,
 And rub the rust of mine ingine,
 which is for languor like to time:
 Although I haue not like a bard,
 Long service yerneth ay reward.
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 that I so long lack recompence:
 Had I solisted like the labe,
 My reward had not been to craue:
 But now I may well understand,
 A dumb man yet wan never land:
 And in the Court men gets nothing
 without importunat asking.
 Alace, my sloath and shamefastness
 Debar'd me from all greediness:
 Greedy men that are diligent,
 Right oft do obtain their intent,
 And sail not for to conquest lands,
 And namely at young princes hands.

But I took never no other cure
 In special, but for thy pleasure:
 But now I am no more dispar'd,
 But I shal get princely reward:
 the which shal be to me more gloze,
 then them thou didst reward befoze.
 When men do ask ought at a king,
 Should ask his Grace a noble thing.
 To his Excellence honorable,
 And to the asker profitable.
 Though I be in mine asking sadder,
 I pray thy Grace, for to consider,
 thou hast both made Lords & Ladies,
 And hast given many rich rewards
 to them which were full far to seek,
 when I lay nightly by thy cheek:
 I take the Queens Grace, thy mother,
 My Lord Chancellor, and many other,
 thy nurse, and thine old mistress,
 I take them all to bear witness:
 Old Millie Dillie were he alive,
 My life full well he could describe,
 Now as a Chap-man bears his pack,
 I bare thy Grace upon my back:
 And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
 Dancing with many bend and beek.
 The first syllabs that thou didst mure,
 was Pa-da-lyne upon the Lure.
 Then plaid I twenty springs perquest
 which were great pleasure for to hear.
 From play thou letst me never rest:
 But Sinkerton thou lov'dst ay best.
 And when thou camest from the school,
 Then I behov'd to play the fool:
 As I at length into my dream,
 My sundry service did expream,
 though it be better, as saith the wise,
 hap to the Court, then good service:
 I know thou lovest me better than,
 then now some wiffe doth her good-man:
 Then men to other did record,
 Said, Lindsay would be made a Lord.
 Thou hast made Lords, sir, by saint Gell,
 Of some that hath not serv'd so well.

To you, my Lords, that do stand by,
 I shal you shew the causes why:
 If you list to carry, I shal tell
 How my misfortune thus befel:
 I prayed dayly on my knee,
 My young master that I might see
 Of age in his estate royal,
 Having power imperial:
 Then trusted I without demand,
 To be promoted to some Land:
 But mine asking I got too loon,
 Because th' Eclipse fell in the moon,
 The which all Scotland made on fear,
 Then did my purpose run a-rear,
 The which were longsome to declare:
 And eke mine heart is wonder sair,
 When I have in remembrance,
 The sudden change of my mischance:
 The king was but twenty years of age,
 When new rulers came in their rage,
 For Common-weal no taking care,
 But for their profit singular:
 Imprudently like witless fools,
 They took the young prince from the schools,
 Where he understood obedience,
 Was learning vertue and science,
 And hastily put in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland:
 As who would in a stormy blast,
 When mariners been all agast,
 Through danger of the seas rage,
 Would take a child of tender age,
 Which never had been on the sea,
 And to his bidding all obey,
 Giving him the whole governal,
 To ship, merchant, and marinal,
 For dread of rocks, and for land,
 To put the ruther in his hand:
 Without Gods grace is no refuge,
 If there be danger ye may judge.
 I give them to the devil of hell
 That first Devis'd that counsel:
 I will not say it was treason,
 But I dare sweare it was no reason:

I pray God let me never see reigne
 Into this Realm so young a king.
 I may not tarry to decide it,
 How then the Church a while was guided,
 By them that partly took in hand
 to guide the King and all Scotland.
 And eke longsome for to declare,
 their facond flattering words fair :
 Sir (some would say) your Majestie
 Shal now go to your libertie :
 Thou shalt to no man be coacted,
 Nor to the school no more subiected.
 we think them very natural fools
 that learn over meekle at the schools.
 Sir, you must learn to turn a spear,
 And guide you like a man of wear :
 for we shal put such men about you,
 that all the world, and mo shal doubt you.
 Then to his Grace they put a guard,
 which hastily got their reward,
 Each man after their quality,
 They did follow his Majestie.
 Some caus'd him revel at the racket,
 some harl'd him to the hurle racket.
 And some to show their courtly coses,
 would ride to let him run their horses,
 And mightily gallop over the sands,
 they neither spared spur nor hands :
 Casting gamonds with bendy backs,
 For wantonness some broke their backs :
 There was no play butt cards and dice,
 And ay sir flattery bare the price.
 Rounding and rousing one to another,
 Take thou my part (said he) my brother :
 And make between us sicker bands,
 when ought shal baik among our hands,
 That each man stand to help his fellow :
 I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
 So you fish not within my bounds,
 that shal I not, by great wounds,
 Said he, but rather take thy part.
 So shal I do, by my heart.
 And if the thesaurer be our friend,
 then shal we both get tack and tiend :

Take he ont part, then who dare wrong us,
 And we shal part the pelf among us.
 But haste us while the King is young,
 But let each man keep well his tongue,
 And in each quarter have a spy,
 As to advertise hastily,
 When any casualities
 Shal happen into our countries:
 Let us make sure provision,
 Ere he come to discretion.
 No more he knows then doth a saint,
 What thing it is to have or want:
 So ere he come to perfect age,
 We shal be sicker of our wage,
 And then let each carl crave another.
 That mouth speak more, said he, my brother:
 For God no? I ray in a rope,
 thou mightst give counsel to the Pope.
 Thus labor'd they within few years,
 that they became no pages peers:
 So hastily they made a band,
 Some gathred gold, some conquest land.
 Sir, some would say, By saint Denice;
 Give to me some fat Benefice,
 And all the profit you shal have:
 Give me the name, take you the lave.
 But by his Bulls were well come hame,
 To make service he would think shame,
 then slip away withoughten more,
 when he had gotten that he sought for.
 We thought it was a piteous thing,
 To see that fair young tender King,
 Of whom these Gallants stood none aw
 To play with him pluck at the crow.
 They became rich, I you assure,
 But ay the Prince remained poor.
 There was few of that guarison,
 that learned him a good lesson:
 But some to crack, and some to clatter;
 Some playd the fool, & some did flatter.
 Said one, Devil stick me with a knife,
 But (sir) I know a maid in fife,
 One of the lusttest wanton Lasses,
 Whereto (sir) by Wary she passes.

Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
I know fairer by fifteen fother.
Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass,
There shal ye see a lusty Bass,
Now trittle trattle, trow low,
said the third man, thou dost but mow,
When his Grace comes to fair Sterling,
there shal he see a dapes darling.
Sir (said the fourth) take my counsel,
And go all to an high bordel;
There may ye loup at liberty,
withoutten any gravity.
Thus every man said for himself,
And did among them part the peif.
But I, alace, ere ever I wist,
was troden down into the dust:
With heavy charge withoutten moze,
But I knew never yet wherefore.
And hastily before my face,
Another slipped in my place:
Which full lightly got his reward,
And stiled was, the ancient Laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took perforce in patience:
Praying to send them a mischance
that had the Court in governance:
The which against me did malign,
Contrare the pleasure of the king.
For well I know his Graces mind
was ever to me true and kind:
And contrare their intencion,
Caufd pay me well my pension:
Though I a while lacked presence,
He let me have none indigence.
When I durst netther peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a nook,
to see these uncouth vanities,
How they like many busie bees,
Did occupy their golden hours,
with help of these new Governours.
But my complaint for to compleet,
I got the sow; and they the sweet.
And John Macerrie the kings fool,
Got double garments against Pool.

Yet in his most triumphant gloze,
 For his reward got the glengoz:
 Now in the Court seldom he goes,
 In dread men tread upon his toes.
 As I that time durst not be seen,
 In open Court for both mine een:
 Alace, I have no time to tarry,
 to show you all the feery fairy,
 Now these that had the government,
 Among themselves rais'd a variance,
 And who most to my skath consented,
 within few years full soze repented,
 when they could make me no remed;
 For they were har'd out by the head:
 And others took the governing,
 well worse then they in all kind thing:
 those Lords took no more regard,
 But who might purchase best reward:
 Some of their friends got benefices,
 And other some got Bishoprics:
 For every Lord as he thought best,
 Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
 to be a watchman to his marrow,
 they gan to draw at the catharrow.
 The proudest prelats of the kirk,
 were fain to hide them in the mirk.
 That time so failed was their sight,
 Sensyn they might not thole the light
 Of Christs true Gospel to be seen,
 So blinded are their corporal een
 with worldly lusts sensual,
 taking in realms the goveral,
 Both guiding court and session,
 Contrare to their profelston:
 wherefore I think they should have shame,
 Of spiritual Priests to take the name:
 For I saas into his wark
 Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
 That call'd are Priests, and cannot preach;
 For Christs law to the people teach:
 If for to preach been their profelston,
 why should they mell with Court or Session?
 Except it were in spiritual things,
 Referring unto Lords and Kings

Temporal causes to be decided.
 If they their spiritual office guided,
 Each man might say they did their parts.
 But if they can play at the cards,
 And mollet moppie on a moal,
 Though they had never seen the school,
 Yet at this day, as well as then,
 Will be made such a spiritual man.
 Princes that such Prelats promotes,
 Account thereof to give rebukes,
 Which that not pass without punishment,
 Except that they mend and repent,
 And with due ministration,
 Work after their vocation.

¶ I wis the thing that will not be,
 The perverse Prelats are so hie;
 When once that they be called Lords,
 they are occasion of discords:
 And largely will propines heght,
 to cause each Lord with other fight,
 If for their part it may avail:
 So to the purpose of my tale,
 that time in Court rose great debate,
 And every Lord did strive for stae,
 That all the Realm might make no redding,
 till on each side there was blood-shedding.
 All fielded other in land or burgh,
 At Litchgow, Melros and Edinburgh.
 But to deploze, I think great pain,
 Of Noble men that there were slain:
 And as long some to be reported,
 Of them which to the Court resorted,
 As tyrants, traitors and transgressors,
 And comon publick plain oppressors,
 Ben-murderers, and comon thieues,
 Into that Court gat their relieues:
 There were few Lords in all these lands,
 But to new Regents made their bands,
 Then rose a reek ere ever I wist,
 the which could all their hands birst.
 Then they alone which had the guiding,
 they could not keep their feet from sliding:
 But of their lives they had such dread,
 that they were faine to trot ovet Tweed.

How potent prince, I say to thee,
 I thank the holy Trinitie,
 that I have liv'd to see the day,
 that all the world is went away,
 And thou to no man art subjected,
 Nor to such counsellors coacted.
 The four great vertues cardinals,
 I see them with the principals;
 For Justice holds her sword on hie,
 With her ballance of equitie,
 And in this realm hath made such order,
 Both through the wigh-land and the Border,
 That opprelstion and all his fellows,
 Are hanged high upon the gallow.
 Dame prudence hath thee by the head,
 And temperance both thy bridle lead.
 I see dame Force makes assistance,
 Bearing the target of Assurance,
 And lusty Lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht sensuality.
 Dame riches takes on thee such cure,
 I pray God, that she long endure,
 that poverty dare not be seen
 Into thine house for both her een:
 But from thy Grace fled many myles,
 Among the hunters in the Iles.
 Dissemblance dare not show her face,
 which wont for to beguile thy Grace.
 Folly is fled out of the town,
 which ay was contrare to reason.
 Policy and peace begins to plant,
 that vertuous men can never want,
 And all sloathful idle louns,
 Shal fettered be in the galeyouns.
 John upon land been glad, I crow,
 Because the rush-bush keeps his kow:
 So is there nought I understand,
 without good order in this land,
 Except the spiritualty,
 Praying thy Grace thereto have eye:
 Cause them make ministracion,
 Consozm to their vocation:
 To preach with unfained intents,
 And truly use the sacraments,

After Christs institutions,
Leaving their vain traditions,
Which do the silly sheep illud,
For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood:
And superstitious pilgrimages,
Praying to graven images,
Express against the Lords command:
I do thy Grace to understand,
If thou to mens Laws assent,
Against the Lords commandement,
As Jeroboam and many mo,
Princes of Israel also,
Consenters to Idolatry,
Which punish't were right piteously,
And from their realms rooted out,
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt,
Both here & there withoutten more,
And lack the everlasting gloze.
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithfull Patriarks,
Both in their words, & in their works:
And as did many faithfull kings
Of Israel, during their reigns:
As King David and Solomon,
Who Images would suffer none
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not Gods command:
But destroyed all Idolatry,
As in the scripture thou mayst see,
Whose rich reward was heavenly bliss
Which shal be thine thou doing this.
Since thou hast chosen such a guard,
Now I am sure to get reward:
And since thou art the richest king,
That ever in this realm did reign,
Of gold and stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hast thine honoz done advance,
In Scotland, England, and in France,
By martial deeds honorable,
And are to every vertue able,
I know thy grace will not misken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me,

Would thy Grace lend me to a day,
 Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
 And I shal fir with good intent,
 Thy Grace a day of payment,
 With sealed obligation,
 Under this protestation:
 When the Bass and the Ile of May,
 Bees set upon the mount Sinaï.
 When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
 Bees lift up to Northumberland.
 When Churchmen yeares no dignity,
 For wives no soveraignty:
 Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
 Then shal I give the gold again.
 Or I shal make to thee payment,
 After the day of Judgement.
 Within a moneth at the least,
 when saint Peter shal make a feast
 to all the fishers of Aberlady.
 So thou have mine acquittance ready:
 Failing thereof by saint Philan,
 thy Grace gets never a groat again.
 If thou be not content of this,
 I must request the King of blis,
 th at he to me have some regard,
 And cause thy Grace me to reward:
 For David king of Israel,
 who was the great Prophet royal,
 Saith, God hath whole at his command,
 the hearts of Princes in his hand,
 Even as he lists them for to turn,
 that must they do without sojourn:
 Some to exalt in dignity,
 And some deprive in poverty.
 sometime of low men to make Lords,
 And sometimes Lords to bind in cords,
 And them all utterly destroy,
 As pleaseth God that noble Roy:
 For thou art but an instrument
 Of that great God Omnipotent.
 So when it pleaseth thine Excellence,
 thy Grace shal make me recompence,
 Or he shal cause me stand content,
 Of quiet life and soverrent,

And take me in my iatter age,
 Unto my simple Hermitage,
 And spend what mine elders have won,
 As old Diogenes in his tun.
 Of this complaint, with mynd full meek,
 Thy Graces answer, sir, I beseeke.

Quod Lindsay to the King.

The Tragedie of the umwhile most Reverend Father, David, by the grace of God, Cardinal and Archbishop of Saint Andrews, &c. Compyled by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, alias Lyon King of Arms.

Mortales cum nati sitis, supra Deum ne vos crexeritis.

THE PROLOGUE.

Not long ago after the hour of prime,
 Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
 I took a book to exercise the time,
 Where I found many tragedy and story,
 which Iohn Boccass had put in memory:
 How many princes, Conquerors and Kings,
 were dolefully deposed of their reigns.

How Alexander the potent Conqueror,
 In Babylon was poisoned pitrouly,
 And Julius the mighty Emperour,
 Murdered at Rome, caufeltis and cruelly:
 Prudent Pompey in Egypt shamefully
 he murdered was, what needeth protest more,
 whose tragedies were pity to deplore.

I sitting so upon my book reading,
 Right suddenly before me did appear
 A wounded man abundantly bleeding,
 with visage pale, and with a deadly cheer,
 Seeming a man of two and fifty year:
 In rayment red, clothed full courtteously,
 Of velvet, and of saffron cramoisie.

With feeble voice, as men oppress with pain,
 Shortly he made me supplication,
 Saying, my friend, go read, and read again,
 If thou canst find by true narration,
 Of any pain like to my passion:
 Right sure I am were John Boccas alive,
 My tragedy at length he would describe.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
 Of mine infortune some remembrance:
 Or at the least my tragedy to write,
 As I to thee shal show the circumstance,
 In terms short of my unhappy chance,
 Since my beginning to my fatal end,
 Which I would to all creatures were kend.

Can I (said I) make such memorials,
 But of thy name I had intelligence?
 I am David that careful Cardinal,
 Which do appear (said he) to thy presence,
 That sometime had so great preeminence.
 Then he began his deeds for to endite,
 As ye shal hear, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinal.

I David Beaton, sometimes Cardinal,
 Of noble blood by line I did descend:
 During my time I had no Peregal,
 But now, alace, is come my fatal end.
 Ay gree by gree upward I did ascend,
 So that into this Realm did never reign,
 So great a man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentle-man,
 Princes to serve I set my whole intent:
 First to ascend to Arbroth I began
 An Abbacy of great riches and rent.
 Of that estate yet was I not content,
 To get more riches, dignity, and gloze,
 Mine heart was set, alace, alace therefore.

I made such service to our soveraign King,
 He did promote me to more high estate:
 A Prince above all priests for to reign,
 Arch-bishop of saint Andrews consecrat:
 To that honor when I was elevat,
 My priefeful heart was not content at all,
 Till that I creat was a Cardinal.

Yet preast I to have moze authority,
And finally was chosen Chancellor :
And for upholding of my dignity,
Was made Legat, then had I no compare.
I purchast for my profit singular,
My bores and my treasures to advance,
The Bishoprick of Brepoisse in France.

Of all Scotland I had the goverual,
But mine advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I reign,
But if I had been Pope, Emperoz, or King.
For shortness of the time I am not able,
At length to show mine acts honorable.

For through my princely prodigality,
Among Prelats in France I bare the prise :
I shew my lordly liberality
In banqueting, playing at cards and dyce.
Into such wisdom I was holden wise,
And spared not to play with King nor knight,
Three thousand Crowns of gold upon a night.

In France I made four honest voyages,
Where I did acts dign of remembrance :
Through me were made triumphant marriages,
To our Sovereign both profit and pleasance.
Queen Magdalen the first daughter of France,
With great riches was into Scotland brought.
That marriage through my wisdom was wrought.

After whose death in France I past again,
The second Queen homeward I did convoy :
That lusty Princess Mary of Lorraine,
Which was receiv'd with great triumph & joy,
So served I our right redoubted Roy :
Soon after that Henry of England King,
Of our Sovereign desired a communing.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
So that in York was set both time and place:
But our Prelats and I would never consent,
That he should see King Henry in the face :
But we were well content albeit his Grace
Had sailed the sea to speak with any other,
Except the King, who was his mothers brother.

Whereby there rose great war & mortal strife,
Great herſhips, hunger, dearth and deſolation:
On either ſide did many loſe their life:
If I would make a true narration,
I cauſed all that tribulation:
For to take peace I never would conſent,
Except the King of France had been content.

During this war were taken priſoners,
Of noble men fighting full furioſly,
Many a Lord, baron, and batchelers,
Wherethrough out king took ſuch melancholy,
Which drave him to the death right dolefully:
Extream dolor did ſo oberſet his heart,
That from this life, alace, he did depart.

But after that both ſtrength & ſpeech is leaſt,
A paper blank I made his Grace ſubſcribe,
Into the which I wrote all that I pleaſed,
After his death, which long were to deſcribe:
Through that writing I purpoſed belibe,
With ſupport of ſome Lords benevolence,
In this region to have preeminence.

As for my Lord, our righteous Governour,
If I would ſhortly ſhow the verity,
To him I had no manner of favor,
During that time I purpoſed that he
Should never come to no authority:
For his ſupport therefore he brought among us,
Forth of England, the noble Earl of Angus.

Then was I put aback from my purpoſe,
And ſuddenly caſt in captivity:
My prideſul heert to daunt, I do ſuppoſe,
Deviſed by the high divinity,
Per in mine heart ſprang no humility:
But now the word of God full well I know,
Who doth exalt himſelf, God will bring low.

In the mean time when I was ſo ſubjected,
Ambaſſadoys were ſent into England,
Where they both peace and marriage contracted:
And more ſurely for to obſerve that band,
Were promiſed diuerſe pledges of Scotland.
Of that contract I was no wiſe content,
Nor never would thereto give my conſent.

To Captains that kepted me in ward,
 Gifts of gold I gave them great plenty,
 For to the future time I had regard :
 Wherethrough I scaped from captivity :
 But when I was free at my liberty,
 Then like a Lyon loosed from his cage,
 Out through the realm I gan to rail and rage.

Contrare the Governour and his companie,
 Oftentimes made I insurrection :
 Purposing for to have him hastily
 Subdued unto my correction,
 Or put him to extreame subjection :
 During this time, if it were well decided,
 This realm by me was utterly divided.

The Governour purposing to subdue;
 I rais'd an host of many a bold Baron :
 And made a rade that Lithgow yet may rewe,
 For he destroyed a mile about the town :
 For that I got many black malisoun :
 Yet contrare to the Governours intent,
 With our young prince we unto Strivilling went.

For high contempton of the Governour,
 I brought the Earl of Lennox out of France;
 That lusty Lord living in great pleasure,
 Did looke that land and honest ordinance :
 But he and I fell soon at variance :
 And through my counsel was within short space,
 For fault and fleemed, he got no other grace.

Then through my prudence, practick & ingine,
 Our Governour I caused to consent,
 Full quietly to my counsel incline,
 Whereof his nobles were not well content :
 For why, I caus'd dissolve in Parliament,
 The band of peace contracted with England,
 Wherethrough came harm and her ship to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new mortal wears
 By sea, and such reaf without relief,
 Which to report my frayed heart effears :
 The verity to show in terms brief,
 I was the root of all this great mischief,
 The south countrey may say it had been good,
 That my nurse had smored me in my cood.

I was the cause of meekle more mischance,
 For th'uphold of my gloze and dignity,
 And pleasure of the potent King of France,
 With England would I have no unity:
 But who consider would the verity,
 We might full well have liv'd in peace and rest,
 Nine or ten years, and then playd loose or fast.

Had we with England kepted our contracts,
 Our noble-men had liv'd in peace and rest,
 Our merchants had not lost so many packs.
 Our common people had not been oppress,
 On either side all wrongs had been redrest:
 But Edinburgh since, then Leith and Kinghorn,
 That day and hour may ban that I was born.

Our Governour to make him to me sure,
 With sweet and subtil words I did him allure,
 Till I his son and heir got in my cure:
 To that effect I found a crafty wile,
 That he no manner of way might me beguile.
 Then leugh I when his lieges did alledge,
 How I his son had gotten into pledge.

The Earl of Angus, and his germane brother,
 I purpos'd then to make them lose their life:
 Right so to have destroyed many other,
 Some with the fire, some with the sword and knife:
 In special many Gentle-men in Fife:
 And purpos'd to put to great torment,
 All favorers of the Old and New Testament.

Then every man they took of me such fear,
 That time when I had so great governance:
 Great Lords dreading I should do them dear.
 They durst not come to Court without assurance.
 Since then there hath not been such variance.
 Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
 Without assurance come full courteously.

Wine hope was most into the king of France,
 Together with the Popes Holiness,
 More then in God, my worship to advance:
 I trusted so into their gentleness,
 That no man durst presume me to oppress.
 But when the day came of my fatal hour,
 Far was from me their support and succour.

then

Then to preserve my riches and my life,
 I made a strength of walls high and brad :
 Such a fortress was never found in fife,
 Believing there no man durst me invade :
 Now find I true the Saw which David saide;
 Except God of an house be master of wark.
 He works in vain, though it be never so stark.

For I was through the whole power divine,
 Right dolefully beat down among the ash,
 Which could not be through mortal mans ingine,
 But as David did kill the great Goliath,
 Or Holoferne by Judith killed was,
 In midst among his triumphant army,
 So was I slain into my chief city.

When I had greatest domination,
 As Lucifer had in the heavens empire,
 Came suddenly my deprivation,
 By them which did my doleful death conspire :
 So true it was their furious burning ire :
 I got no time, leasure, nor liberty
 To say, In manus tuas, Domine.

Behold my fatal infelicity,
 I being in my strength incomparable :
 That dreadful dungeon made me no supply :
 My great riches and rents profitable,
 My silver-work, jewels inestimable.
 My papal pomp of gold, my rich treasure,
 My life and all I lost in half an hour.

To the people was made a spectacle
 Of my death and deformed carion.
 Some said, It was a manifest miracle,
 Some said, It was divine punishment,
 So to be slain into my strong dungeon.
 When every man had judg'd as he list,
 They salted me, then clos'd me in a list.

I lay unburied five moneths and more,
 Ere I was born to Cloister, Church or Queer :
 In a dung-hill, great pity to deplore,
 Without suffrage of Chanon, Monk or Frier.
 All proud Prelats at me may lessons lear,
 Which reign'd so long, and so triumphantly,
 Then in the dust dung down so dolefully.

O Ye my brethren, princes of the prests,
I make to you hearty supplication :
Both night and day revolve into your breasts,
The process of my deprivation.
Consider what been your vocation,
To follow me, I pray you, not pretend you,
But read at length this cedut that I send you.

Ye know how Iesus his disciples sent
Ambassadors to every Nation,
To show his Law and his Commandement,
To all people by predication :
Therefore to you I make narration,
Since ye to them are very successors,
Ye ought to do as did your predecessors.

How dare ye be so bold to take in hand,
For to be Heraulds to so great a King;
To bear his message both to burgh and land,
Ye being dumb, and can pronounce nothing :
Like men sheels that can neither play nor sing :
Or why should men give to such herds an hyre,
that cannot guide their flock about the myre :

A shame ye not to be Christ's servants,
And for your hyre have great temporal lands,
Since of your office ye cannot take the cures,
As Canon law and scripture you commands :
Ye will not lack teind sheef nor offerand,
teind wool, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryse and
To make service ye are all out of use. (Good)

My dear brethren, do not as ye were wont,
Amend your lives now while your days endure
Trust well ye shal be called to your count,
Of every thing belonging to your cures :
Leave halartry, your harlotry and whoors,
Remembryng on mine unprovided dead,
For after death may no man make remead.

Ye prelats that have thousands for to spend,
ye send a simple Frier for you to preach :
It is your craft, I make it to you kend,
Pour selves into your Temple for to teach :
But marvel not though silly friers fleach;
For if they plainly show the verity,
Then will they want the bishops charity.

where

Wherefore is given to you such royal rent,
But for to feed the people spiritual food;
Preaching to them the old and new testament :
The Law of God doth plainly so conclude.
But not your hope into vain worldly good,
As I have done : behold my great treasure,
Wade me no help at mine unhappy hour.

That day when I was bishop consecrat,
The great Bible was bound upon my back :
What was therein I little knew, God wat,
More then a beast bearing a precious pack :
But hastily my covenant I brake;
For I was obliſt with mine own consent,
The law of God to preach with good intent.

Brethren, right so when ye were consecrat,
ye obliſt you upon the self-same wiſe :
ye may be called bishops counterfeit,
As gallants busked for to make a guise.
Now think I, Princes are not to priſe,
To give a famous office to a fool,
As who would put a mitre on a moole.

Alace, if ye that sorrowful sight had seen,
how I lay billering bathed in my blood,
To mend your lives it had occasion been,
And leave your old corrupted consuetude,
Failing thereof : then shortly I conclude,
Except ye from your ribaldry arise,
ye ſhal be ſerved on the ſelf-same wiſe.

To the Princes.

Impudent princes, without diſcretion,
Having on earth power imperial,
ye have been cauſe of this tranſgreſſion,
I ſpeak unto you all in general,
which do diſpoſe all office ſpiritual,
Giving the ſouls which are Christs ſheep,
To blind paſtors but conſcience to keep.

When the Prince doth lack an officer,
A baker, brewer, or a maſter-cook,
A trim taylor, a cunning cordoner,
Over all the land at length he will cauſe look,
Moſt able men ſuch offices to brook.

A brewer that can brew most wholesome ale,
A cunning cook that best can season kail.

A taylor who hath fostered been in France,
That can make garments of the gayest guise :
Ye princes, are the cause of this mischance,
That when there doth vaile any benefice,
Ye ought to do upon the self same wise.
Cause search and seek both in burgh and land,
The law of God who doth best understand.

Make him a bishop that prudently can preach
As doth pertain to his vocation :
A parson who his parochin can teach,
Cause vicars make due ministration,
Also I make you supplication :
Make you Abbots right religious men,
Which to the people Christs law can ken.

But not to Rebels new come from the roste,
Not of a stuffet stoln out of a stable :
The which into the school made never no cost,
Nor never was to spiritual science able,
Except the cards, the dyce, the ches and table,
Of Rome-rakers nor of rude ruffians,
Of callay-packers nor of publicans.

Nor of fantastick fained flatterers,
Most meet to gather nettles into May,
Of Cowhudies, nor of clatterers,
That in the Church can neither sing nor say,
Though they be cloked up in clarks array,
Like doated doctors new come out of Athens,
And mumble over a pair of mangled Matins.

Not qualified to keep a benefice,
But through Sir Simons solistation :
I was promoted on the self same wise,
Alace, through Princes supplication.
And made at Rome through false narration,
Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man :
Who me promov'd, I now their bones do ban.

Albeit I was Legat and Cardinal,
Little I knew therein what should be done :
I understood no science spiritual,
No more then did blind Allan of the moon.
I heard the king that sitteth high above,

On you, Princes, shal make more punishment,
Right so on us through righteous judgement.

On you, Princes, for undiscreeit giving
To ignorant such offices to use :
And we for our importunat asking,
Which should have done such dignity refuse.
Our ignorance hath done the world abuse,
Through covettice of riches and of rent.
That ever I was a prelat, I repent.

O Kings ! take ye no care to give in cure,
Virgins profess into Religion,
Into the keeping of a common whoor ?
To make, think ye not great derision,
A woman parson of a parochin,
where there is two thousand soules to guide,
That from harlots cannot their hips hide ?

What if king David lived in these dayes ?
Or out of heaven, what if he looked down,
The which did found so many fair Abbeyes,
Seeing the great abomination,
In many Abbeyes of this nation ?
He would repent that narrowed so his boundes,
Of yearly rent threescore of thousand pounds.

Wherefore I counsel every Christian king
within his Realm making reformation,
To suffer no more Rebels for to reign,
Above Christs true Congregation :
Failing hereof, I make narration,
That the princes and prelates all at once,
Shal buried be in hell, soul, blood, and bones.

That ever I kept benefice, soe I rew,
Or to such hight so proudly did pretend :
I must depart, therefore my friends, adew,
Where ever it pleaseth God, now must I wend :
I pray thee to my friends me recommend,
And faillie not at length to put in write
My tragedie, as I have done endite.

The deploration of the death of Queen
Magdalen.

O Cruel Death, too great is thy puissance,
Devoier of all earthly living things :

Adam

Adam, we may blame thee of this mischance,
In thy default this cruel tyrant reigns,
And spareth neither Emperour nor Kings.
And now, alace, hath rest forth of this land,
The flower of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alace, that thou abusedst
Thy free will, being disobedient :
thou choosedst death, and lasting life refusedst.
Thy succession, alace, that may repent
That thou hast made mankind so impotent,
That it may make to death no resistance :
Example of our queen, the flower of France.

O dreadful dragon with thy doleful dart,
which did not spare of feminine the flower :
But cruelly didst pierce her through the heart,
And wouldst not give her respite for an hour,
to remain with her prince and paramour,
That she at leisure might have tane licence,
Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Bethusalem live nine hundred year,
Threescore and nine : but in thy furious rage,
Thou didst devour this young princels but wear
 Ere she was compleat seventeen year of age :
Greedy goymond, why didst thou not all rage,
Thy furious rage contrare this lusty queen,
till we some fruit had of her body seen?

O dame Nature, thou didst no diligence
Contrare this thief who all the world confounds.
Hadst thou with natural targes made defence,
That by her had not come within her bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal sounds,
This many a year, but where was thy discretion,
that let her pass, till we had seen succession?

O Venus, with thy blind son Cupido,
Fly on you both, that made no resistance :
Into your Court you never had such two,
So leel lovers without distimulance,
As James the fifth and Magdalen of France,
Descending both of blood imperial,
to whom in love I find no Deregal.

For as Leander swam out through the flood,
to his fair Lady Hero many nights :

So did this prince through bulering streams wood
 with Earls, barons, squyers, and with knights,
 Contrare Neptune and Cole and their mights,
 And left this realm into great desperance
 To seek his love, the first daughter of France.

And she like prudent queen Penelope,
 Right constantly will change him for none other,
 And his pleasure, left her own countrey,
 without regard to father and to mother,
 Taking no care of sister or of brother,
 But shortly took her leave, and left them all;
 For love of him, to whom love made her thral.

O dame Fortune, where was thy great comfort
 To her to whom thou wast so favorable?
 Thy aiding gift made to her no support,
 her high linage nor riches intellable,
 I see thy puissance is but variable:
 when her father the most dear christian king
 To his dear child might make no supporting.

The potent prince her lusty to be and knight,
 with his most hardy nobles of Scotland:
 Contrare that bailful briber had no might,
 Though all the men had been at his command,
 Of France, Flanders, Italie and England,
 with fifty thousand millions of treasure,
 Might not prolong that Ladies life one hour.

O Paris, of all Cities principal,
 who did receive our Prince with laud and gloze:
 Solemnely through arches triumphal,
 which day been dign to put in memoze.
 For as Pompey after his victory,
 was into Rome receiv'd with great joy,
 So thou receivest our right redoubted Roy.

But at his marriage made upon the morn,
 Such solace and solemnitation,
 was never seen before since Christ was born,
 Nor to Scotland such consolation:
 There sealed was the confirmation
 Of the well kept ancient alliance,
 Made between Scotland & the Realm of France.

I never did see a day more glorious,
 So many in so rich abutlements:

Of silk and gold, with stones precious,
Such banqueting, such sound of instruments,
With song and dance, and martial ornaments,
But like a storm after a pleasant morrow,
Soon was our solace changed into sorrow.

A traitor death, whom none can contramand,
Thou mightst have seen the preparation
Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
With great comfort and consolation,
In every city, castle, tower and town,
And how each noble set his whole intent,
To be excellent in abullement.

Thief, saw'st thou not the great preparatives
Of Edinburgh, that noble famous town:
Thou saw'st the people laboring for their lives
To make triumph with trump and clarion:
Such pleasure was never seen in this region,
As should have been the day of her entress,
With great propines given unto her Grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly scaffolding
Depainted well with gold and azur-line:
Ready prepared for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine,
Disguised folk, like creatures divine,
On each scaffold to play a sundry roze,
But all in weeping turned thou their gloze.

Thou sawest full well many fresh gallands,
Well ordred for receiving of their queen,
Each crafts-man with his bent bow in his hand
Right gallantly in short clothing of green,
The honest burghers clad thou shouldst have seen:
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of green,
For to have met their Lady soveraign.

Provost, Bailles, and Lords of the town,
The Senators in order subsequent,
Clad into silk of purple black and brown:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many knightly baron and barent,
In silk and gold, in color comfortable:
But thou, alas, all turned unto sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And princes of the most venerable,

Full pleasantly in their procession :
 With all cunning clarks honorable.
 But chisrouly thou tyrant treasonable,
 All their great solace and solemnities,
 Thou turned into doleful diriges.

Then next in order passing through the town,
 thou shouldst have heard the noise of instruments,
 And tabern, trumpet, shalm and clarion,
 with reed resounding through the elements :
 The heralds with their awful vestiments,
 with mases upon either of their hands,
 To rule the preals with burnisht silver wands.

Thou last of all in order triumphand,
 That most illustrious princels honorable,
 With her the lusty Ladies of Scotland,
 which would have been a sight most delectable:
 her rayment to rehearse I am not able :
 Of gold, and pearl, and precious stones bright,
 Twinkling like stars into a frosty night.

Under a pale of gold she should have past,
 By burgesses born, clothed in silks fine :
 The greatest master of household at the last,
 With him in order all the kings train.
 whose ornaments were longsome to define :
 On this manner she passing through the town,
 Should have received many venison.

Of virgins and of lusty burgess wives,
 which should have been a sight celestial :
 Give la Royn, crying for their lives,
 with an harmonious sound angelical;
 In every corner mirth musical :
 But thou tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
 Our Alleluja, hath turned in, alace.

Thou shouldst have heard the ornat Orators,
 Making her Highness salutation,
 Both of the Clergy, town and counsellors,
 with many notable narration.
 Thou shouldst have seen her coronation,
 In the fair Abbey of the Holy-rood,
 In presence of a mirthful multitude.

Such banquetting, such awful ornaments,
 On horse & foot that time which should have been:
 Such

Such Chappell Royal with such instruments,
And crafty musick singing from the spleen,
In this countrey was never heard nor seen.
But all this great solemnity and game,
Thou turned hast in Requiem eternam.

Unconstant world, thy friendship I defy,
Since strength, nor wisdom, riches and honour,
Vertue nor beauty none may certifie,
Within thy bounds for to remain one hour.
What avails to be King or Emperour,
Since princely puissance may not be excremed
From death, whose dolor cannot be excremed.

Since man on earth hath no place permanent,
But all must pass by that most horrible port:
Let us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That doleful day to be our great comfort,
That in this Realm with him we may resort:
which from the hell with his blood ransom'd been,
With Magdalen sometime of Scotland Queen.

O death, though thou the body may devour
Of every man, yet hast thou not puissance
Of their vertue for to consume their gloze,
As shal be seen of Magdalen in France,
Sometime our Queen, whom Poets shal advance,
And put her in imperial memory,
So shal her fame of thee have victory.

Though thou hast killd the heavenly flour of France
Which impted was into the Thistle keen:
Wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasure,
And made the Lyon rejoyced from the spleen:
Though the root be pulled from the leaves green,
The smel of it shal in despite of thee,
Keep ay two realms in peace and amity.

The answer which Sir David Lindsay made to
the Kings flyting.

Redoubted Roy, your ragement I have red,
Which doth perturb my dull intendement.
From your flyting, would God that I were freed,
Or else some tigers tongue were to me lent.
Sir, pardon me, though I be impatient,

which

Which am so with your prancing pen detracted,
And rude report, from Venus court dejected.

Lusty Ladies that on your Lybel looks,
By company do hold abominable :
Commanding me bear company with Cobbs,
Most like a devil they hold me detestable :
They banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to complease, or please to their presence :
Upon your pen I cry a loud vengeance.

Where I a Poet I should please with my pen,
To wreck me on your venomous writing :
But I must do as dog doth in his den,
Fold both my feet, or flee far from your flyting :
The meekle devil may not endure your dyting :
Wherefore Coz mundum crea in me, I cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertains me not to pley,
But since your Grace hath given me such comānd
To make answer, I must it needs obey :
Though ye be strong now like an Elephant,
And into Venus works most valiant,
The day will come, and that within few years,
That ye will draw at leisure with your fears.

What can ye say further, but I am failed
In Venus works ? I grant, Sir, that is true.
The time hath been I was better attained
Then I am now; but yet full sore I rewe
That ever I did mouth-thankless so persew :
Wherefore take heed, and your fine powder spare,
And waite it not, but if ye know well where.

Though you run rudely like a restless ram,
Shooting your bolt at many sundry shels :
Believe right well it is a bidding game,
Wherefore beware with doubling of the bels,
For many one do haste their own souls knels :
And specially when that the well goes dry,
Then cannot get again such stuff to buy.

I give your Counsel to the fiend of hell,
That would not of a Princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from shel to shel,
Wasting your corps, letting your time overslide :
For like a basteous bull you run and ride,

Whotously like a rude rabiatoz,
 As sucking like a furious fornicatoz.

On ladrons for to loue you will not let,
 How ever the caribalds cry the cozynough:
 Remember how beside the masking-fat
 you cast a queen overthwart a stinking trogh:
 That fiend with fustling on her rosted hogh,
 Cast down y fat, wherethrough dytink, draf & jug
 Came rudely running down about your lugs.

Would God the Lady that loved you best,
 Had seen you there ly swattring like two swine:
 But to endite how that luddyon you drest,
 Drowped w dregs whimpying with many whyen,
 That procelts to report it were a pain.
 On your behalf, I thank God times ten score,
 That you preserb'd from gut & from grandgoze.

Now, sir, farewell, because I cannot flyte;
 And though I could, I were not to advance
 Against your ornat meetre to endyte:
 But beware with laboring of your lance:
 Some sayes there comes a buckler out of France,
 which will endure your dints thogh they be dure.
 Farewel, of flowing Rhetorick the flowe.

Quod Lindsay in his dyting,
 Against the Kings flyting.

The Complaint and publick Confession of the
 Kings old Hound, called Bash, directed to
 Bawty, the Kings best beloved Dog, and his
 companions. Made at command of King James
 the fifth, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount
 Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

A Late! to whom should I complain,
 In mine extreame necessity?
 Or to whom should I make my moan?
 In Court no dog will do for me:
 Beseeching some for charity,
 To bear my supplication,
 To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,

Now ere the king pass from the town.
 I have followed the Court so long,
 While in good faith, I may no more :
 The countrey knows I may not gang,
 I am so crooked, old and sair,
 That I know not where to repair :
 For when I had authority,
 I thought me so familiar,
 I never dread necessity.
 I rew the case that Georgy Steel
 Brought Bawty to the kings presence;
 I pray God let him never do well,
 Since that I got no audience :
 For Bawty now gets such credence,
 that he lyes on the kings night gown,
 where I perforce for mine offence,
 Must in the close by like a clown :
 For I have been ay to this hour,
 A wirrier of lamb and hog,
 A tyrant and a tuteyout,
 A murtherer of many a dog.
 Five fowls I chass out throggh a scrog,
 wherefore their mothers did me warte;
 For they were all down'd in a bog,
 Spear at John Gordon of Pitcarrie,
 which in his house did bring me up,
 And used me to kill the deer :
 Sweet milk & meal he made me sup,
 that trade I learned soon perqueer.
 All other vertue ran areer.
 When I began to bark and flyte :
 For there was neither monk nor frier,
 Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte.
 When to the king the case was known,
 Of mine unhappy hardiness.
 And all the sooth unto him shewn,
 How every dog I did oppres :
 then gave his Grace command expres,
 I should be brought to his presence :
 Notwithstanding my wickedness,
 In court I got great audience.
 I shew'd my great ingratitude
 To the Captain of Badyeno,
 which in his house did find me food,

Two years with other hounds mo :
 But when I saw that it was so,
 That I grew high into the Court,
 For his reward I wrought him wo,
 And cruelly I did him hurt.
 So they that gave me to the King,
 I was their mortal enemy.
 I took cure of no kind of thing,
 But to please the Kings Majesty :
 But when he knew my cruelty,
 My falshood and my plain oppression,
 He gave command that I should be
 Hanged without confession.
 And yet because that I was old,
 His Grace thought pittie for to hang me,
 And let me wander where I would,
 Then let my foes for to lang me,
 And every Butchers dog down dang me.
 When I crow'd best to be a Laird,
 Then in the Court each wight did wrong me,
 And this I got for my reward.
 I had wirried black Backelson,
 Where not the rebels came and red :
 But he was fleemed from the town,
 When once the King saw how I bled.
 He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
 For with a knife I was mischeved.
 This Backelson for fear he fled,
 A long time ere he was relieved.
 And Patrick Sterling in Argyl,
 I bare him backward to the ground,
 And had him slain within a while,
 Where not the helping of an hound :
 Yet got he many a bloody wound,
 As yet his skin will show the marks.
 Find me a dog where ever ye found,
 Hath made so many bloody sarks.
 Good brother Lanceman, Lindlays dog
 Which ever hath kept thy lawtie,
 And never wirried lamb nor hog,
 Pray Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
 Of me Bask for to have pittie,
 And provide me a portion
 In Dumfermling where I may drie

Penance for mine extortion.
 Get by their solistation,
 A letter from the kings Grace,
 That I may have collation,
 With fire and candle in the place;
 But I will live short time, alace!
 Lack I good fresh flesh for my games,
 Between A Wednesday and Pasch,
 I must have leave to werry lambs.
 Bauty consider well this bill,
 And every point thereof fulfil,
 And read this cedul that I send you,
 And now in time of mills amend you.
 I pray you, that you not pretend you,
 To climb too high, nor do no wrong:
 But from your foes with right defend you.
 And take example how I gang,
 I was that no man durst come near me,
 Nor put me forth of my lodging:
 No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
 When I was tender with the king.
 Now every tyk doth me down thring,
 The which before by me was wronged:
 And swears I serue no other thing,
 But in an halter to be hanged.
 Though ye be homely with the king,
 ye Scudler, Lufra and Bauty,
 Beware that ye do not down thring
 your neighboz through authority,
 And your example make by me.
 And believe well you are but dogs:
 Though ye stand in an high degre,
 See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs:
 Though ye have now great audience,
 See that by you none be opprest,
 ye will be pynisht for your offence,
 When once the king be well content:
 there is no dog that hath transgressed
 through cruelty, if he may sang him,
 His Majesty will take no rest,
 till on a gallows he cause hang him.
 I was once as far ben as ye are,
 And had in Court such audience,
 And ay pretended to be higher:

But

But when the kings excellence
 Did know my fallst and offence,
 And my pridesful presumption,
 I got no other recompence.
 But boyd and hunted out of the town,
 was never so unkind a course,
 As when I had authority :
 Of my friends I took no force,
 The which before had done for me :
 This proverb is of verity,
 which I had heard red in a letter,
 the highest in court nearest the widdy,
 Except he guide him all the better.
 I took no more thought of a Lord,
 Then I did of a kitchin knave,
 Though every day I made discord,
 I was set up above the lave,
 The gentle hound was to me slave,
 And with the kings own fingers fed,
 The silly raches would I reave,
 thus for mine ill deeds I was dreed.
 Therefore, Bawtie, look best about,
 when thou art highest with the king :
 for then thou standst in greatest doubt,
 Be thou not good in governing.
 Put no poore tyk from his steeding,
 Nor yet no silly raches reave :
 He sits above that sees all thing,
 And of a knight can make a knave.
 when I came stepping ben the flooz,
 All raches great room to me red :
 I of no creature took cure,
 But lay upon the kings own bed :
 with cloth of gold thogh it were spred,
 For fear each freek wold stand on far :
 with every dog I was so dreed,
 they trembled when they heard me nar :
 Good brother Bawtie, hear thee even,
 Though with the Prince thou be potent :
 It cries a vengeance from the heaven,
 For to opprels an innocent :
 In wealth be thou most diligent,
 And do no wrong to dog nor bitch,
 As I have, which I now repent.

No mellea reave to make thee rich,
 Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
 Ask no reward, sir, at the king,
 Which may do hurt to other hounds:
 Express against Gods own bidding.
 Chase no pooz tyk from his midding,
 Throgh cast of court, nor kings request:
 And of thy self presume nothing,
 Except thou be a brutal beast.
 Trust well there is none oppreſſor,
 Nor butchers dog, drawer of blood,
 A tyrant nor a transgreſſor,
 That ſhal now of the king get good,
 From time forth that his Celſtitude,
 Doth clearly know the verity,
 But he is ſleem'd: for to conclud,
 Or hanged high upon a tree.
 Though ye be coupled altogether,
 With ſilk and ſooles of ſilver fine,
 A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
 And make you lead a lower train:
 Then ſhal your pleasure turn in pine,
 When a ſtrong hunter blows his horn,
 And all your credance make you tyne,
 Then ſhal your laboz be forlozn.
 I ſay no more, good friends, adew,
 In dread we never meet again:
 That ever I knew the court, I rew,
 Was never wight ſo well of wane.
 Let no dog now ſerve our ſoveraign,
 Except he be of good condition:
 Be he perverſe, I tell you plain,
 He hath need of a good remiſſion.
 That I am on this wiſe miſchieved,
 The Earl of Huntly I may warie,
 He ween'd that I hda been relieved,
 When to ſ court he cauſ'd me carrie:
 Would God I were now in Pitcarrie,
 Becauſe I have been ſo ill deedie:
 Adew, I dare no longer carrie,
 I dread I wabe into a widdie.

A Supplication directed from Sir David Lindsay
of the Mount, to the Kings Grace, in con-
temprion of Side Tailles, and
Muzzeled Faces.

SIR, though your Grace hath put great order,
Both in the high-lands and the border,
Yet I make supplication,
To have some reformation,
Of a smal fault which is no treason,
Though it be contrary to reasons;
Because the matter been so vile,
It may not have an ornat stile:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of stinking weeds maculat,
No man may wear a rose chaplat.
Soveraign, I mean of these side tails,
Which through the dust & dubs trails,
three quarters long behind their heels,
Express against all Commonweals:
Though Bishops in their pontificals,
Have men to bear up their side tails,
For dignity of their office:
Right so a Queen, or an Emprice,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their majesty,
Though their robe royals be upborn,
I think it but a very scorn,
That every Lady of the land,
Should have her tail so side trailland;
Albeit they be of high estat,
The Queen they may not counterfait:
Where eves they go, it may be seen,
How Church and callow they sweep clean,
The Images into the Kirk,
May think of their side tails great irke
For when the weather been most fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces doth begarlie.
If they could speak, they would them warry.

To see I think a pleasant sight,
 Of Italie the Ladies bright,
 In their clothing most triumphand,
 Above all other Christen land :
 Yet when they travel through the towns,
 Men sees their feet beneath their gowns,
 Four inches above their proper heels,
 Circulat above as round as wheels :
 wherethrough there doth no powder rise,
 their fair whit limbs for to surprise.
 But I think most abusion,
 To see men of Religion,
 to bear their tails through the street,
 That folks may behold their feet :
 I trow saint Bernard, nor saint Blaise,
 Cauf'd never man bear up their claise.
 Peter nor Paul, nor Saint Andrew,
 Cauf'd nere bear up their tails I trow.
 But I laugh best to see a Nun,
 Cause bear her tail above her bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to show her lillie white hose :
 In all their rules they will not find,
 who should bear up their tails behind.
 But I have most into despite,
 poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
 which have scarce two marks of fees,
 will have two els beneath their knees :
 Bittock that clecked was yestreen,
 The mozn will counterfai the queen.
 A moorland meg that milks the yows,
 Clagged with clay above the howes :
 In barn nor byre she will not bide,
 Except her kirtle tail be side.
 In hottowes wanton burgess wives,
 who may have sidest tails strives,
 well bordered with velvet fine,
 But following them it is a pine.
 In summer when the streets dries,
 They raise the dust above the skyes.
 None may go near them at their ease,
 Except they cover mouth and nease,
 From the powder to keep their een :
 Consider if their clothes be clean.

Between their cleaving & their knees,
 who would behold their sweaty thies,
 Begaried with dirt and dust,
 It were enough to stanch the lust
 Of any man that saw them naked :
 I think such giglots are but glaked,
 without profit to have such pride,
 Harling their clagged tails so side.
 I would the borrowstoun batrns had breeks,
 To keep such mist from makins cheeks,
 I dread rough makin die for drouth,
 when such dry dust blows in her mouth :
 I think most pain after a rain,
 To see them touked up again.
 Then when they step out throught the street,
 Their folding flaps about their feet :
 Their loathly lynning forthwith flyped,
 That hath the muck and midding wiped :
 They waste more cloth within few years
 Then would cloth ficy scope of Frters.
 When Barton from the midding goes,
 From her moyn-darg she strips the nose,
 And all the day where ever she go,
 Such liquoz she licks up also.
 The turcumes of her tail I trow,
 Might be a supper to a sow.
 I know a man which sware great oaths,
 How he did list a kittocks clothes :
 And would have done I wot not what,
 But soon remead of love he gat :
 He thought no shame to make it witten
 how her side tail was all beshitten.
 Of filth such flowze strake to his heart,
 That he behov'd for to depart.
 Said she, Good ūr, me think you rew.
 Said he, Your tail casts such a stew,
 That by Saint Bride I cannot hyde it :
 You were not wise that would not hyde it.
 Of tails I will no more endite,
 For dread some dudzon me despite :
 Notwithstanding I will conclud,
 That of side tails there comes no good.
 Syder then can their hanclets hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride.

And pride proceedeth of the Devil :
 Thus alwayes they proceed of evil.
 Another fault, Sir, may be seen,
 They hide their face all but the een.
 When gentle-men bids them good day,
 without reverence they slide away :
 That none may know, I you assure,
 An honest woman by an whoor.
 Except their naked face I see,
 They get no more good dayes of me.
 Haille a French Lady when ye please,
 She will discover mouth and nease,
 And with a humble countenance,
 with visage bare make reverence.
 When our Ladies do ride in rain,
 Should no man have them at disdain :
 though they be covered mouth & nease,
 In that case they will none displease :
 Nor when they go to quiet places,
 I them excuse to hide their faces,
 when they would make collation
 with any lusty Champion :
 Though they be hid then to the een,
 We may consider what I mean.
 But in the Church & market places,
 I think they shold not hide their faces :
 Except these faults be sure amended,
 My flyting, sir, shal never be ended.
 But would your Grace my counsel take,
 A proclamation you shoud make,
 Both in the land and borowstowns,
 to shew their face and cut their gowns.
 None shoud from them exreemed be,
 Except the Queens Majesty;
 Because this matter is not fair,
 Of rhetorick it must be bair.
 Women will say, this is no bouds
 To write such vile and filthy words :
 But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
 which over the myze and midding trails,
 Then shoud my writing ended be,
 No other mends they get of me.
 The truth shoud not be holden close,
 Veritas non querit angulos,

I know good women that been wise,
 This rural rime will not dispise.
 None will me blame, I you assure,
 Except a wanton glorious whore,
 whose flyting I fear not a flee.
 Farewell, ye get no more of me.

Quod Lindsay, in contempt of the tails,
 That Duddions and Duntibours
 through the dubbis trails.

KITTIES CONFESSION.

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir DAVID
 LINDSAY of the Mount Knight, &c.

The Curat and Kittie.

The Curat, Kittie would confess, ○
 And she told on both more and less :
 When she was talking as she wist,
 The Curat, Kittie would have kist;
 But yet a countenance he bure,
 Digest, devout, dain and demure;
 And then began her to examē :
 He was best at the after game.
 Said he : Have ye any wrongeous gear ?
 Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
 Said he, that should restored be;
 Therefore deliver it to me.
 Tibbie and Peter bade me spear,
 By my conscience they shal it bear.
 Said he, Live you in lecherie ?
 Said she, Willie Leno mowed me.
 Said he, his wife that shal I tell,
 To make my quaintance with her sell.
 Said he, Know ye no heresie ?
 I know not what this is, said she.
 Said he, Heard ye no English books ?
 Said she, my master on them looks.
 Said he : The Bishop shal that know :
 For I am sworn that for to show.
 Said he, What said he of the King ?
 Said she, Of good he spake nothing.
 Said he, his Grace of that shal wit,

And he shal lose his life for it.
 when he in mind did more revolve,
 Said he, I cannot you absolve:
 But to my chamber come at even,
 Absolved for to be and shiven.
 Said she, I will pass to another,
 And I met with sir Andrews brother,
 And he full cleanly did me shive,
 But he was somewhat talkative:
 He asked many a strange case,
 How that my love did me embrace?
 What day, how oft, what sort, and where?
 Said he, I would I had been there.
 He me absolved for a plack,
 Though he with me no price would mack,
 And meekle Latine he did mumble,
 I heard nothing but humble bumble.
 He shew me nothing of Gods word,
 Which sharper is then any sword,
 And deep into our hearts doth print
 Our sins, wherethrough we do repent.
 He put me nothing into fear,
 wherethrough I should my sins forbear.
 He shew me not the malediction,
 Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
 And in this life the great mischief
 Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
 He shew me not of the hells pain,
 That I might fear, and vice refrain.
 He counsell'd me not to obtain,
 And lead an holy life and clean:
 Of Christs blood nothing he knew,
 Nor of his promises full true,
 That saveth all that will believe,
 That satan shal us never grieve.
 He taught me not for to traist
 The comfort of the holy Chaist;
 And bade me not to Christ be kind,
 To keep his law with heart & mind,
 And love and thank his great mercie,
 From sin and hell that saved me,
 And love my neighbor as my self,
 Of this nothing he could me tell:
 But gave me penance every day,

An Abe Maria for to say,
 And frydayes fve no flesh to eat,
 But butter and eggs is better meat :
 And with a plack to buy a Wels,
 From drunken Sir John Latine-less,
 Said he: A plack I will cause Sandie
 Give thee again at handie dandie :
 Then into pilgrimage to pass,
 The very way to wantonness.
 Of all this pennance I was glad,
 I had them all perqueer, I said :
 To mow and swear I know the price,
 I shal it set on cinque and syce :
 But he my counsel could not keep,
 He made him by the fire to sleep,
 Then cryed: Collops, beef and coales,
 Hose and shoes with double soales,
 Cakes and candle, greese and salt,
 Coozins of meal, and handfuls of malt,
 Mollen and linnen, warp and woft,
 Dame, keep the keys of your wool-loft:
 though drink & sleep made him to rave,
 And so with us they play the knave.
 Friers swear by their profession,
 None be safe without confession,
 And make all men to understand,
 That it is Gods own command :
 Yet it is nothing but mans dream,
 The people to confound and shame :
 It is nought else but mans Law,
 Made mens minds for to know,
 wherethrough they file them as they will,
 And make their Laws conform theretil,
 Sitting in mens conscience,
 Above Gods magnificence,
 And both the people teach and tyll,
 To serve the Pope and Antichrist.
 To the great God Omnipotent,
 Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
 And trust in Christ, as writeth Paul,
 which shed his blood to save thy soul,
 For none can thee absolve but he,
 Nor take away thy sins from thee.
 If of good counsel thou hast need,

O! hast not learned well thy Creed,
 O! wicked vices reign in thee,
 The which thou canst not mortifie,
 O! be in desperation,
 And would have consolation;
 Then to the preacher true thou passe,
 And show thy sin and thy trespass:
 Thou needs not for to show him all,
 For tell thy sins both great and smal,
 Which is impossible to be;
 But show the vice which troubles thee,
 And he shal of thy fault have rue,
 And thee instruct into the truth:
 And with the word of veritie,
 Shal comfort and shal counsel thee:
 The sacraments show the at length,
 Thy little faith to firm and strength;
 And how thou shouldst the rightly use,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.
 Confession first was ordain'd free,
 In this sort in the Church to be:
 So to confess, as I describe,
 Was in the Church primitive.
 So was Confession ordained first;
 Though Codrus kyte should cleave and burst.



THE JUSTING

Between JAMES WATSON, and JOHN
 BARBOUR, Servitors to King JAMES the
 fifth. Compyled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY
 of the Mount, Knight, alias, Lyon, King of
 Arms.

In Saint Andrews on Whitsonmononday,
 Two Champions their man-hood to essay,
 Past to the Barrace enarmed head and hands:
 Was never seen such Justing in no lands,
 In presence of the Kings Grace and Queen,
 Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
 Many Knight, Baron and Barent,

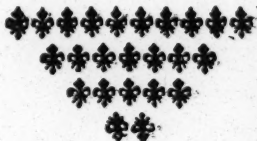
Came:

Came forth to see that awful Tournament.
 The one of them was gentle James Watson,
 And John Barbour that gentle champion:
 Un o the King they were familiars,
 Of his chamber both cubiculars.
 James was a man of great intelligence,
 A mediciner full of experience:
 And John Barbour he was a noble Leech,
 Crooked carlings he wold cause them get speech;
 When once they entred were into the field,
 Full womanly they weelded spear and shield,
 And wightly waved in the wind their heels,
 Hobling like Cadgers ryding on their creels:
 But either ran at other with such haste,
 That they could never their spear get in the rest.
 When gentle James crowd best with John to meet
 His spear did fall among his horses feet.
 I am right sure, good James had been undone,
 Were not that John his marks took by the moon.
 My spear is good, now keep thee from my knocks.
 Said John, albeit thou thinks my legs like rocks.
 Tary a while, said James, for by my thrist,
 The fiend a thing can I see but the list.
 No more can I, said John, by Mary bread,
 I see nothing, except the steeple-head:
 Yet though my byans be like two barrow-trams,
 Defend thee man, then ran they to like rams:
 At that rude rink James had been stricken down
 Were not that John for fierceness fell in town:
 And right so James to John had done great dear,
 Were not among his horsefeet broke his spear.
 Said James to John, yet for our Ladies sakes,
 Let us together strike three market strakes.
 I hold, said John, that shal on thee be wroken:
 But ere he spur'd his horse, his spear was broken.
 From time with spears none can their marrow
 meet,
 James drew a sword with a right awful spyt,
 And ran to John, and wold raught him a rout:
 John's sword was rusted, and wold no wayes
 come out.
 Then James let drive at John with both his fists:
 He mist the man, and dang upon the lists:
 And with the stroke of his crow the man was slain.
 His

His sword slack fait, and got it never again.
 By this good John had gotten out his sword,
 And ran to James with many awful word:
 My furiousness forsooth now shalt thou find.
 Striking at James, his sword flew in the wind.
 Then gentle James began to crack good words:
 Alace, said he, this day, for lack of swords.
 Then either ran at other with new races,
 With gloves of plate they beat all others faces,
 Who wan the field, no creature could name,
 Till at the last John cryed: Red, for shame.
 Pea, red, said James, for it is my desire,
 It is an hour since I began to tyre.
 So by they had ended that royal rink,
 Into the field might no man stand for stink.
 Then every man that stood on far, cry'd, Fy:
 Saying, Adew; for dirt parts company.
 Their horse-harness and all things were so good,
 Loving to both, that day was shed no blood.

F I N I S

Quod Lindsay, at command of
 King James the fifth.



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